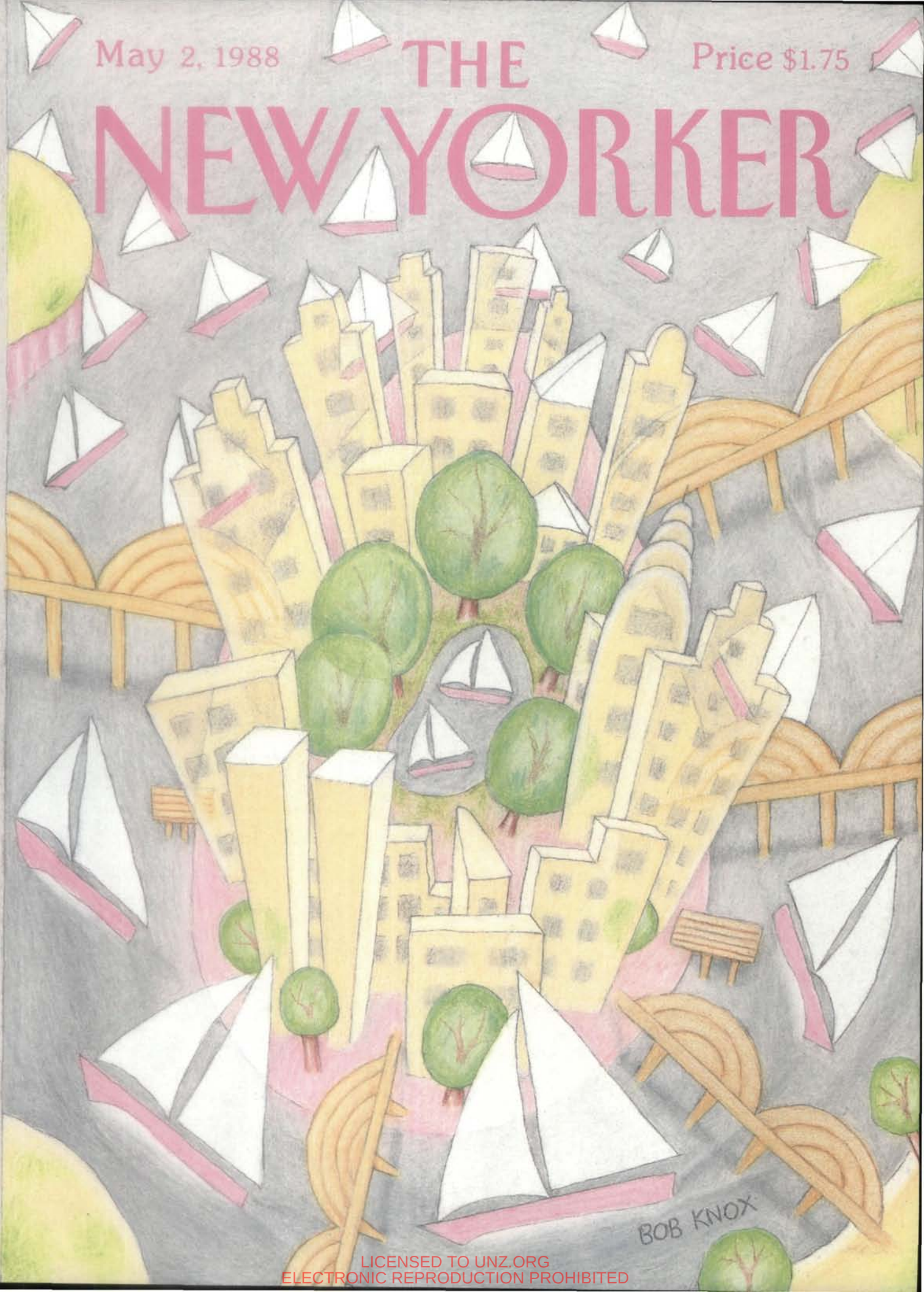


May 2, 1988

THE

Price \$1.75

NEW YORKER



BOB KNOX



A sportive interpretation of a classic: The Movado® Museum® Sports Edition (SE) Watch.

Its origins date to the beginning of the modern design movement.

A group of internationally-known artists developed the premise: simple, functional, tasteful, and believed it could be applied to every aspect of the world we live in.

The simplicity of the now-famous "gold-dot" dial watch is a tribute to their goal.

It is the first dial design to be selected as part of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

The Movado Museum SE Watch incorporates the classic design of the dial with the sportive spirit of stainless steel.

The "dots" (in 18 karat gold micron-finish) function as rivets for the slim, flexible bracelet.

Being a sportswatch, it is, naturally, water-resistant and has an electronic-quartz movement that never needs winding.

As has been true of Movado Watches for over 100 years, it is completely crafted in Switzerland.

The Movado Museum SE Watch.
A timepiece of function and simplicity.

MOVADO®

The Museum® Watch.

The Movado Museum dial is a registered trademark of The Movado Watch Corporation.

For brochure send \$2 to Movado, Dept. NYR, 650 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pierre Cardin's Designer Tweed



The 5-Pc. Set 199.95

If Purchased Separately, 339.75

Here, Pierre Cardin's savvy tweed with plenty of extra pockets and shoulder straps. Even heavy duty zippers and wheels on pullmans. It's all here, imported by Rosenfeld just in time for your quick spring/summer getaways. Choose brown or charcoal; specify code: brown (09), charcoal (11) and item number when ordering. The 5-pc. set (#09912), **199.95.**

If Purchased Separately:

A. 3-Zip Carry On (#09915)	49.95
B. Tote (#09913)	39.95
C. 26" Pullman (#09916)	79.95
D. 28" Pullman (#09917)	89.95
E. Garment Bag (#09914)	79.95



bloomingdale's
BY MAIL LTD

FOR PHONE ORDERS Postage and handling add 10.00. Shipments to Conn. add 7 1/2% tax; to VA, 4 1/2% tax; to NY, add applicable tax. Bloomingdale's By Mail Ltd. welcomes American Express, Diners Club, MasterCard, VISA and Bloomingdale's own Charge Card.

CALL TOLL FREE (800) 543-2442 8am-10pm Monday-Friday, 8am-8pm Saturday and Sunday Eastern Time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pierpont Family of Funds

The Pierpont Funds are designed for discerning individual and institutional investors whose priorities are quality and personal service. The Funds offer the advantages of the investment expertise and exceptional personal attention which distinguish the services of Morgan Stanley as Sponsor and Morgan Guaranty as Investment Advisor.

There are no sales charges or exchange or redemption fees.

There are six Pierpont Funds, offering a broad range of diversified investment portfolios, including money market and tax-exempt money market instruments, bonds and tax-exempt bonds, and equity securities.

The minimum initial investment for any of The Pierpont Funds is \$25,000, except for shareholders of another Pierpont Fund for whom it is \$10,000.

More complete information about The Funds, including expenses, is included in the prospectuses, which should be read carefully before investing. To obtain copies write The Pierpont Funds, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, or call a Pierpont Account Executive at (212) 398-2900 or toll-free:

(800) 521-5412



MORGAN STANLEY

RECEIVED

APR 28 1988

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MAY 2, 1988

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN	4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN	25
"THE SOLAR YEARBOOK"	Mark O'Donnell 31
"PRIVATE LESSON"	Lindsley Cameron 32
"HISTORY" (POEM)	Donald Hall 34
PROFILES (JOHN CLEESE)	Penelope Gilliatt 41
"I SEE" (POEM)	Revan Schendler 56
THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL)	Roger Angell 63
THE CURRENT CINEMA	Pauline Kael 86
A REPORTER AT LARGE (SANCTUARY)	Anthony Bailey 90
MUSICAL EVENTS	Andrew Porter 107
DANCING	Alastair Macaulay 110
BOOKS	George Steiner 116
BRIEFLY NOTED	119
COVER:	Bob Knox
DRAWINGS:	James Stevenson, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, William Steig, Peter Steiner, Michael Maslin, Dana Fradon, Mort Gerberg, Joseph Farris, Ronald Searle, Charles Barsotti, Michael Crawford, Richard Cline, Jack Ziegler, Edward Koren, Bernard Schoenbaum, J. B. Handelsman, Donald Reilly, George Booth, Roz Chast, Al Ross, Arnie Levin

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

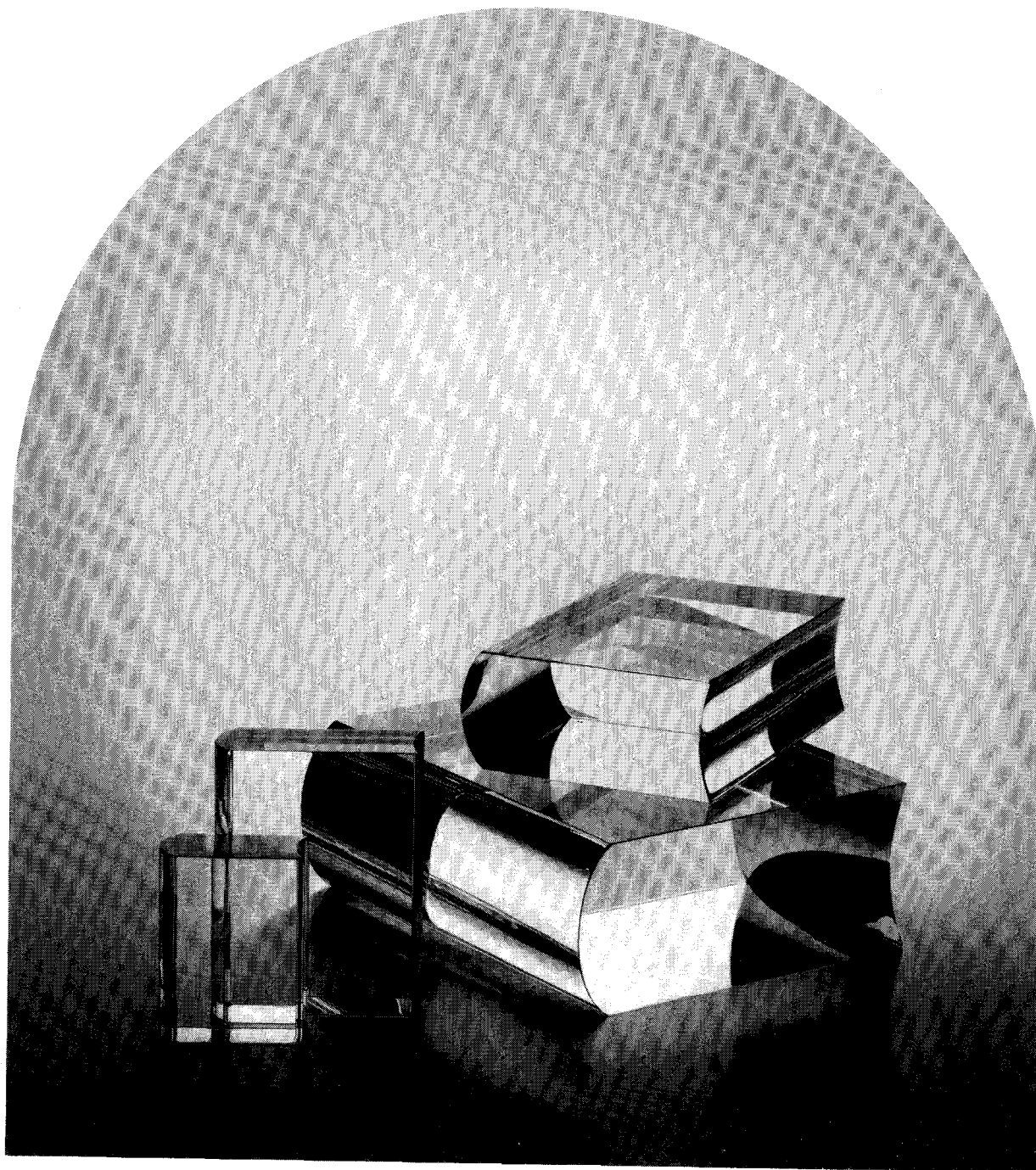
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 525-0643 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Keegan, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 11, May 2, 1988. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1988 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$32.00; two years, \$52.00. In Canada, one year, \$50.00. Other foreign, one year, \$56.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.



"LIGHT READING"

"'Books' to be read without being opened. They express the unexpected. A familiar object is suddenly transformed by light in the medium of purest crystal," Toshio Sugawara, artist, Hoya Museum Crystal, talks of his journey into a world of transparency. 'Books' are exhibited in museums worldwide



and at The Hoya Crystal Gallery. 'Books,' 3" to 8," may be acquired individually, from \$275 to \$1575, or as a set, \$3250. May be inscribed. Please call 212/223-6335 or 800/654-0016. Please send \$6 to receive the Hoya Catalog set. The Hoya Crystal Gallery/450 Park Ave./at 57th St./NY, NY 10022.

MUSEUM CRYSTAL
HOYA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANYTHING GOES—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter's 1958 play, with David Strathairn, Peter Riegert, and Richard Riehle. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

BOYS' LIFE—Directed by W. H. Macy, Howard Korder's engrossing new play is an eminently quotable postmodern comedy of manners that makes an intelligent contribution to the dialogue on the battle between the sexes. (3/28/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

BURN THIS—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Paul Perri as a foulmouthed restaurant owner who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. Starting Monday, May 2, Eric Roberts replaces Mr. Perri. The supporting cast includes Jonathan Hogan and Lou Liberatore. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

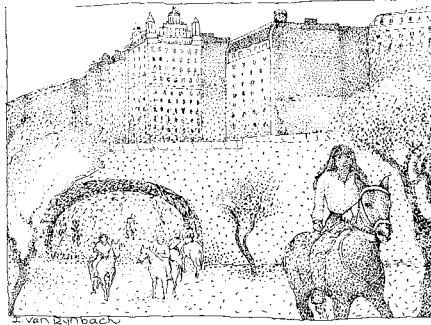
CABARET—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CHESS—A musical with a score by Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus, lyrics by Tim Rice, and a book by Richard Nelson. Directed by Trevor Nunn. Previews Monday through Wednesday, April 25-27. Opens officially on Thursday, April 28. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except April 27, and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—BORDERLINES, two mildly unpleasant one-act plays by John Bishop, both on the theme of masculine role expectations, both catering to the very appetites and tendencies they pretend to criticize. That the acting rarely rises above the level of television drama is probably due to the heavy-handed writing and to the leaden direction, by Robert Bailey. (4/25/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday, April 25, at 8. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

DRIVING MISS DAISY—Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EMILY—Stephen Metcalfe's heroine, a successful stockbroker, has an intense, if sporadic, love affair with an unemployed actor. Lisa Banes and Brian Kerwin, as the lovers, are all any dramatist could hope for, and Heidi Landes-



S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

man's scenery, much of it projections of photographs of Manhattan, is original and delightful. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Shakespeare's *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING* is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE GOSPEL AT COLONUS—A revival of Lee Breuer and Bob Telonius's adaptation of "Oedipus at Colonus." We'd be lying if we said that the show has much to do with Sophocles' play, but it is a roof-raising celebration of black music and culture. (4/4/88) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

INTO THE WOODS—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Houli-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashad and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JOE TURNER'S COME AND GONE—August Wilson's stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through

Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

THE LOVE TALKER—A play by Deborah Pryor. Opens Wednesday, April 27. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LUCKY STIFF—A musical comedy by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), directed by Thommie Walsh. Preview Monday, April 25. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 26. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, April 25, at 8; Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. No performance Wednesday, April 27.)

MACBETH—Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson star in Shakespeare's play. As of now, the staging is credited as follows: "original direction" by Kenneth Frankel and "additional direction" by Zoe Caldwell. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MADAME DE SADE—The Pan Asian Rep's production of Yukio Mishima's 1965 play. Translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene. Opens Tuesday, April 26, and will run through Saturday, May 14. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2.)

MAIL—A chipper little musical about a young writer who leaves home for a few months and then returns to deal with stacks of unopened letters. Book and lyrics by Jerry Colker, and music by Michael Rupert, who appears in the leading role. (4/25/88) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

M. BUTTERFLY—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, as the diplomat, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover; Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE NO-FRILLS REVUE—An unpretentious, jokey show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OBA OBA—A Brazilian musical revue, with a company of fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

OIL CITY SYMPHONY—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. Patty Cohen-

GALAXY INTERNATIONAL
AND GAUMONT PRESENT
JEAN NAINCHRIK'S PRODUCTION

JEAN POIRET

MICHEL BLANC • BERNARD BLIER

MICHEL GALABRU • PAULINE LAFONT

PATRICK FLOERSHEIM

DOMINIQUE LAVANANT • SOPHIE DUEZ

GUY MARCHAND • WOJTEK PSZONIAK

JEAN-FRANCOIS STEVENIN

A FRENCH COMEDY ABOUT HOLLYWOOD!

HATE ACTORS!



A FILM BY GERARD KRAWCZYK

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER ALAIN POIRÉ BASED ON THE NOVEL BY BEN HECHT SCREENPLAY BY GERARD KRAWCZYK WITH LIONEL ROCHEMAN • JEZABEL CARPI • CLAUDE CHABROL • MARCEL GOTLIB
ALEXANDRE MNOUCHKINE DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MICHEL CENET DIRECTOR OF ART JACQUES DUGIED EDITOR MARIE-JOSEPH VOYOTTE PRODUCTION MANAGER GUY AZZI MUSIC ROLAND VINCENT
PILMA MUSIC SEPTEMBRE PRODUCTIONS-GAUMONT-FILMS AZ GALAXY INTERNATIONAL RELEASING CO., INC.

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

STARTS FRIDAY, APRIL 29

CITY CINEMAS

68th St. Playhouse

3rd Ave. at 68th St. 734-0302

ALSO OPENING SOON IN OTHER U.S. CITIES AND CANADA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

our substitutes for Miss Brightman at the Thursday evening and Saturday matinee performances. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE ROAD TO MECCA—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ROMANCE/ROMANCE—A musical by Keith Herrmann (score) and Barry Harman (book and lyrics). Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser head the cast, which is directed by Mr. Harman. First seen last November at the Actors' Outlet. Previews through Saturday, April 30. Opens officially on Sunday, May 1, at 6:30. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 994-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SARAFINA!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SEÑORA CARRAR'S RIFLES—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's 1937 play, with Miriam Colón in the title role. Directed by Alejandro Quintana. Performances in English Wednesday through Friday at 8; in Spanish on Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

A SHAYNA MAIDEL—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SPEED-THE-PLOW—Joe Mantegna, Ron Silver, and Madonna in a new play by David Mamet. Gregory Mosher is the director. Previews through Monday, May 2. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 3. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, May 2, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. No performance Wednesday, May 4.)

SPLENDID MUMMER—A one-man show, written by Lonne Elder III, that displays the impressive talent of Charles S. Dutton, who was last seen here as the murderous young musician in "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The "mummer" he portrays is Ira Aldridge, a black American actor who became a great success in Europe during the nineteenth century. Woodie King, Jr., directed. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—A pedestrian revival of the Tennessee Williams classic, directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos. You're better off seeing the 1951 movie. (3/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TAMARA—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays, except April 27, at 2, and Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS—The Shaliko Company's version of Christopher Marlowe's 1588 play. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

A WALK IN THE WOODS—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BROADWAY BOUND: Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,656 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,656 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2.) ... **NONSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **PSYCHO BEACH PARTY:** A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wise-cracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Final performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-eighteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300. Through Sunday, May 1.)

MICHAEL FEINSTEIN IN CONCERT—The singer-pianist brings his act to Broadway. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

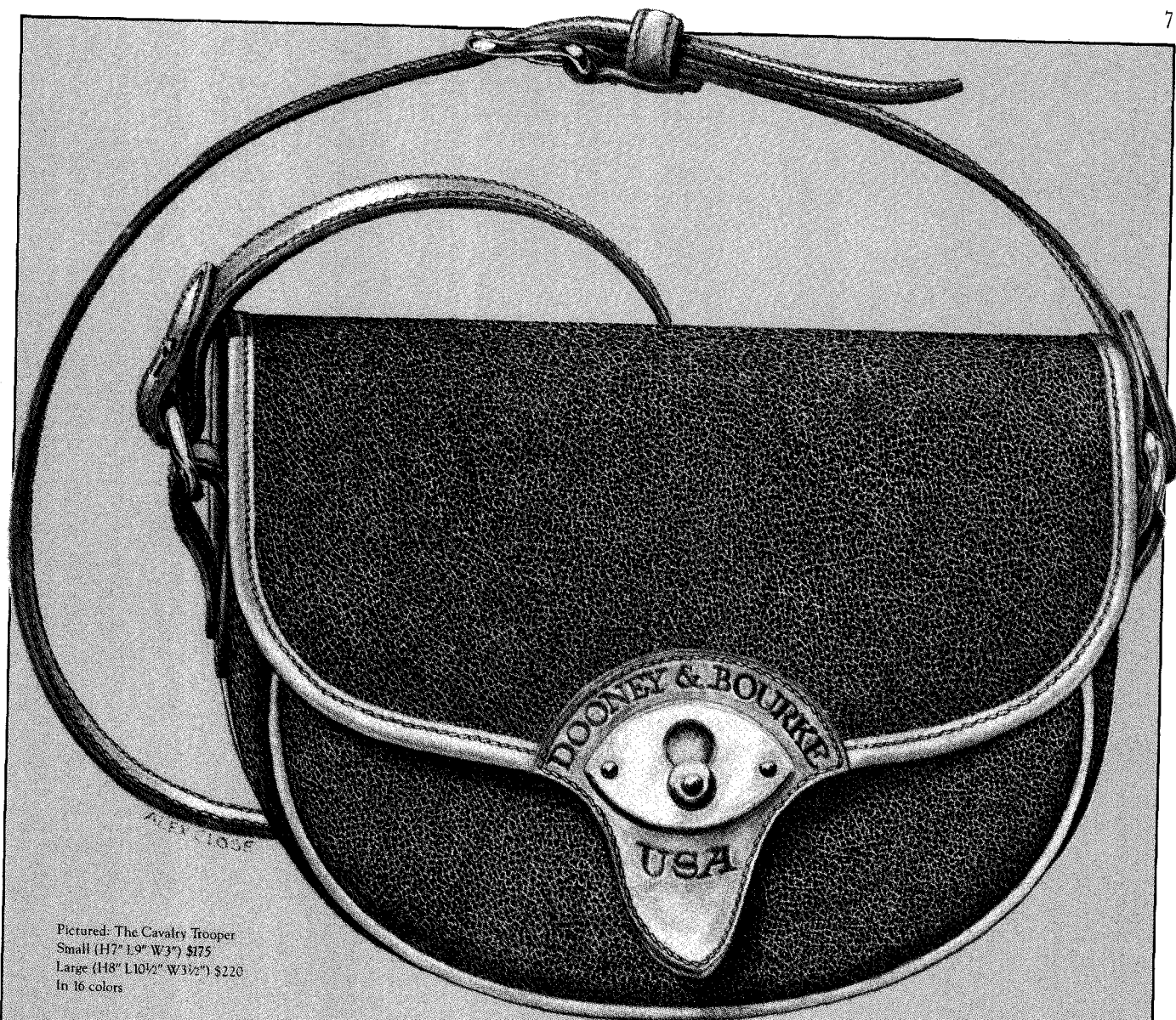
WITHOUT YOU I'M NOTHING—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting Rodgers and Hammerstein's OKLAHOMA! (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 2. For information about tickets, call 243-6281.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances of a three-week festival of American music and dance which will run through Sunday, May 15. Twenty-three of thirty-eight ballets are premières. The regular season will continue through Sunday, June 26. ... **¶ Tuesday evening, April 26:** "Rhapsody in Blue" (preview), "Sophisticated Lady" (première), "Glass Pieces," and other selections from the repertory. Frederica von Stade, soprano, and the New York Choral Society will be the guest artists. (A benefit; for tickets, call 870-5676.) ... **¶ Wednesday evening, April 27:** "Glass Pieces," "Tanzspiel" (première), and "Stars and Stripes." ... **¶ Thursday evening, April 28:** "Jubilee," "Calcium Light Night," "Five" (première; with guest artists Charles Wuorinen, conductor, and Fred Sherry, cello), and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." ... **¶ Friday evening, April 29:** "Archetypes" (première), "Fancy Free," and "Rhapsody in Blue." ... **¶ Saturday matinee, April 30:** "Glass Pieces," "Tanzspiel," and "Stars and



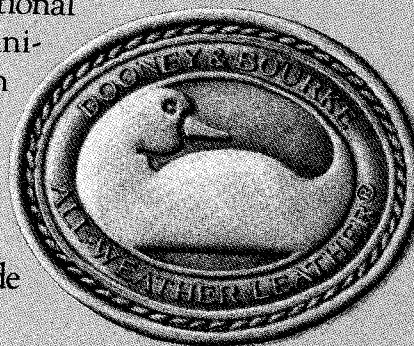


Pictured: The Cavalry Trooper
Small (H7" L9" W3") \$175
Large (H18" L10½" W3½") \$220
In 16 colors

THE CAVALRY COLLECTION FROM DOONEY & BOURKE

Our Cavalry Collection pays tribute to the classic, functional design of American military gear. Inspired by an old ammunition pouch first used in the Revolutionary War, the collection includes the Trooper, pictured above, and three other styles.

All the Cavalry bags are made of our naturally water-repellent All-Weather Leather and share the same distinctive brass closure. They are available at fine stores nationwide and through our All-Weather Leather Catalog.



Dooney & Bourke, Inc. • P.O. Box 841 • Regent St., S. Norwalk, CT 06856 • (800) 243-5598

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DANCE—Cont'd

Stripes."... ♪ Saturday evening, April 30: "Into the Hopper" (première), "Tarantella," "The Unanswered Question" (première; with guest artists Peter Longiaru, piano, and Paul Zukofsky, violin), and "Who Cares?" Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano, and William Bolcom, piano, will also be guest artists. ... ♪ Sunday matinée, May 1: "Jubilee!" "Calculus Light Night," "Five" (with Mr. Wuorinen and Mr. Sherry), and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." ... ♪ Sunday evening, May 1: "Archetypes," "Fancy Free," and "Rhapsody in Blue." ... ♪ Tuesday evening, May 3: "Into the Hopper," "Tarantella," "The Unanswered Question" (with Mr. Longiaru and Mr. Zukofsky), and "Who Cares?" Miss Morris and Mr. Bolcom will, once again, be guest artists. ... ♪ Wednesday evening, May 4: "Interplay," "Ives, Songs" (with guest artist David Eviats, baritone), and "I'm Old Fashioned." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 25-26; Wednesday matinée and evening, April 27; Thursday and Friday evenings, April 28-29; and Saturday matinée and evening, April 30: "The Sleeping Beauty." ... ♪ Monday evening, May 2: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Gaité Parisienne." ... ♪ Tuesday evening, May 3, and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 4: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Tuesday, April 26, at 8: "Esplanade," "Runes," and "Brandenburgs." ... ♪ Wednesday, April 27, at 8: "Arden Court," "Last Look," and "A Musical Offering." ... ♪ Thursday, April 28, at 8: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm." ... ♪ Friday, April 29, at 8: "Esplanade," "Runes," and "Brandenburgs." ... ♪ Saturday, April 30, at 8: "Equinox," "Lost, Found, and Lost," "Homeward," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)." ... ♪ Sunday, May 1, at 3: "Esplanade," "Runes," and "Brandenburgs." ... ♪ Sunday, May 1, at 7:30: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

GROUPE DE RECHERCHE CHORÉGRAPHIQUE DE L'OPÉRA DE PARIS—Performances of "Jardincour," a full-length work, will conclude the engagement. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute—Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6105. Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28, at 8.)

MARGIE GILLIS—Two programs of solo dance. Program A: Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30; Thursday, April 28, and Saturday, April 30, at 8; and Sunday, May 1, at 2. ... ♪ Program B: Wednesday, April 27, and Friday, April 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 7:30. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

CHEN & DANCERS—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STITCH**, a one-man, two-woman vocal trio, sing and patter in close harmony in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a raised-in platform. Trumpeter **MARK MORGANELLI** and his Jazz Forum All-Stars will be aboard Friday and Saturday, April 29-30. First set at ten.

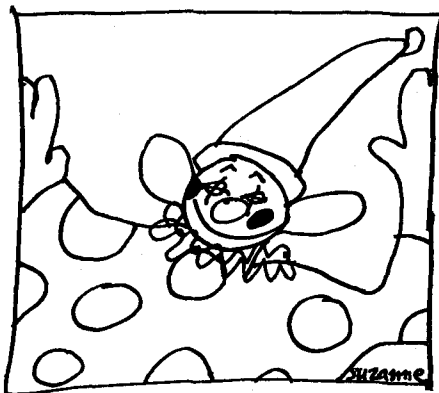
BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **JONATHAN SCHWARTZ**, who can be heard morning and afternoon on WNEW-AM discoursing on Sinatra, Ella, the Boston Celtics, and other elevated matters, sings here (and embellishes what he sings with learned talk) at nine Tuesday and Wednesday, April 26-27, and at nine and eleven Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30. Bassist-singer **JAY LEONHART** and pianist **MIKE RENZI**, who work in Peggy Lee's combo when she's in town, collaborate at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **SARAH VAUGHAN**, whose mighty voice is one of the wonders of the planet, sings some of her favorite arias Tuesday through Sunday, April 26-May 1; starting Tuesday, May 3, clarinetist **EDDIE DANIELS** and his quartet alternate with guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** and his quintet. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **JANE SIBERRY**, a Canadian singer and composer of the art-rock persuasion. She performs on Tuesday, May 3. The rest of the schedule: Tuesday, April 26, British tenor saxophonist **COURTNEY PINE**; Wednesday, April 27, flamenco guitarist **Paco Peña**; Thursday, April 28, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE'S** quartet; Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, the **BEARS**, a rock band led by guitarist **ADRIAN BELEW**; Sunday, May 1, the **DEL-LORDS**; and Monday, May 2, French folk guitarist **PIERRE BENSUSAN**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, dusky lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, horn players compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **STEVE KUHN**, a pianist whose reflective, glancing style reminds some people of Bill Evans, works with bassist **RON CARTER** through Saturday, April 30; **HANK JONES**, a model of delicate swing, comes in with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** on Monday, May 2. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice:



the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux and Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **HAMMET BLUIETT**, the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his Telepathic Big Band on Mondays. **RED RODNEY**, the red-headed trumpeter who rose and shone with Charlie Parker in the late forties, leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, April 26-May 1. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principalities known as the Café Carlyle. **BEVERLY PEER** (bass) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums) are his assistants. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Saturday, April 30, Marti Stevens pinch-hits for Mr. Short. ... ♪ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can rattle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled boîte. **TOOTS THIELEMANS**, the Belgian-born guitarist, harmonica whiz, and whistler, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, April 26-May 1; also saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** and his Little Big Band (his regular quintet, plus three horn men) begin a six-night run on Tuesday, May 3. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. **HAL SCHAEFER** is on duty Tuesday through Saturday, April 26-30; bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** joins him on Friday and Saturday. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **JOHN PIZZARELLI**, a guitarist whose models include his easygoing dad, Bucky, and a singer whose inspirations include Nat Cole ("Hit That Jive, Jack" and "Straighten Up and Fly Right" are in his repertoire), is here on Thursdays with his trio. The rest of the schedule: Mondays, April 25 and May 2, pianist **DICK HYMAN**; Tuesday, April 26, Virg Dzurinko; Wednesday, April 27, pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; Friday, April 29, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT**; and Saturday, April 30, singer Randa McNamara's band. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. The singers: Monday, April 25, Rich Siegel, with his trio; Tuesday, April 26, **BARBARA LEA**, with pianist **WES MC AFEY**; Wednesday, April 27, Barbara Silberman; Thursday and Friday, April 28-29, Julianne Marie Scanlon; and Saturday, April 30, Helen Klass. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **PETER MALINVERNI** works out on it, with bassist **JOHN GOLDSBY** at his side, Tuesday through Saturday, April 26-30. On Sundays and Mondays, a twenty-year-old New Orleans-born pianist named **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, plays Monk ("Blue Monk") or Rodgers and Hart ("Blue Moon") or the Beatles, and occasionally, in a light, unrefined voice, sings something like "When I

To Grand Expectations.



Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy, 80 proof.
Imported by the United States, Inc., New York, N.Y. (except where prohibited by law).
© 1983 Carter-Vesco, Inc., New York, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.CPS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Jaguar XJ6. As with generations of sedans and sports cars that have borne the Jaguar name before, the 1988 XJ6 is endowed with speed, grace and elegance.

Jaguar's new light alloy, 3.6 liter engine incorporates four valves per cylinder for enhanced high speed responsiveness. Its double overhead cams reflect the influence of the legendary XK engine, which powered racing Jaguars to five victories at Le Mans.

Jaguar's refined four wheel independent suspension is the product of over

five decades of experience in creating road machines of renowned prowess. With patented "pendulum" isolation and automatic self-leveling rear suspension, the XJ6 offers a near perfect balance of athletically agile handling and supple ride. Complementing Jaguar's fabled four wheel power disc brakes is a highly advanced anti-lock (ABS) system.

Inside, the XJ6 is unmistakably Jaguar. Combining enlightened engineering and ergonomic design, it is a masterpiece of form and function. Yet, with handcrafted Jaguar luxury, rich

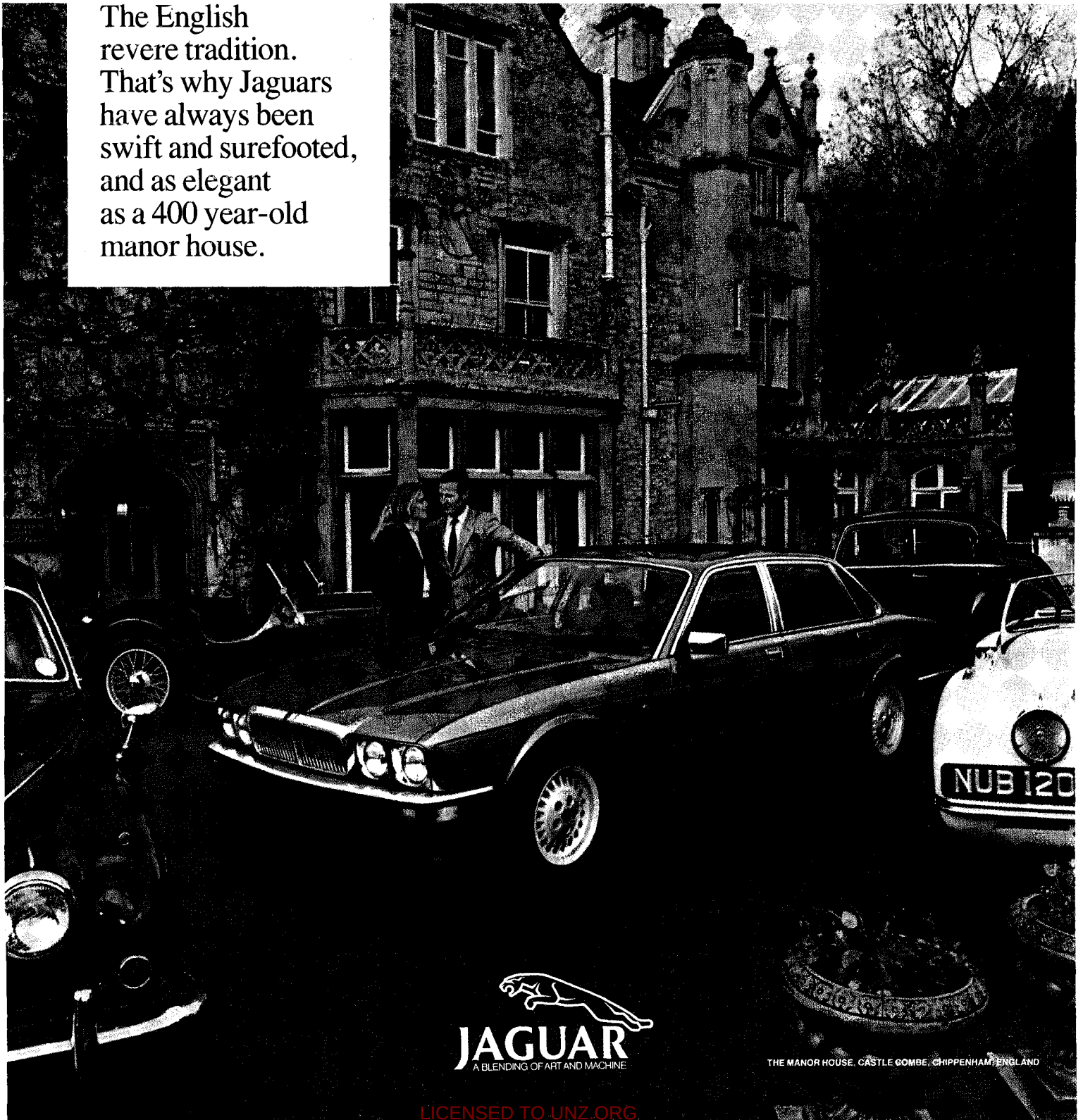
leather and the warm luster of polished wood, it is as elegant as a 400 year-old English manor house.

To experience the Jaguar tradition of speed, grace and elegance, drive the 1988 XJ6 at your Jaguar dealer. He can provide details of Jaguar's three year/36,000 mile limited warranty, applicable in the USA and Canada, and Jaguar's comprehensive Service-On-SiteSM Roadside Assistance Plan. For your nearest dealer, call 1-800-4-JAGUAR.

Jaguar Cars Inc., Leonia NJ 07605.

ENJOY TOMORROW. BUCKLE UP TODAY.

The English
revere tradition.
That's why Jaguars
have always been
swift and surefooted,
and as elegant
as a 400 year-old
manor house.




JAGUAR
A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

THE MANOR HOUSE, CASTLE GOMBE, CHIPPENHAM, ENGLAND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Take My Sugar to Tea." Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. On Monday, April 25, German vibraphonist **KARL BERGER** leads a group. **CECIL TAYLOR**, a pianist and composer who is, as his fellow-visionary Walt Whitman said of himself, "free, fresh, savage, fluent, luxuriant," gives a solo concert on Wednesday, April 27, and directs his six-person Unit Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30. A Taylor set sometimes consists of a single piece, lasting seventy-five minutes or more, and it sometimes seems to be as much an athletic performance as a musical one. Taylor doesn't treat his audience or his instrument gently; he attacks his piano with fists, forearms, elbows, the backs of his hands; he chants and rocks and all the while produces a mass of sound that has order and shape and moments when you think you can't take it anymore and a moment or two when you can almost relax. Music after nine.

LOVE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup: Monday, April 25, the Ventures and the Pontiac Brothers; Tuesday, April 26, Lubbock honky-tonker **DELBERT MCCLINTON**; Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28, Louisiana swamp cat **DR. JOHN**; Saturday, April 30, saxophonist and soul singer **JUNIOR WALKER**; Sunday, May 1, the **BLUEGRASS CARDINALS**; and Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, **JERRY JEFF WALKER**. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **JULIE WILSON** on the bandstand. Miss Wilson, a singer who's always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is concentrating on the songs of **Julie Styne**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. **MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER**, a couple of scruffy characters who do an inspired number about the Elvis-ing of America, will be here on Thursday, April 28, along with the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO**. **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, a duo whose rock-and-roll shoes are (as one of their pun-happy songs says) "laced with irony," work out on Friday, April 29. The **GODFATHERS**, five British lads who set grim little thoughts ("Birth, School, Work, Death" is their theme song) to hard rock, perform on Saturday, April 30, along with the Brooklyn quartet **LIVING COLOUR**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 26-27, Dissidenten, an Afro-German pop band; Thursday, April 28, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL's** group; Friday, April 29, **TABOU COMBO**; Saturday, April 30, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; and Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, **CULTURE**, a reggae group. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, the Brooklyn-born cowboy and Woody Guthrie disciple, has the floor on Friday, April 29; **DAVID MASSENGILL**, a folkie born in Bristol, Tennessee, whose songs include a kidding one ("Wake Up") addressed to a sleeping babe and a Guthrie-style ballad about the eighteen Mexicans who suffocated in a boxcar last summer while being smuggled into this country, will be here on Saturday, April 30, along with **ELLIOTT MURPHY**. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as **Yogi Berra** said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **DAVID MURRAY**, the tenor voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, will be out in front of his octet, a bracing new-jazz band, Tuesdays through Sundays. On Monday, April 25, Nana Simopoulos leads a quartet, and on Monday, May 2, **DAKOTA STATION** sings some blues and ballads. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain but functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Mondays, April 25 and May 2, the **SURREAL MC COYS**, a local country band; Tuesday, April 26, Road Kill, Hammerbrain, and Tracy Lord's Ex-Lovers; Wednesday, April 27, veteran rockabilly singer **SLEEPY LABEEF**; Thursday, April 28, Big Al Jano & Secret Lover and the Tapes; and Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, Harlem bluesmen Jimmy Spruill, Bob Gaddy, and Larry Dale, plus Michael Hill's Bluesland. Shows from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hep cat d.j. **Symphony Sid** used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. On April 25, extrovert vibist **TERRY GIBBS** solos with bands led by **TITO PUENTE** and **LOUIE RAMIREZ**. On May 2, **WILLIE COLÓN** and **HECTOR LAVOE** bring in their ensembles. Activity from nine-thirty. ... ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, **HAROLD MABERN**, a Memphis-born piano thumper, works with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** Tuesdays through Sundays from about ten. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN's** trio. Fridays through Sundays, from six to ten, **PATTI BOWN** can be found at the piano, rocking and swaying beneath one of her homemade picture hats.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O'd while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided

to leave in Mingus-ized condition. A quintet run by trumpeter **TERENCE BLANCHARD** and alto saxophonist **DONALD HARRISON**—two young New Orleans musicians of a conservative stripe who followed the Marsalis brothers into Art Blakey's band—performs Tuesday through Sunday, April 26-May 1; the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**, which is overseen by the bassist's widow and is devoted to keeping his music alive, will be in for six nights starting Tuesday, May 3. Mondays belong to **MEL LEWIS's** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Cornettist **ED POLCER** and some fellow Dixieland fanciers hold forth on Tuesday, April 26; drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** leads a quartet Wednesday through Sunday, April 27-May 1. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **RUBY BRAFF**, a stem-winder of a cornettist who makes you lean forward when he descends into the secret chamber that is his lowest register and sit up when he rises to a rare high note, works with guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, April 30. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** joins Mr. Moore. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

JACKSON MACLOW AND ANNE TARDOS—Roulette, 228 West Broadway. Thursday, April 28, at 9. For information about tickets, call 219-8242.

KIMBERLY FLYNN—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30, at 10.

TAKASHI TOKUYAMA—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, April 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.

IRIS MOORE AND BETH TANNER—Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8:30.

NINA MARTIN—With Mary Overlie, Terry O'Reilly, and others. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 9 and 11, and Sunday, May 1, at 9.)

ALVIN FORTEAU AND THE CARIBBEAN DANCERS—Washington Square Church. Saturday, April 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.

DON SHIRLEY—With his trio. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, May 1, at 8.)

BOBBY McFERRIN—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 3, at 8.

WALTER THOMPSON BIG BAND—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, May 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

BEACON THEATRE—Tuesday, April 26, at 8: Sinéad O'Connor. ... ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8: 10,000 Maniacs and Tracy Chapman. ... ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8 and midnight: Phyllis Hyman and LeVert. (Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.)

PERFORMING GARAGE—Thursday, April 28: Judith Ren-Lay. ... ¶ Friday, April 29: Fast Forward. ... ¶ Saturday, April 30: Christian Marclay. (33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Evenings at 8.)

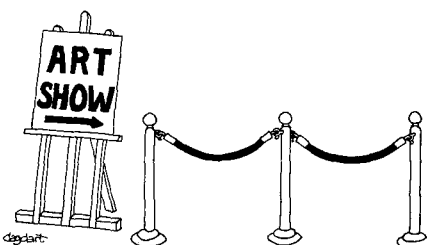
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOSEF ALBERS (1888-1976)—Nine paintings from his "Homage to the Square" series. Through Saturday, April 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. A retrospective of the artist's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Paintings and drawings in a broad range of styles by an



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

artist usually identified as a Precisionist. Through June 4. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

FORREST BESS (1911-77)—A retrospective of paintings by this visionary primitivist. Through May 14. (Hirsch & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

LISA COLLADO—Figurative collages. Through May 7. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

PAUL DELVAUX AND RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Paintings and drawings by these Belgian Surrealists. Through June 18. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI (1901-66)—Pencil drawings. Through May 14. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

ANTHONY GREEN AND MARY COZENS-WALKER—In Mr. Green's facetious paintings and drawings, he and his wife, Ms. Cozens-Walker, appear before, during, and after their sexual collaborations. Ms. Cozens-Walker responds with comic sculptures, one of which is a papier-mâché, fabric, and yarn bust with two interchangeable heads: her own and Mr. Green's. Through Saturday, April 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

NEIL JENNEY—Paintings and sculptures dating from 1967 to 1972. Through May 31. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

LOIS LANE—Dark new paintings and drawings of images from the artist's dreams and memories, such as a sailboat, a calf, and a snake. Through May 21. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Slender black wood sculptures representing birds. Through May 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

RAFAEL MONTAÑEZ-ORTIZ—A retrospective documenting the career of the sculptor, video artist, and performer who used the name Ralph Ortiz. Through May 22. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Paper collages in red and black, some incorporating fragments from musical scores. Through May 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

PHILIP SMITH—Large white paintings whose motifs have been scratched into the medium, with a screwdriver. Through May 7. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

AUGUSTO TORRES—Paintings and drawings by this Uruguayan modernist. Through July 31. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

NADA NADEŽDA VITOROVIĆ—Paintings derived from Yugoslavian fairy tales, some comprising as many as nineteen interchangeable canvases. Through May 7. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL (1893-1984)—Paintings from the twenties and thirties by this American modernist. Through June 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Works on paper dating from 1905 to 1926. Through May 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FOLK ART FAKES AND FORGERIES—This show, presented by the Museum of American Folk Art, zeroes in on counterfeit folk art by displaying it with the real thing. Boxes, paintings, rugs, weathervanes, and furniture. Through Saturday, April 30. (Hirsch & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAYELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Drawings by artists from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Klee, Picasso, Matisse, Pollock, and van Gogh. Through May 26. (Open Mondays.)

LA BOETIE, 9 E. 82nd St.: Works by Popova, Modersohn-Becker, Delaunay, Krasner, Gray, and other women artists of the early-twentieth-century avant-garde. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

RICHARD BALLARD—Paintings centering on either trees or bales of hay. Through Saturday, April 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.) ... **¶** New landscape drawings. Through May 7. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

KENT BELLOWES—Photo-Realist pencil-on-paper portraits. Through Saturday, April 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

MATTIE BERHANG—Hanging sculptures, each a patchwork of metal parts that come together like notes on a sheet of music. Through May 7. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

MARTIN CHIRINO—Forged-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, April 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET (1901-85)—Sculptures in the "Hourloupe" series, and paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (James Goodman, now at 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Paintings and collages. Through May 14. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BILL JENSEN—Recent paintings. Through May 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Portraits. Through May 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD KIENHOLZ AND NANCY REDDIN KIENHOLZ—A joint exhibit of constructions using found objects and other materials to make ersatz TV sets and radios. Through May 14. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BARNETT NEWMAN (1905-70)—A loan show of thirteen paintings. Through May 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—Stain paintings in prismatic colors. Through Saturday, April 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through June 17. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

KIMBER SMITH (1922-81)—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

DONALD SULTAN—Recent drawings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE TOOKER—Figure paintings by an artist who works exclusively in egg tempera. Through May 14. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St.: Works on paper dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, by Charles Demuth, Anne Ryan, Thomas Gainsborough, François Bonvin, and others. Through June 3. ... **FRUMKIN-ADAMS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Three-dimensional painted works, one of them a sort of dog-table carved out of cherry and jelutong, by Roy De Forest. Through Saturday, April 30. ... **GALERIE LELONG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Peter Halley, Sherrie Levine, and Christopher Wool, among others. Through June 4. ... **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Bernd and Hilla Becher, Gerhard Richter, and others. Through May 7. (Open Mondays.) ... **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES**, 24 W. 57th St.: American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, including works by Childe Hassam, George Inness, Theresa Bernstein, and

Gladys Rockmore Davis. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) ... **KENT**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works that suggest the imprint of technology on the artistic imagination. Many express a fear of nuclear holocaust or, more broadly, a wonderment at the Earth's finiteness. In Tom Otterness's "Life After Death," for instance, a bronze globe cracks apart while the Grim Reaper sits staring at his watch; Edward Ruscha's painting "It's a Small World" seems to present the Earth as if viewed from a space shuttle—floating alone in a vast blue universe. Annette Lemieux, Nancy Dwyer, Ashley Bickerton, and others are also represented. Through May 14.

GALLERIES—SoHo

HANNO AHRENS—Wood-and-plaster sculptures. Through May 7. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

ANDREA BELAG—Abstract paintings. Through May 21. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

TEMMA BELL—Landscapes, still-lives, and figures. Through Wednesday, May 4. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

MONICA BERNIER—Large-scale still-lives that border on the abstract. Through Wednesday, May 4. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster Street. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

JONATHAN BOROFKY—A sculptural installation, plus paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GREGORY BOTTS—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

JAMES BROOKS / GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract paintings. / Watercolors by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, April 30. (Grünebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

SOPHIA CORWIN—Abstract paintings, sculptures, and prints—both new and old. Through May 15. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

GREGORY CRANE—Recent landscape paintings. Through May 21. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

DOROTHY DENNER—Early surreal drawings, plus a recent nine-foot brushed-steel sculpture entitled "Fist." Through May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

SARI DIENES—Freestanding and wall sculptures from this veteran artist who works with bottles, hubcaps, string, and bone, among other things. Through May 14. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

ELLEN DRISCOLL—Recent freestanding sculptures. Through May 21. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

HEIDE FASNACHT—Painted wood sculptures. Through May 11. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

JOEL FISHER—Freestanding bronzes. Through May 21. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

JUAN GONZALEZ / MICHAEL GREGORY—Surreal landscape paintings dating from 1975 to the present. / Oil-and-tar landscape paintings on horizontal canvases. Through May 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

HANS HAACKE—Three new works that comment on (a) art, (b) politics, and (c) business. Through Saturday, April 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

JAMES HENNESSEY—New paintings of figures in surreal environments. Through May 5. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

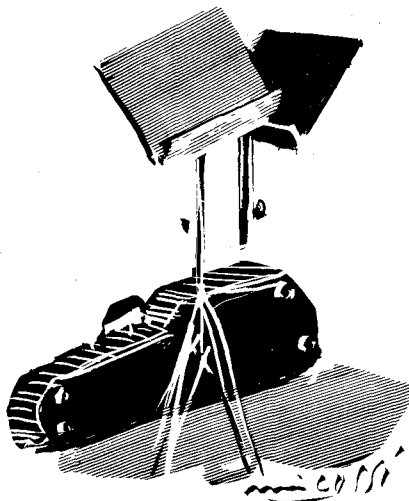
IAN HORNAK—Vivid, detailed paintings of bouquets of flowers, often surrounded by birds, butterflies, or seashells; in some cases the paintings extend onto their large wood frames. Through May 11. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

YVONNE JACQUETTE—New paintings of Manhattan, including a series on Times Square. Through May 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

CHRISTOPHER JAMES—Watercolors and photographs that offer an irreverent perspective on the Vatican; one watercolor shows three nuns in bright-red habits. Through May 14. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ALEX KATZ—Cityscapes. Through Saturday, April 30. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

LEONARD KOSCIANSKI—Paintings of landscapes that are simultaneously threatening and idyllic. Through Tuesday, May 3. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)



CHRISTOPHER LE BRUN—Primarily abstract paintings, each with a representation of a coniferous tree. Through May 7. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

JULIAN LETHBRIDGE—Paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, April 30. (Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. Opens at 1.)

CLYDE LYNDY / MARY SHAFFER—Stelac threaded with fibre optics. / Iron-and-glass maquettes. Through Saturday, April 30. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

RUSSELL MALTZ—Constructions of painted sheets of wood which resemble color-field paintings. Through May 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

BRICE MARDEN—New abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

PETER NADIN—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 30. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

ANNETTE OKO / SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Photo-Realist paintings. / Color lithographs. Through Saturday, April 30. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

MIKLOS POGANY—Abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, April 30. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

ANNE AND PATRICK POIRIER—Stainless-steel sculptures in the style of Greco-Roman columns. Also, photographs with Greek texts painted over them in red, like graffiti. Through May 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

RICHARD PRINCE—New photographs by an artist who re-photographs newspaper and magazine pictures. Also, paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

MATTHEW RADFORD—Hazy, sombre cityscapes. Through May 14. (Bernarducci, 560 Broadway.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—New paintings. Through May 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

EWING RUDA—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

ANNE TABACHNICK—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

DONALD TRAYER—New paintings. Through May 7. (McDonald, 560 Broadway.)

BERNARD TSCHUMI—Architectural drawings and models, including recent studies for an outdoor space at the Parc de la Villette, a cultural complex under construction in Paris. Through May 21. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ALLEN, 560 Broadway: Paintings relating to jazz and accompanied by it (on tape). Includes works by Jane Dickson, Duncan Hannah, and Richard Merkin. Through May 27. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SOHO 20**, 469 Broome St.: Recent works in various mediums by Madeleine Gekiere, Esther Gentle, Claire Moore, and Lil Picard—all of whom began working in the thirties or forties. Through Saturday, April 30. (Opens at noon.) . . . **STEINBAUM**, 132 Greene St.: Furniture, drawings, and photographs in an exhibition that chronicles the role of women in twentieth-century furniture design; pieces by Eileen Gray, Florence Knoll, Judy Kensley McKie, Gail Fredell Smith, and others. Through May 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

SERGIO CAMPOREALE—Figurative watercolors. Through May 15. (Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ROBERT GOBER AND CHRISTOPHER WOOL—Paintings and sculptures by two artists who work together and separately. Through May 8. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

FARIBA HAJAMADI—A show by an artist who prints black-and-white photographs on canvas, then colors them in with oils. Through May 21. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

JENE HIGHSTEIN—Three six-to-seven-foot-tall elm-wood carvings, plus works on paper. Through Saturday, April 30. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

PETER HOPKINS—Paintings. Through May 8. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near



**PATEK
PHILIPPE**

Perpetual Moonphase Calendar
with day, date, month
and moonphase dial.
A completely hand crafted
collector's item. A masterpiece
in the fine art of watchmaking.
18K gold... \$29,000.
With 18K gold bracelet... \$39,000.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St., 500 Madison Ave., NYC 10022 (212) 758-3265.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St., 200 W. 34th St., NYC 10001 (212) 563-6880.

Toll free 1-800-223-1288

Mail, phone orders and major credit cards welcome.

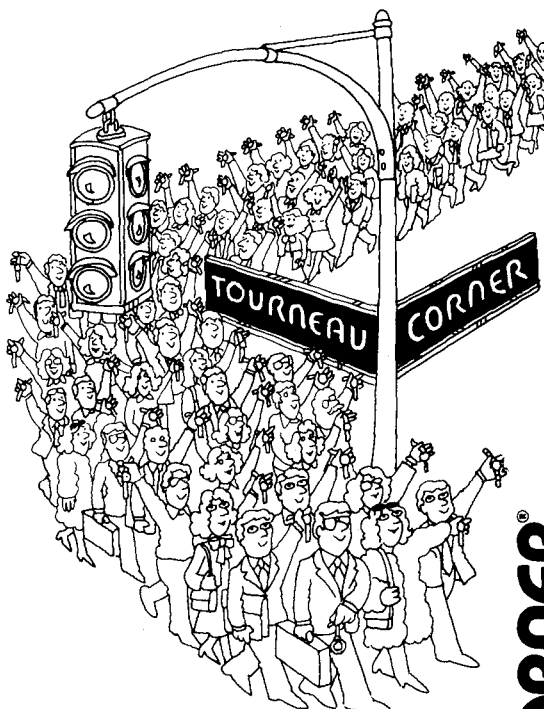
TOURNEAU
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

WE'RE TALKING TRADE-IN

*You trade in your car!
Why not your watch?*

*Now Tourneau will
take your old watch
in trade, saving you
serious money towards
the purchase of any
new watch.*

*Bring your old watch
in—(working or not)
for a free, on-the-spot
trade-in appraisal.
After all, times change.*



Madison Ave. & 52nd St., 500 Madison Ave., NYC 10022 (212) 758-3265.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St., 200 W. 34th St., NYC 10001 (212) 563-6880.

Bonwit Teller, at Trump Tower (212) 593-3333

Bal Harbour Shops, FL 33154 (305) 866-4312

Toll free 1-800-223-1288

Mail, phone orders and major credit cards welcome.

TOURNEAU
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

STEPHEN LACK—"The Breadline 1990" and "Landscape with Cigarette Burn" are two of the works in a contemplative show that includes both large- and small-scale paintings. Through Sunday, May 1. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

CHRISTIAN MARCLAY—Sculptures that make use of objects having to do with sound: records, speakers, and gramophone parts, for instance. Through May 21. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

RONA PONDICK—Recent sculptures. Through May 22. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Open Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

P.S. 1—"Brazil Projects" is part exhibition and part festival; it includes works by nearly seventy Brazilian painters, sculptors, photographers, video artists, and architects. For information about film screenings and musical performances, which will be held at various places, call 1-718 784-2084. Through June 12. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOW—Howardena Pindell has selected works in a variety of mediums by twenty women artists, including Ana Mendieta, Alison Saar, and Kay WalkingStick. Through May 27. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71) / WU YINXIAN—A retrospective. / Photographs that document the emergence of Communist China. Through Sunday, May 1. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LEE FRIEDLANDER—A series of photographs depicting industrial workers. Through May 14. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

GERALD INCANDELA—Photographs of figures by an artist who alters his prints with a brush as he develops them. Through May 28. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM**, 17 White St.: Photographs and videotapes of the Middle East, South Africa, and Central America done on assignment by photojournalists from all over the world. Through May 14. . . . **SANDER**, 51 Greene St.: Works by three artists—Les Levine, Jochen Gerz, and Roger Welch—who integrate photography into conceptual art projects. Levine, for instance, has mounted a three-wall installation conceived around a *Life* photograph of President Nixon in China. Through May 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage. Through June 5. . . . A show of Fragonard's paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Through May 8. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.) . . . **NOTE**: The roof garden will open, weather permitting, on Sunday, May 1.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of three reconstructed outdoor installations by Vito Acconci that are meant to be climbed through, sat on, whatever. One of them uses a half-dozen formerly abandoned cars. Through Tuesday, May 3. . . . Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum in Basel. Through June 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show that tracks collage and assemblage as explored by exponents of every ism from Cubism to Abstract Expressionism and beyond. The works are by Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Nevel-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

son, and Anne Ryan, among many others. Through May 22. . . . A large retrospective of Josef Albers' work includes paintings, objects, and photographs. Through May 29. A complementary show (ending Saturday, April 30) is at Gallery Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. Through June 26. . . . Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through June 13. . . . A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of Tiffany dazzlers from the past century and a half, including the 128.54-carat Tiffany diamond and a 75-carat emerald brooch set with diamonds. Through June 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of neolithic Chinese jades—amulets and ceremonial objects—in a range of shades running from off-white to nearly black. Through June 18. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love" are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Works by the painter-sculptor Arbit Blatas, whose subject is stars of the New York music and theatre worlds, past and present. Appearing in the show are Toscanini and Bernstein, Pavarotti and Sutherland. Also, paintings of scenes from the current "Cabaret," with Joel Grey. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays

through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This year's juried show has paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by artists from all over the United States. Among the prize-winners are Robert LaHota, Lennart Anderson, and Marianna Pineda. Through May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit of paintings, oil studies, and drawings by Francis W. Edmonds, an early-nineteenth-century American specialist in genre scenes. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

"IMENEO"—Rudolph Palmer directing a concert version of Handel's opera, with Julianne Baird and Beverly Hoch, sopranos; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Jay A. Pierson, baritone; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; the Brewer Chamber Orchestra; and a chorus. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY OPERA—Presenting "The Telephone" and "The Medium," by Gian Carlo Menotti. Staged by Charles Marvan. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 279-4200. Tuesday, April 26, Thursday, April 28, and Saturday, April 30, all at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—James DePreist conducting music by Fauré, Saint-Saëns, and Walton, with Glenn Dicterow, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8; Friday, April 29, at 2; Saturday, April 30, at 8; and Tuesday, May 3, at 7:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting. Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28, at 8: A Mozart-Mahler program, with Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano, and Thomas Allen, baritone. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . Friday, April 29, at 8: A Mozart-Schubert-Strauss program. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

ACADEMY OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS—Neville Marriner conducting a Mozart-Tippett-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

BOSTON POPs—John Williams conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIRS AND ORCHESTRA—Paul Mueller conducting Mozart's Requiem and the overture to "Don Giovanni." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHAMBER CHOIR OF THE NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS—Dean X. Johnson directing. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Sunday, May 1, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIC—Peter Tiboris conducting the orchestra, a large chorus, and soloists in Verdi's Requiem. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

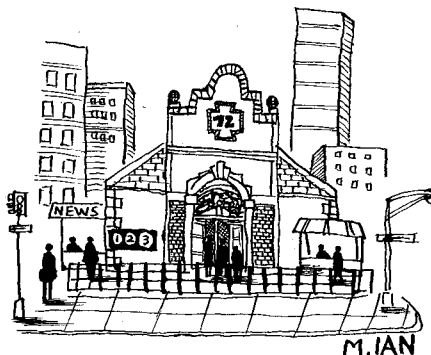
ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Lyndon Woodside directing Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Janet Baker, soprano, and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

RECITALS

GUARNERI QUARTET—With Yefim Bronfman, piano, and Gary Karr, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—In an all-Beethoven program. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM ARCADY—A program of twentieth-century French and Japanese chamber mu-



sic. With Masanobu Ikemiya, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; Kazuhide Isomura, viola; and Stephen Kates, cello. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

BOSTON CAMERATA—With the Boston Shawm and Sackbut Ensemble, in an all-Orlando di Lasso program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

ERIC BARTLETT—Cello, in premières of works by Larry Bell and Wayne Peterson. With assisting artists. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

EWA PODLEŚ—Mezzo-soprano, in her recital début here. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, April 28, at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

MANNES TRIO—Playing works by Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—In a Schubert-Bartók-Beethoven program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Playing Haydn, Shostakovich, and Schubert. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8.)

ELMAR OLIVEIRA—Violin. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—Playing music from fifteenth-century Europe. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

BARBARA SHUTTLEWORTH—Soprano, with Richard Woitach and Fritz Spielman, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 2.)

RIDGE STRING QUARTET—With Rudolf Firkušný, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

ANDREW BOLOTOWSKY AND CONSTANCE COOPER—Flute and piano, playing works by Jim Theobald. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Sunday, May 1, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

BARBARA HENDRICKS—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

JEWISH MUSIC FROM RUSSIA—Early-twentieth-century works, with Alexander Peskanov, piano; David Springer, clarinet; and the Ameruss String Quartet. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, May 1, at 3:30. For tickets, call 860-1863.)

MUSICA VIVA—Walter Klauss conducting the chorus and orchestra. With Ana Maria Tencchi de Bottazzi, piano. (Church of All Souls, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. Sunday, May 1, at 7. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 500.)

WILLIAM ALBRIGHT—Organ. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Monday, May 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—With Marni Nixon, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

AEOLIAN CHAMBER PLAYERS—Chamber music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Presenting an all-Messiaen program, in honor of the composer's eightieth birthday. With Yuval Waldman, violin and conductor; Gregory Haimovsky, piano; Charles Neidich, clarinet; Annabelle Hoffman, cello; Arlette Sibon, *ondes martenot*; and an orchestra and a chorus. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 3, at 8.)

CARLOS BARBOSA-LIMA—With Sharon Isbin, classical guitarists. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 3, at 8.)

KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO—Playing, among other works, the New York première of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's trio for piano, violin, and cello. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 3-4, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Tuesday through Thursday, April 26-28, at 7:30. . . . **TEXAS**, Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 1, at 1:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, at 7:35. . . . **HOUSTON**, Wednesday, May 4, at 7:35.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, May 9. The Top Flight Handicap, Sunday, May 1.

TENNIS—Eagle Tournament of Champions: Andres Gomez, John McEnroe, Stefan Edberg, and Brad Gilbert, among others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. Monday through Friday, May 2-6, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 7, at noon; and finals Sunday, May 8, at 1:45.)

TROTting—At MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly at 8; through Tuesday, May 3. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**: Nightly at 7:30, from Wednesday, May 4, through Wednesday, June 15.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Roger Angell reading from his new book, "Season Ticket," and from other works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **MADHUR JAFFREY**, Morgan Freeman, Stephen Lang, and Cynthia Harris will read from the stories of Bharati Mukherjee, James Baldwin, Madison Smartt Bell, and Margaret Atwood. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 27, at 6:30.) . . . **SUSAN SONTAG** reading from her own prose. (Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Room 501, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 28, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 280-2820.) . . . **CZESLAW MILOSZ**, Stanislaw Baranczak, and Piotr Sommer reading from their own poetry, in Polish and in English. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, May 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . **ROBERT HASS** and **THOM GUNN** reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, May 3, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

LECTURE—George Steiner giving a talk about literary translation. (PEN, 568 Broadway. Monday, May 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

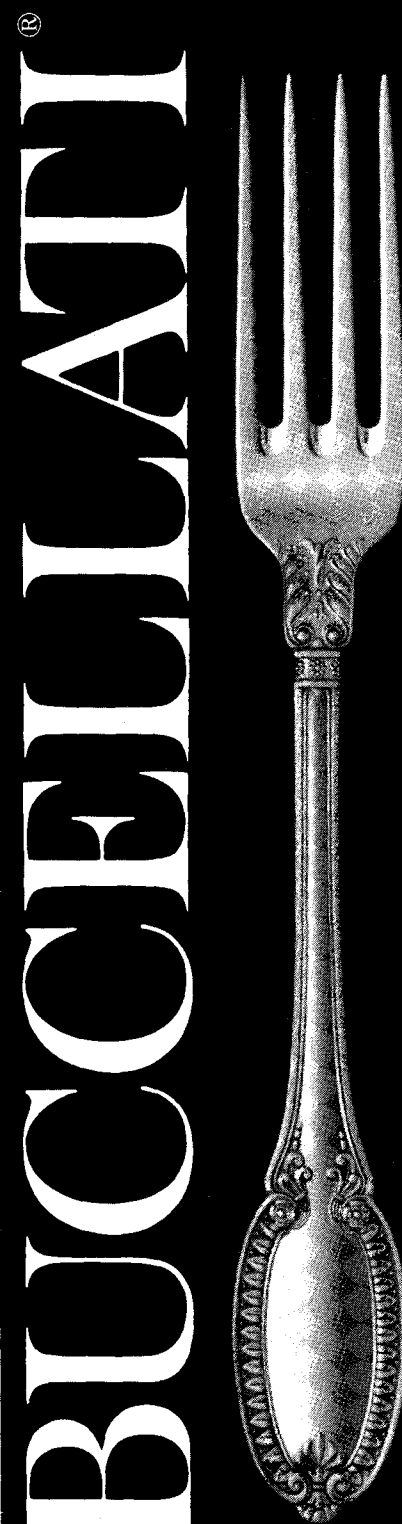
AUTOMOBILE RACING—The Indianapolis 500, May 29.

RACING—At **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville: The Kentucky Derby, May 7. . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 21. . . . **BELMONT**: May 11-Aug. 1. The Belmont, June 11.

MUSIC—**EVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27. . . . **Bella Davidovich**, May 8. . . . **Lynne Harrell** and **Vladimir Ashkenazy**, May 9. . . . **Los Angeles Philharmonic**, May 13. . . . **Atlanta Symphony Orchestra**, May 26. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, May 5. . . . **Jerome Hines**, May 6. . . . **St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra**, May 7. . . . **Miriam Fried**, May 8. . . . **Los Angeles Philharmonic**, May 12 and 14. . . . **Alfred Brendel**, May 16 and 19. . . . **Detroit Symphony Orchestra**, May 17. . . . **Atlanta Symphony Orchestra**, May 25. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, May 6-9. . . . **Ravi Shankar**, May 11. . . . **Jupiter Symphony**, May 16. . . . **Kronos Quartet**, May 20. . . . **Composers Showcase**, June 1. . . . **92ND STREET Y** (427-4410): Janos Starker and Susan Jolles, May 7-8. . . . **Richard Stoltzman** and **Richard Goode**, May 14.

DANCE—**Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co.**, at City Center, May 12, 15, 17, and 20. . . . **Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians**, at City Center, May 13, 15, and 21. . . . **Mark Morris Dance Group**, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, May 17-22.

OTHER DATES—Irving Berlin's hundredth birthday, May 11. . . . **The Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit**, May 28-30, June 4-5, and June 11-12. . . . **Memorial Day** is Monday, May 30. . . . **The First New York International Festival of the Arts**, June 11-July 11.



Buccellati's Empire pattern.
One of twenty-two sterling silver
flatware styles available at
46 East 57th Street
New York, New York 10022
212-308-2900
800-223-7885
and at other fine stores.

Bullock's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Orson Welles films.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 3: Through April 28: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov. From April 29 (tentative): "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Colors" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Theatre 3: "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beetlejuice" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Tokyo Pop" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Carrie Hamilton.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

GOATHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Moderns" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 2: "Beetlejuice" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Eat the Rich" (Peter Richardson).

Theatre 2: "Blue Iguana" (John Lafia), with Dylan McDermott and Jessica Harper.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov. From April 29: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.

Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (Mike Figgis), with Melanie Griffith, Tommy Lee Jones, Sting, and Sean Bean.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Colors" (†).

Theatre 2: "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through April 28: "Zelly and Me" (Tina Rathborne), with Isabella Rossellini. From April 29: "I Hate Actors!" (Gérard Krawczyk; in French).

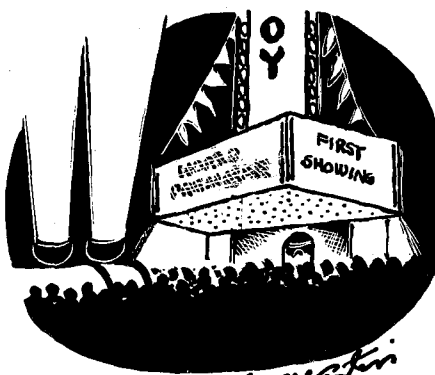
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Colors" (†).



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From April 29: "Critters 2" (Mick Garris).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "The Unholy" (Camilo Vila), with Ben Cross, Ned Beatty, and William Russ.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through April 26: "She Must Be Seeing Things" (directed by Sheila McLaughlin), with Sheila Dabney. April 27-May 3: "A Hungry Feeling: The Life and Death of Brendan Behan" (Allan Miller), a documentary. From May 4: "Mala Noche" (1985; Gus Van Sant).

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Manon of the Spring" (†) and "Jean de Florette" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).

Theatre 2: "Love Is a Dog from Hell" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Hope and Glory" (†).

Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

Theatre 3: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith).

Theatre 4: "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

Theatre 3: "Blue Iguana" (John Lafia), with Dylan McDermott and Jessica Harper.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through April 28: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov.

From April 29: "Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"White Mischief" (Michael Radford), with Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, and Joss Ackland.

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"The Two Lives of Mattia Pascal" (Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through April 28: "Jean de Florette" (†) and "Manon of the Spring" (†).

From April 29: "Da" (Matt Clark), with Bernard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Wall Street" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"The Manchurian Candidate" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Bagdad Cafe" (Percy Adlon).

Theatre 2: "The Pointman" (Jos Stelling; in Dutch and French).

Theatre 3: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Tampopo" (†). From April 29: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German, French, and English).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Someone to Love" (Henry Jaglom), with Orson Welles, Andrea Marcovicci, and Sally Kellerman.

Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (Mike Figgis), with Melanie Griffith, Tommy Lee Jones, Sting, and Sean Bean.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver). From April 29 (tentative): "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.

Theatre 2: "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

Theatre 3: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).

Theatre 4: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Theatre 5: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 6: "Colors" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

Theatre 2: "The Last Emperor" (†).

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)

"Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "The Unholy" (Camilo Vila), with Ben Cross, Ned Beatty, and William Russ.

Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 3: Through April 28: "School Daze" (Spike Lee). From April 29 (tentative):

The chefs of the Four Seasons Hotel Philadelphia.



A Good Hotel Reacts To Your Requests. A Grand Hotel Anticipates Them.

A grand hotel should be judged not simply by how quickly it responds to your requests, but by how few requests you find it necessary to make in the first place.

Thus, at Four Seasons, we devote an enormous amount of time to anticipating precisely what the changing needs and desires of our guests are likely to be.

Our exclusive Alternative Cuisine menu selections, for example, were developed in anticipation of the growing number of people who've become careful about calories—yet no less discriminating about taste.

We also recognize that while business travellers

generally want to eat in a city's best restaurants, they don't necessarily want to leave the hotel to do so. Which is why you'll find 4-star restaurants in all our hotels.

And we realize that the rigors of business travel often dictate irregular hours. So we offer 24-hour room service—with food prepared by our highly acclaimed chefs.

But the Four Seasons philosophy of anticipating needs rather than reacting to them extends considerably beyond the kitchen.

We've anticipated, for instance, that many people don't want travel to disrupt their daily routines—which is why we provide jogging

maps and workout gear in all our hotels, and health clubs in many of them.

And since many of our guests prefer to travel with only carry-on luggage, we offer overnight pressing and shoe shining, so whatever you bring will look fresh in the morning. And we furnish our rooms with bathrobes, hair dryers and other essentials that might not fit into a single overnight bag.

We've anticipated all this and more because at Four Seasons we staunchly believe that a grand hotel should adapt to its guests. Not the other way around.



Four Seasons Hotels

UNITED STATES

Austin
Boston
Chicago (1989)
Chicago: The Ritz-Carlton
Dallas: Las Colinas
Houston: Center
Houston: Inn on the Park
Los Angeles
Maui (1989)
New York: The Pierre
Newport Beach
Philadelphia
San Antonio
San Francisco
Santa Barbara
Seattle
Washington, DC.

CANADA

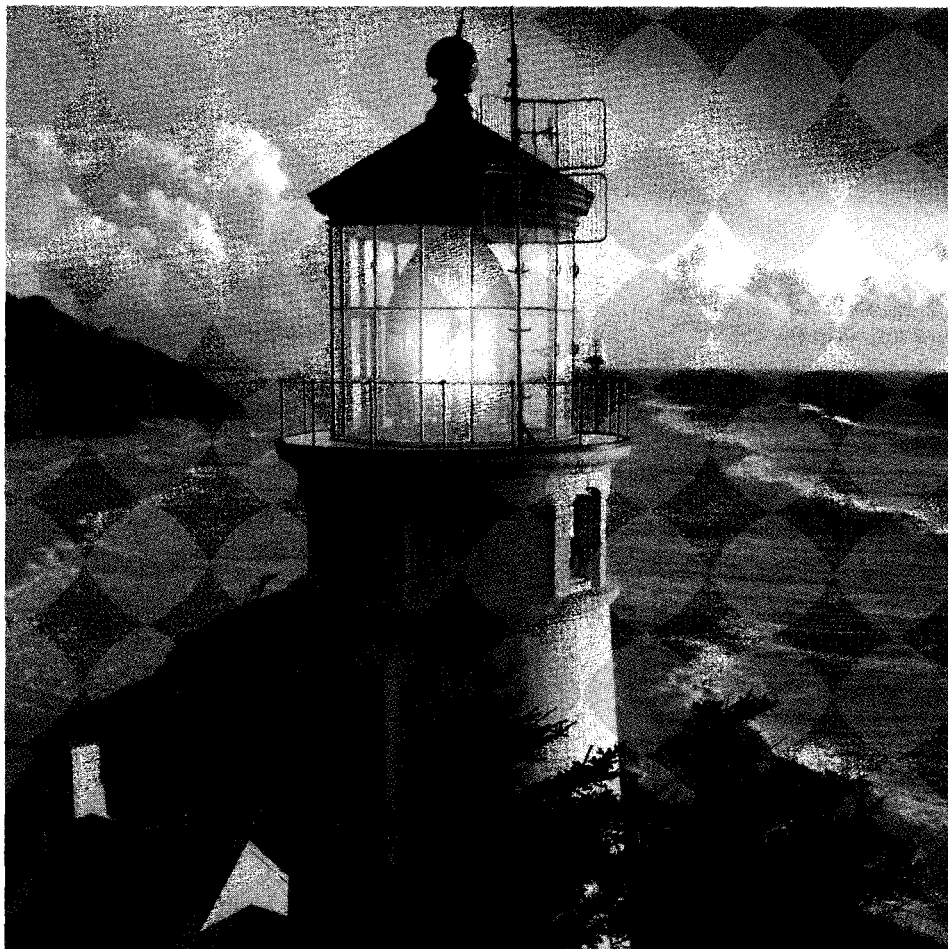
Edmonton
Minaki: Minaki Lodge
Montreal
Ottawa
Toronto: Yorkville
Toronto: Inn on the Park
Vancouver

UNITED KINGDOM

London: Inn on the Park

For reservations, call
in the U.S. (800) 332-3442,
in Canada (800) 268-6282
or call your travel agent.

Direction.



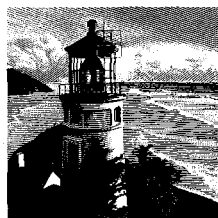
® and ™ denote trademarks of Van Kampen Merritt Inc.

TM

These days, it's easy for investors to feel lost. Investment counselors are helping them find their way with mutual funds and unit trusts sponsored by Van Kampen Merritt—over \$20 billion worth. Van Kampen Merritt is a Xerox Financial Services Company offering a wide range of investment banking capabilities.

See the light. Ask your investment representative for more complete information, including all charges and expenses. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. Or call 1-800-DIAL-VKM ext. 1005. In Georgia, 1-800-633-2252 ext. 1005.

**Mutual Funds, Unit Trusts, Asset Management,
Precious Metals, Xerox Life Products, Capital Markets,
Public and Health Care Finance.**



TM

Van Kampen Merritt®

A XEROX Financial Services Company

Investing with a sense of direction®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

"Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.
 Theatre 4: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.
 Theatre 5: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin.
 Theatre 6: "Retribution" (Guy Magar).
EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
 Through April 28: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).
 From April 29: "Critters 2" (Mick Garris).
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: Through April 28 (tentative): "Masquerade" (†). From April 29 (tentative): "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).
 Theatre 4: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
 "Colors" (†).
MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.
 Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).
WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
 "The Unholy" (Camilo Vila), with Ben Cross, Ned Beatty, and William Russ.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
 A festival of Israeli films.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 Through April 26: "Angel Heart" (1987; directed by Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling; and "The Big Easy" (1986; Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid, Ellen Barkin, and Ned Beatty.
 April 27-28: "The Pearl" (1948; Emilio Fernandez), with Maria Elena Marques and Pedro Armendariz; and "Fever Mounts at El Pao" (1959; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film), with Gérard Philippe.
 April 29-30: "Maurice" (1987; James Ivory), with James Wilby, Hugh Grant, and Rupert Graves; and "A Room with a View" (†).
 May 1: "Repentance" (1987; Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian); and "Marriage" (1945; Isidor Annensky; in Russian).
 May 2-3: "Too Outrageous!" (1987; Dick Benner), with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren; and "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch.
 From May 4: "My Sweet Little Village" (1987; Jiří Menzel; a Czech film); and "Loves of a Blonde" (†).
FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 Through April 26: "The Mirror" (1974; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Ivan's Childhood" (1962; Andrei Tarkovsky).
 April 27-28: "The Sacrifice" (1986; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.
 April 29-May 1: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
 May 2-4: "Andrei Rublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
 April 25: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "The Cars That Ate Paris" (1974; Peter Weir).
 April 26: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.
 April 27: "When Strangers Marry" (1944; William Castle), with Dean Jagger and Kim Hunter; and "The Racket" (1951; John Cromwell), with Robert Mitchum, Elizabeth Scott, and Robert Ryan.

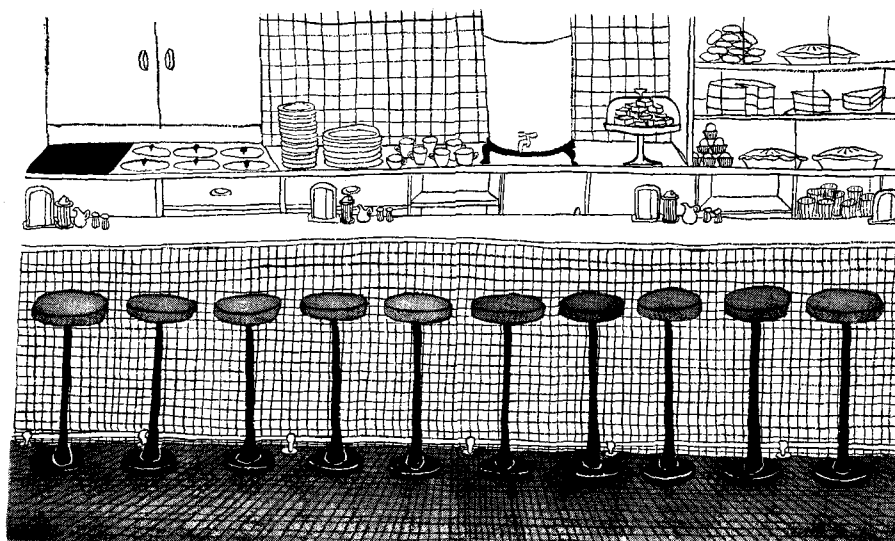
S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

April 28: "On Approval" (1943; Clive Brook), with Beatrice Lillie and Brook; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.
 April 29-30: "A Virus Knows No Morals" (1986; Rosa von Praunheim; in German); and "Anita—Dances of Vice" (1987; Rosa von Praunheim; in German), with Lotti Huber.
 May 1: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
 May 2-3: A program of jazz films.
 May 4: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Angel Face" (1953; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall.
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 April 25: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.
 April 26: "Road House" (1948; Jean Negulesco), with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.
 April 27: "Affair in Trinidad" (1952; Vincent Sherman), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.
 April 28: "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy; and "Love Crazy" (1941; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
 April 29-30: "Trouble in Paradise" (Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
 May 1: "Olympiad" (†).
 May 2: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
 May 3: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940; Lee Garmes), with Rita Hayworth, Thomas

Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "The Lady in Question" (1940; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne.
 May 4: "Women in Love" (†); and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1955; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
THEATRE 1: April 25 at 3: "Set-Up" (1978; directed by Kathryn Bigelow); and "Near Dark" (1987; Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar, Jenny Wright, and Lance Henriksen. . . . April 25 at 6:30 and April 26 at 3: "The Loveless" (1983; Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery), with Willem Dafoe. . . . April 26 at 6:30: "Set-Up" and "Near Dark." The director, Kathryn Bigelow, will be present. . . . April 29 at 2:30 and 6: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish, with English subtitles). . . . April 30 at 2 and 5: "Breathless" (1960; Jean-Luc Godard; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg. . . . May 1 at 2 and 5: "City of Gold" (1957; Wolf Koenig and Colin Low), "Every Day Except Christmas" (1957; Lindsay Anderson), and "Primary" (1960; Richard Leacock, D. A. Pennebaker, Al Maysles, Terence McCartney-Filgate, and Robert Drew). . . . May 2 at 2:30: A program of four short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . May 3 at 2:30 and 6: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Delphine Seyrig.
THEATRE 2: April 28 at 3 and 6:30: "Not Just Another Doll" (1986; Jane Coleman), "Bar-negat" (1984; Jack Walz), and "The Ice-man of Chimborazo" (1980; Gustavo Guyaasamin), all documentaries.
WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting April 26, a program of sixteen films by Andy Warhol. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.
JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. April 29 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Nippon for Sale" (1968; Eizo Sugawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hitoshi Ueki.
MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The third section, featuring nature and science, will be on view from April 26-29; the fourth and final section, featuring children's



MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

programming, will be on view starting April 30. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—April 25 at 6:30: "As We Were" (1976; Eddie Romero; Philippines)... April 25 at 9:30: "La Negra Angustias" (1949; Matilde Landeta; Mexico; in Spanish, with no English subtitles)... April 26 at 6:30: "Emitai" (1972; Ousmane Sembène; Senegal)... April 26 at 9:30: "A Song of Ceylon" (1986; Laleen Jayamanne; Australia) and "Phoelix" (1979; Anna Ambrose; England)... April 27 at 6:30: "Maid and Madams" (1985; Mira Hamarmesh; England) and "Killer of Sheep" (1977; Charles Burnett; United States)... April 27 at 9:30: "Magdalena Viraga" (1986; Nina Menkes; United States)... April 28 at 6:30: "Burning an Illusion" (1981; M. Shabazz; England) and "Two Dollars and a Dream" (1987; Stanley Nelson; United States)... April 28 at 9:30: "No Longer Silent" (1986; Laurette Deschamps; Canada) and "The White Castle" (1973; J. van der Keuken; Holland)... April 29 at 9:30: "We're Not Asking for the Moon" (1986; Mari-Carmen de Lara; Mexico) and "Trial for Rape" (1979; Italy)... April 30 at

2:30: "Adynata" (1983; Leslie Thornton; United States), "Damned If You Don't" (1987; Su Friedrich; United States), and "Illusions" (1982; Julie Dash; United States)... April 30 at 4:30: "The Problem with Love" (1984; Helke Sander; West Germany)... April 30 at 7: "Sambizanga" (1972; Sarah Maldoror; Angola)... April 30 at 9:30: "A Girl's Own Story" (1984; Jane Campion; Australia) and "Sea of Roses" (1977; Ana Carolina; Brazil)... May 1 at 12:30: "Aqabat Jaber" (1987; Eyal Sivan; France/Israel)... May 1 at 3: "Reassemblage" (1982; Trinh T. Minh-ha; United States) and "Here and Elsewhere" (1974; Jean-Luc Godard; France; in French, with simultaneous translation)... May 1 at 7:30: "A Minor Altercation" (1977; Jackie Shearer; United States) and "Who Killed Vincent Chin?" (C. Choy/R. Tajima; United States)... May 1 at 9:30: "Kunekucha" (1987; Flora M'Mbugu Schelling; Tanzania) and "Aime Cesaire" (1987; Sarah Maldoror; France)... May 2 at 6:30: "The Problem with Love"... May 2 at 9:30: "Moral" (1982; Marilou Diaz-Abaya; Philippines)... May 3 at 6:30: "Maevae" (1981; Pat Murphy; Ireland)... May 3 at 9:30: "The Gold Diggers" (1983; Sally Potter; England)... May 4 at 6:30: "La Negra Angustias"... May 4 at 9:30: "Touki-Bouki" (1973; Djibril Diop-Mambety; Senegal).

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Lecture Hall, Eastern Park-

way—April 30 at 2: "Marianne Moore: In Her Own Image" (1987; Jeffrey Schon), a television documentary. Mr. Schon will be present. (For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, ext. 233.)

RESISTANCE AND ESCAPE, 1933-45—A free series of films and videos on resistance against the Nazi regime: April 28 at 6:30: "The White Rose" (1982; Michael Verhoeven; in German, with English subtitles)... April 30 at 1: "The Devil's General" (1955; Helmut Käutner)... April 30 at 3:30: "Fuses" (1974; Reinhard Hauff; in German, with English subtitles)... May 3 at 6:30: "Take Good Care of It—It's My Whole Life: Charlotte Salomon 1940-42" (1986; Hannelore Schäfer; in German, with English subtitles). (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. 744-8310. Tickets will be issued one hour prior to screening.)

CINEMA AND OPERA—May 2 at 8: A new French opera film, to be announced... May 3 at 5:45: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi... May 3 at 9:30: "Otello" (1986; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo... May 4 at 6: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish)... May 4 at 9:15: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984; Francesco Rosi; in French), with Plácido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson. (French Institute—Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6105.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS (GOODBYE, CHILDREN)—

It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtő). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

BABETTE'S FEAST—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

BEETLEJUICE—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild

to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the ratty little demon Beetlejuice (pronounced Beetlejooice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). The smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, who's the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder, is brilliant as the madwoman who is the new lady of the house. Also with Sylvia Sidney as a caseworker in the social-services bureaucracy of the dead, and Winona Ryder, Jeffrey Jones, Glenn Shadix, Adelle Lutz, and Robert Goulet and Dick Cavett. The story is by Michael McDowell and Larry Wilson; the screenplay is by McDowell and Warren Skaaren. The cinematography is by Thomas Ackerman; the production design is by Bo Welch. (4/18/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY—The Jay McInerney book came out in 1984, in paperback—and that was right for it, because the story has no heft, no substance. Smart and maudlin, it's a just about perfect pop novel—so pop it's almost nothing. The hero works as a fact checker at a magazine modelled on *The New Yorker* (McInerney worked here for a little under six months in 1980) and spends his nights in the coke-snorting high wild life of the disco-party scene. The movie version, directed by James Bridges, from a script he devised with McInerney, follows the novel very closely, but drugs and AIDS have created a time warp between the early eighties and the late eighties, and the movie doesn't provide the seductiveness, the kick, the high. And, without that sexy glow, the movie has no vision. As the hero, Michael J. Fox does fine work; onscreen in every scene, he keeps the character from being an obnoxious crybaby, and he suggests some interior life. The sly John Houseman has become a comedian at eighty-five; he gives the standout performance in the brief role of the magazine's imposing editor-in-chief, his shoulders slumped in sorrow over the factual errors that the hero has allowed to creep into the magazine. And Jason Robards gives the movie a flourish: he's a talkative, lonely old swillpot—a onetime writer, now a hanger-on in the fiction department, who guzzles vodka Martinis until his eyes glaze over. The picture isn't terrible,

just terribly dull. It feels dated, especially in the scenes that "explain" the hero and show his redemption—the banality comes down on you like drizzle. With Kiefer Sutherland, Dianne Wiest, Frances Sternhagen, Charlie Schlatter, Swosie Kurtz, Phoebe Cates, William Hickey, and Tracy Pollan. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; the score, which seems buried, is by Donald Fagen. (4/18/88) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex... Embassy 1; through April 28... Embassy; starting April 29, tentative.)

BROADCAST NEWS—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsmen who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. Basically all the picture is saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. (1/11/88) (National Twin.)

COLORS—With Sean Penn and Robert Duvall, directed by Dennis Hopper. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (Embassy.)

HAIRSPRAY—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)

HOP AND GLORY—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desensitize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema.)

JEAN DE FLORETTE—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . ¶ Paris; through April 28.)

THE LAST EMPEROR—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reeducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive

movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Loews Tower East, 8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema.)

LOVE IS A DOG FROM HELL—Directed by Dominique Deruddere. In Flemish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Waverly.)

LOVES OF A BLONDE (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. This Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. With Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt. In Czech. (Cinema Village; starting May 4.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Loews Paramount.)

MANON OF THE SPRING—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . ¶ Paris; through April 28.)

MASQUERADE—A tranquil, sophisticated thriller set in the Hamptons. The orphan heroine (Meg Tilly) belongs to the old rich; her money—about two hundred million dollars—has a patina. The men who circle around her are Rob Lowe as a hired-hand yachting captain, John Glover as the last of her mother's many husbands, and Doug Savant as a new police officer. Thin as the picture is, it has an odd, subterranean pull. Murders take place, but the narrative just keeps unfolding effortlessly, and you're drawn along, wanting to understand the pattern of deceit. Bob Swaim directed, from a crafty and even-toned script by Dick Wolf; the cinematography, by David Watkin, gives the life of the rich a luxuriance—makes it palpably desirable. (3/21/88) (Embassy; through April 28, tentative.)

THE MILAGRO BEANFIELD WAR—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes. But Redford has assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Adapted by Nichols and David Ward. —T.R. (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency.)

MOONSTRUCK—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa

Maupintour

Discover a grand style of escorted travel. Small groups, professional managers, one price covers everything. Treat yourself to the best!

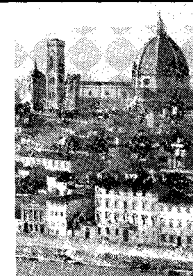
CHINA

15 days.
The highlights,
past and present.
Shanghai,
Beijing, Xian,
mystical Guilin,
Guangzhou,
Hong Kong.



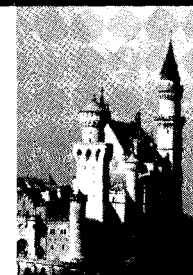
ITALY

12 and 23 days.
Famous Places:
Milan, Venice,
Florence, Rome.
Alps and Lakes:
Grand tour of the
best from Lake
Como to Sorrento.



EUROPE

8 to 32 days.
Middle Europe,
British Isles,
Ireland, Alps,
Scandinavia,
Greece, Spain,
Portugal,
Soviet Union.



FREE TOUR BOOKS. For a copy of Maupintour's ☐ *Orient*, or ☐ *Europe* tour books, please call or check box and mail coupon to Maupintour, 408 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022.

quality
escorted tours
since 1951

Maupintour

name

address

city/state/zip

my travel agent

nyk-cie-8

Telephone **212/688-4106**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

MY LIFE AS A DOG—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingemari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännström, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

OLYMPIAD (1938)—Hitler entrusted the production of movies on his political conventions and on the 1936 Olympic Games to Leni Riefenstahl, and the results were the two greatest films ever directed by a woman. Out of the Nuremberg Rally of 1934, Riefenstahl made the most outrageous political epic of all time, the infamous, hypnotic "Triumph of the Will," out of the Berlin Olympics she made a great lyric spectacle. "Olympiad" is only incidentally a record of the actual games: she selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with over three hours of dazzling quality—a film that affects one kinesthetically in response to movement, and psychologically in response to the anguish and strain of men and women competing for a place in history. Viewed now, "Olympiad" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 1.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW (1986)—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (Cinema Village; April 29-30.)

SAMMY AND ROSIE GET LAID—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

STAND AND DELIVER—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. Olmos, who's best known as the super-cool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin.)

TAMPOPO—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of

dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomou Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio; through April 28.)

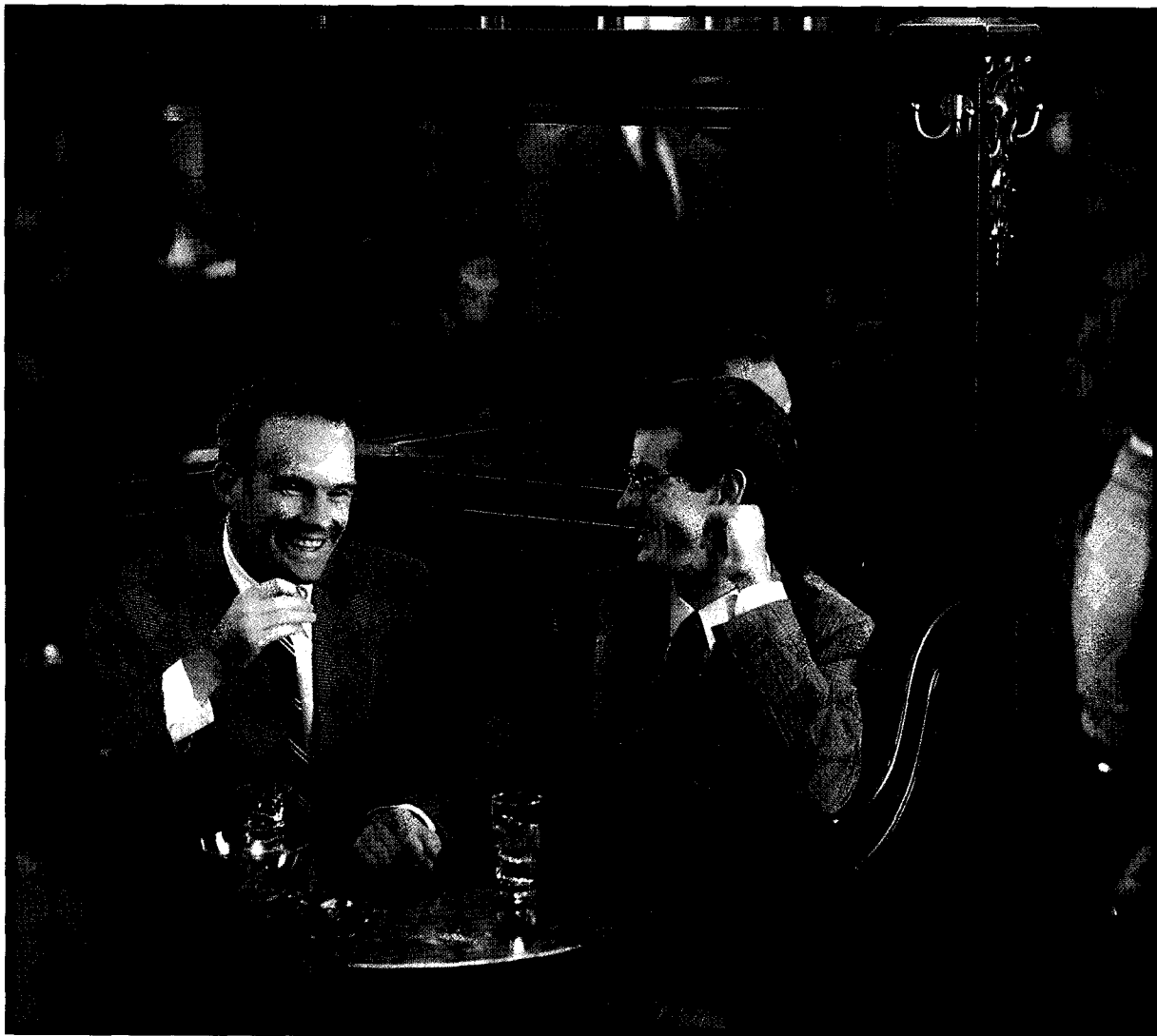
THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and D. W. Griffith.)

WALL STREET—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?" and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Cinema 3.)

WOMEN IN LOVE (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment, and it's mad to jeopardize one's vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With Glenda Jackson, Jennie Lindon, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4.)

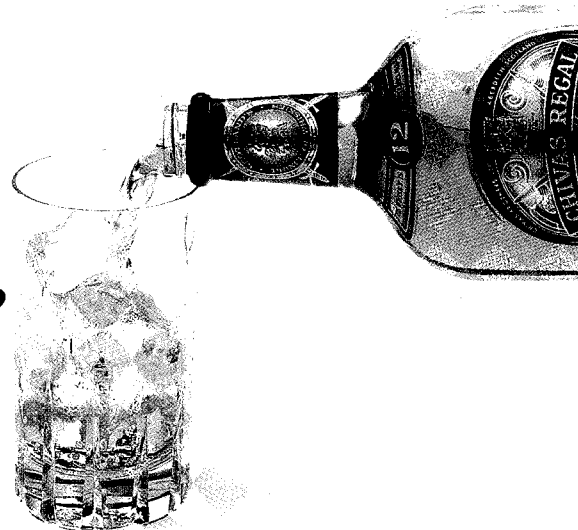


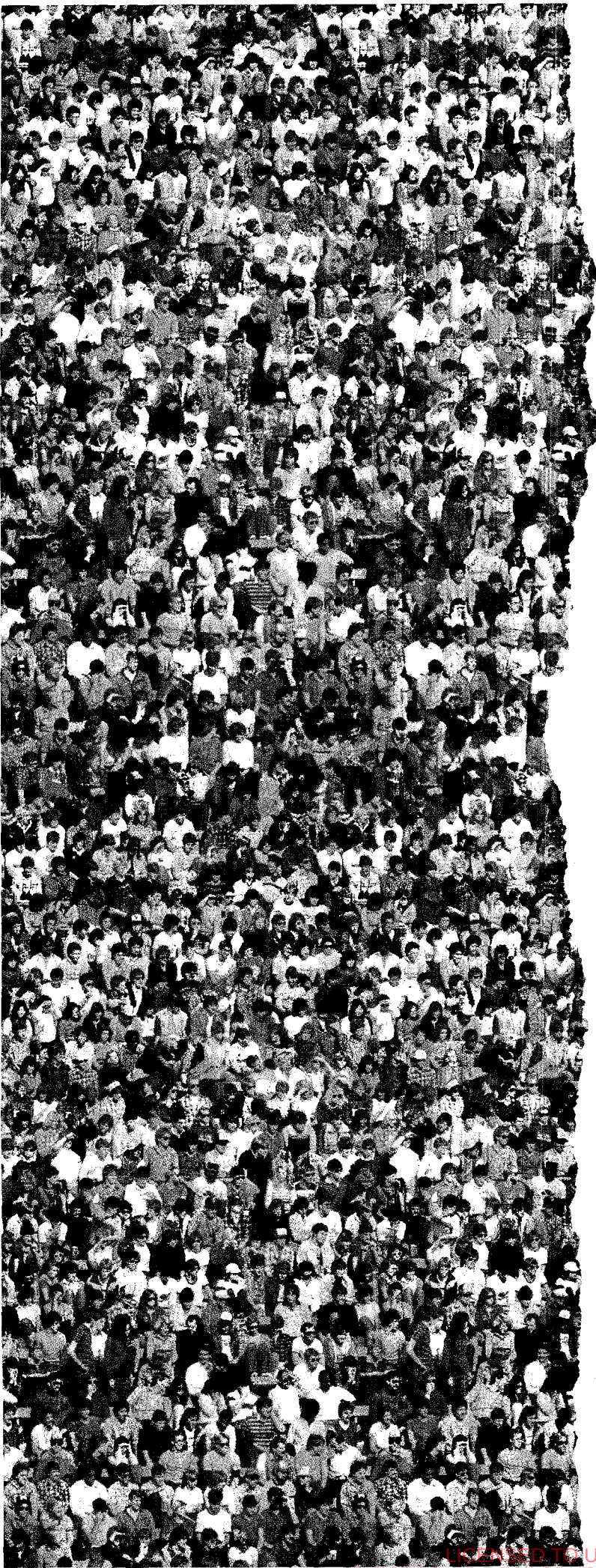
Your Scotch and Soda
is only as good as your Scotch and soda.



12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • © 1988 CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

What are you saving the Chivas for?





A GOVERNMENT OF HALF THE PEOPLE, BY HALF THE PEOPLE, AND FOR HALF THE PEOPLE.

The quote isn't accurate. But the numbers are.

In the last Presidential election, only 53% of those eligible actually voted.

The problem is worst among the youngest voters, the 18-to-24-year-old group. Less than half of them even register. Only 17% actually voted in 1986.

This shocking statistic prompted us to make a commitment to the Vote America Project.

Together, we are providing teaching materials to 25,000 high schools. And personal registration and voting booklets to over a half-million voting-age students. Our goal: to register every one of them. And to urge them all to become informed voters.

We're running a national TV campaign to encourage older voters, too.

Because when a government is *of* half the people and *by* half the people, sooner or later the worst thing happens. It becomes *for* half the people.

And no American would vote for that.

GENERAL DYNAMICS
A Strong Company For A Strong Country



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received the following communication from our Genetic Breakthrough correspondent:

On the subject of that mouse at Harvard, you know the one I mean, the one that was on the front page of the *Times* the other day and that Dan Rather, employing his legendary chuckle, was telling us about on the TV news—in other words, the New Mouse, which these Harvard scientists have fabricated, if that's the word for it, and which is already evoking the usual great exclamations of concern, not merely from the usual roundup of grave, bearded environmental spokesmen but also from numerous private citizens, such as the woman I sat next to at lunch in the local Korean vegetarian-freakout palace, who kept interrupting her companion, a large, erratically shaven man who was interested only in the pros and cons of C.D. roll-overs, with embattled and (I thought) needlessly histrionic remarks about the New Mouse situation; for instance, "Once they start doing mice, who's to think they're going to stop there?" Exactly my point, more or less. Why stop with the mouse? Not to belittle the achievement, of course; definite applause for the New Mouse. But who really *needs* a New Mouse? The truth is, a New Mouse is an interesting beginning, but it's only a beginning. A foot in the door. And that holds for all those new kinds of corn and tomatoes and so forth that grim-visaged, indefatigable scientists at state universities keep popping up with. Extremely interesting, those new ears of corn, those bizarre tomatoes. Nicely done. Very pretty. But not quite the point, are they? What's wanted, obviously, is what everyone claims not to want:

New People. "Goodness, how scary," you say. But be serious. Could life be any scarier than it is right now, with the people we have already—who for some reason are so pleased with themselves that they always raise this huge commotion at the very thought of perfectly nice scientists, whether in Cambridge, Mass., or elsewhere, fashioning a bunch of newer and (who knows?) better people? "*Better?*" you say. "Who's to say what's *better?*" But imagine for a moment a brave new world populated by, say, a strain of New Accountants, whose skills at tax computation are matched only by their sensitivity to human nuance and frailty. Imagine a race of genetically engineered New Politicians, who don't make one weep with embarrassment each time they open their mouths. Imagine a New Editor, scientifically cloned to read one's manuscript within a ten-month period, or a New Teen-Ager, designed to speak entire sentences without once using the word "weird," or a New Friend, who can greet one on the street without saying, "Keeping busy?" The sane mind boggles at the possibilities that await us once we get through this obligatory down-home, mouse-and-vegetable phase. Apropos of the New Mouse, on

the evening of the announcement reporters from the local TV stations went racking around the city in frenzied search of what is known as expert comment, and netted, among other candidates, an apparently learned gent in suit and tie who gave as his opinion that he was taking a "wait-and-see attitude" toward the news, and that in any case it was "too soon to tell about the ramifications." Imagine, just for a second, a future—if not for us, at least for our children—in which expert gents in suits don't talk to us about waiting and seeing and about ramifications, and in which TV reporters don't rush around seeking them out. It's not *that* hard to figure out "better," is it?

Cellist

MATT HAIMOVITZ, who is seventeen years old and has been playing the cello since he was eight, is the youngest solo artist ever signed to an exclusive recording contract by Deutsche Grammophon. A couple of weeks ago, on learning that he was to make his New York recital debut, at Alice Tully Hall, the following Sunday evening, we called him up and asked if we might talk with him. Matt is in his junior year at Collegiate, a school that doesn't have a reputation for making life easy for its students, and he said, "I've just got back from a recital tour in Italy. The food in Italy was great, and I visited Hadrian's villa, but I've been missing a lot of school. What I mainly have to do now is *study*. But why don't you come by Juilliard tomorrow afternoon? I have a lesson with Joel Krosnick then—I also study with Yo-Yo Ma, but he's in the Soviet Union—and you can watch."

At twenty minutes to five the next afternoon, we knocked on the door of



Room 582, on the top floor of the Juilliard School, and it was opened at once by Mr. Krosnick, who is the cellist of the Juilliard String Quartet; he is a medium-sized man with bushy hair, horn-rimmed glasses, and a spring in his step. Matt, who has very blue eyes, pale skin, and black hair, stood directly behind him. They were both grinning. We were followed into the room by the pianist Cheryl Tschanz, who has recently appeared with Matt in recitals.

"Saved," Matt said. "I was going to play the Crumb." He was referring to the Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello by the American composer George Crumb. "I was going to go through the *whole thing*. Lucky me."

Ms. Tschanz sat down at the piano, on the very edge of her chair. Mr. Krosnick sat in a straight chair to the left of the piano, in an attitude of complete attention, and Matt took a chair over to the right, beside the piano, and sat with his cello between his knees.

Mr. Krosnick gave him a long look. "You have to realize, Matt, that you're making a real decision by sitting there," he said. "You just have to trust

that Cheryl's sound is corresponding with yours, and you have to be aware that the sound is decaying very fast. It hits you in the head—like that." He mimed a karate chop to the back of his own head. "And you'll have to get used to it. But if you do you'll have more sound to mold."

Matt and Ms. Tschanz began to play Schumann's "Phantasiestücke." Mr. Krosnick closed his eyes. When they finished, fifteen minutes later, he said, "Gee, I can almost tell you the places where you think it's too much, but it's *fine*."

Matt smiled, then knitted his brow. "This is the most important of all the pieces. From here?" he said to Ms. Tschanz. He drew his bow over the strings. She nodded. They played part of the second movement, then stopped. Matt looked toward Mr. Krosnick. "Somehow, I feel a little shy here," he said. "I mean, I *want* to feel shy."

Mr. Krosnick took the cello from him, turned it around, and, standing, demonstrated the passage he had just played.

"Now I get it," Matt said, taking the cello back. He played the passage again.

"Yes. Like that," Mr. Krosnick said. "But make of it what *you* want." He paused, listening. "Yes. Very beautiful."

An hour later, when we were in the front seat of a cab heading crosstown and Matt and his cello were riding in back, we turned around and asked if he could tell us about his instrument.

"This is the first cello I've actually owned, and it's a Goffriller," he said. "Matteo Goffriller—he had the same first name that I do—was a cello-maker on the level of Guarneri; that is, just below Stradivarius. It's a deep, dark-sounding cello, and it responds very quickly, which is what I like about it. It's said that a great cello grows along with an artist, and that's true about this one. It's been mine for six months, and the sound has got bigger. It's very individual. When I got it, it hadn't been played for a year."

We asked what he had played before the Goffriller.

"Well, this is in a way my second Goffriller," he said. "I had a Guarneri on loan, but I had to return it, and then there was an awful period when I didn't have a cello at all. I went to violin shops and tried out one cello for a week and then another one. It was a nightmare. But after that, for two years, I had the Casals Goffriller. Marta Casals Istomin—she's now married to the pianist Eugene Istomin—heard that I needed a cello, and she asked me down to Washington, where she lives. She had two cellos there—a Vuillaume and a Goffriller—and I fell in love with the Goffriller. But I couldn't have it forever—it belongs to a foundation. Playing that cello was a great honor."

At Matt's apartment building, on Central Park South, the doorman appeared immediately to help take the cello out of the taxi, and put it in the elevator. At Matt's apartment, his mother, Marlena Haimovitz, a round, beaming woman with dark hair pulled back into a bun,



"It's not your imagination. You are seeing Nixon everywhere."

greeted us at the door and waved a hand hospitably toward the living room. Ranged along the walls were comfortable chairs upholstered in striped silk, and bouquets of spring flowers stood on a table by a window. A low table held a framed photograph of a striking-looking man with his hand on the shoulder of a younger, shorter Matt. At the front of the room was a baby-grand piano, with a paperback copy of "No Exit," in French, on its music rack.

"That's for school," Matt said of the book. "But I don't know what it's doing there. And that man in the photograph is the great cellist Leonard Rose. I've been lucky all along with teachers, but he was like a grandfather to me. He died three and a half years ago. He was part of the Stern-Istomin-Rose trio, but the last concert he gave in New York was at the 92nd Street Y, with Yo-Yo Ma and me. He was the one who asked Yo-Yo to take care of me."

We asked Matt about his schedule for the next week.

"Well, tonight I *really* have to study, because tomorrow I have to go take two tests that I missed—in philosophy and calculus," he said. "And then, tomorrow night, Cheryl and I are giving a recital at Princeton University—the Schumann you heard is for that."

We asked if he felt pressured.

"It's not too bad," he said. "One week last June, while I was in Baltimore playing with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, I had exams on Thursday and Friday, concerts on Saturday and Sunday, an exam on Monday, a concert on Tuesday, and another exam on Wednesday." He added, "Collegiate is a great school. Actually, a bunch of musicians' sons go there: Itzhak Perlman's, André Previn's, Emanuel Ax's, Ronald Roseman's. This year is the school's three-hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary, and in the spring I'm playing in a benefit for it—with the fathers, that is—at Carnegie Hall. But it's not going to help any with my exams." He grinned. "They have no mercy!"

H.R.H.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order and



"But this can't be goodbye, Marian. What about the restaurant we're going to open together?"

Grand Prior of the Venerable Order of St. John, came to town a few days ago to take part in the annual benefit tea party of the Victorian Society in America and to give an address launching a new hands-across-the-sea organization called American Friends of English Heritage. The tea party took place in the sumptuous subterranean atrium of the newly opened Place des Antiquaires, on East Fifty-seventh Street; the Duke delivered his address in the auditorium of the Equitable Building, to an audience of appreciative Anglophiles.

The Duke is a bespectacled man of forty-three, who at his christening acquired the formidable burden of five names—Richard Alexander Walter George Windsor—of which the first suffices among friends. The second son of that Duke of Gloucester who was a brother of George VI, Richard became heir to the title when his older brother was killed in a flying accident, in 1972. This tragic event led to a radical rearrangement of the career that Richard had planned. During his years at school (Eton and Magdalene College, Cambridge), he had shown a gift for

painting and pottery-making and had decided to become an architect. He gained his diploma in architecture from Cambridge in 1969 and entered a small London firm soon afterward; in 1972, he was elected a corporate member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Succeeding to the dukedom on the death of his father, in 1974, he felt obliged to give up the practice of architecture in order to carry out the many public duties that accompany his position in the Royal Family; nevertheless, he retains a strong interest in architecture and architectural preservation, as the double purpose of his visit to this country attests. Moreover, he serves as president of Britain's Society of Architects-Artists; as president of the British Consultants Bureau, which advises Third World countries on a variety of architectural and development topics; and as chairman of a committee that is to choose the architects for a new British Embassy residence and office building in Moscow.

Over a cup of coffee with the Duke before he set out for his Equitable engagement, we found him both amiable and acute, and very much at ease in dis-

curring the problem of how to encourage architectural preservation in a country where structures of historic and aesthetic value have been put up almost continuously for thousands of years, starting with Stonehenge and including contributions by Julius Caesar and William the Conqueror. "So much has been built over the centuries and then demolished, either intentionally or through neglect and decay," the Duke said, in a brisk, no-nonsense voice. "Strictly from an architectural point of view, it is true to say that the Luftwaffe did less damage to historic buildings in London than did the real-estate developers of the nineteen-thirties and fifties. Equally distressing to conservationists was a survey taken some fifteen years ago which indicated that we were losing one or another of our great country houses at the rate of one a month. The National Trust and the Historic Houses Association do a great deal to prevent this kind of loss. English Heritage, whose more formal name is the Historic Buildings and Monuments Commission for England, came into existence under the National Heritage Act of 1983 and started work the following year, under the chairmanship of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, with me as deputy chairman. Something like five million people a year come to visit the commission's sites—mostly ancient monuments—in the course of a year. The bulk of our funding comes from the government, but early on we decided to establish a membership of interested individuals, and we have at present about a hundred and fifty thousand members in the British Isles. We hope that American Friends of English Heritage will prove equally successful."

We couldn't resist asking His Royal Highness what he thought of the architectural pronouncements of his cousin Prince Charles, which have led to much comment in the British press. The Duke smiled the patient, forgiving smile of a professional architect. "He speaks as an amateur who has, and rightly, strong convictions, especially about how inexpert some so-called experts often turn out to be, but his view of how an architect works is more romantic than accurate. He thinks we jump out of bed in the morning and design any pretty building that happens to enter our heads. The fact is that

between an architect's first intentions and their execution stand a dozen barriers—the wishes of the client, the limits of the budget, the rules and regulations imposed by an entrenched bureaucracy. Sometimes when I am called upon to help open a new building, in my official capacity I say a few kindly words and as an architect I bite my tongue."

The Pink-Headed Duck

A MAN writes:

This is a story about a slide show in a loft and my friend Rory. If the world ended, I'd want to be with my friend Rory, because he would figure out a way for it not to end—up to a point, that is. He'd gravitate to the small part that wasn't going to end, because of some obscure hitch: a colonial contract that was still in force, perhaps. I'm trying to be clear about the particular way he has of finding out about the unusual things that are unnatural and natural at the same time.

Rory's full name is Rory Nugent, and I think you could say that he is an explorer, but unconventional. He says he is interested in finding the collective nightmare and the collective dream. The collective nightmare, in his opinion, may be mutated giant sponges reported to live off a nuclear-waste dump in the ocean near San Francisco. All you have to do to interest Rory is—well, *interest* him. I want to make the point that he is a very good barometer of *interesting*. If he knows for a fact that a thing is *not* interesting, nothing can induce him to say that it is. And even when Rory *is* interested, the problems aren't over, because in situations where there are no parameters he can bliss out. My sense of his thinking is that it expands and expands and expands, until it gets so abstract it has to collapse into something extremely specific: like the dinosaur, or the pink-headed duck.

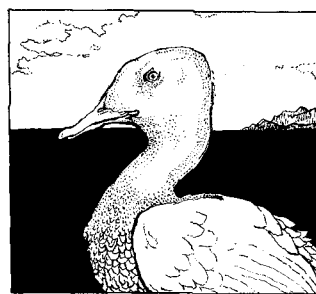
I'd better say something about what Rory looks like: pretty tall, short hair, alert but not overeager face, mid-thirties. I'd better describe the sur-

roundings of the slide show: a loft with the feel of a really nice house in La Jolla circa 1955. I'd better say something about how Rory supports himself, only I really don't know. There were about thirty of us in this loft, I should say. It was utterly and completely *right*. There was a blond woman who had the look of the young Flannery O'Connor. I mean, how many times do you see that? People grouped themselves attractively. Do you remember how people used to look when they were photographed in their comfortable living rooms for the *National Geographic* in 1962, say, for an article entitled "Arizona: Upstart Prodigy of the Blooming Desert"? We looked like that.

Rory walked among us as we were in our groups. At one point, he handed out Tibetan wish papers—you made a wish and burned them. They were marked with squares of gold and were incredibly beautiful. Another time, he handed around a copy of a nice book about the birds of India. Rory has quite a reputation with us. Two years ago, he went to the Congo to look for a dinosaur and maybe he found it. Before that, he sailed across the Atlantic four times by himself. The fifth time, he made it halfway. He says there was a problem with a rogue wave related to the Mt. Saint Helens emergency.

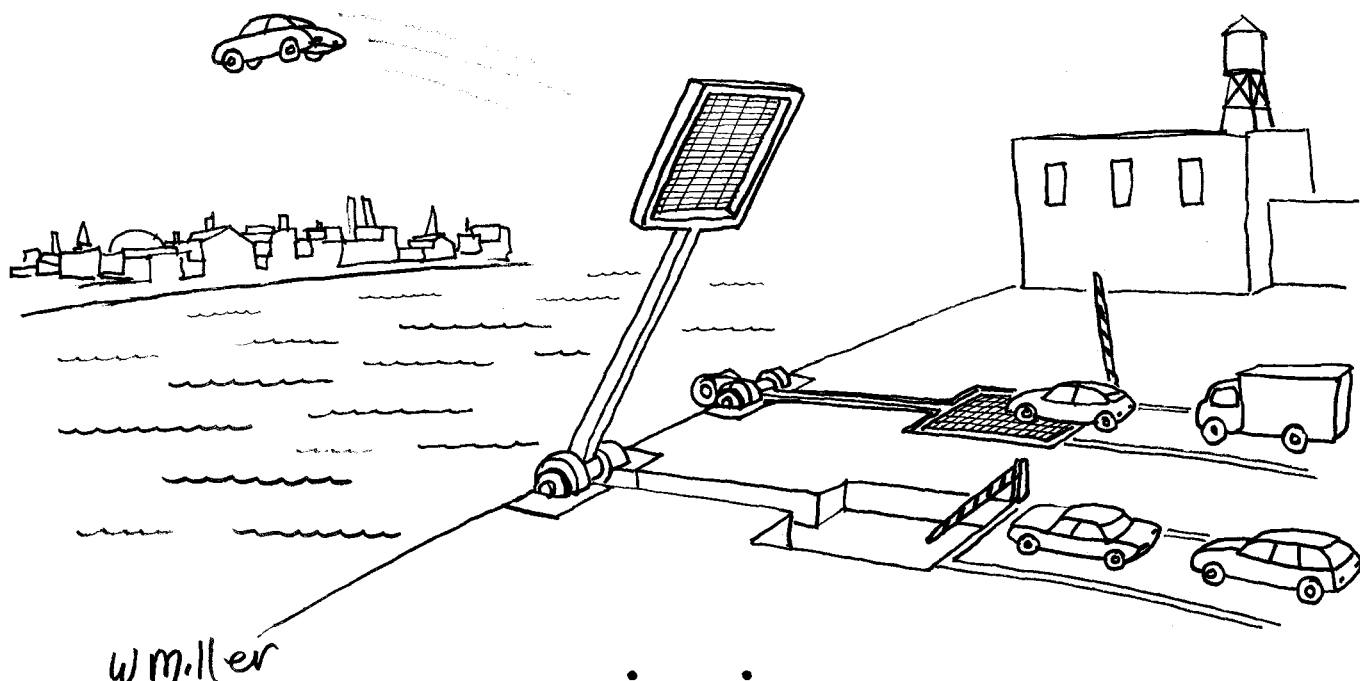
Rory had called all of us to say that he had returned from twenty-nine days on the Brahmaputra River looking for the pink-headed duck. To each of us he had said, "The last authoritative sighting of the pink-headed duck was in 1935, although six or so a year had appeared in sportsmen's bags in the game-fowl markets of Calcutta as late as 1890."

That night in the loft, we were all watching him. Rory feels that one of the things he is always going to do is ignore the fact that other people, even other people close to him, are sometimes going to lie about what is interesting. He feels terrible about this, but has decided to go on with us anyway. He also feels terrible that he is not personally able to supply a near-infinite



*The pink-headed duck,
possibly extinct*

THE VEHICAPULT A TEMPORARY REPLACEMENT FOR THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE



number of fabulously interesting things, to keep people from having to be bored. Halfway through the slide show—which had many shots of vast expanses of river (just flat, flat river), then a little bit of land or something, and then the sky—he said in response to a slightly impatient question from a viewer as to where the good stuff was, “Hey, it’s 1988.”

So I’ve mentioned the wide expanses of water, and I guess I’ve made it clear that Rory was trying to direct our attention to what was interesting about a *search* for the pink-headed duck, more than to the duck itself. I’m not going to be the one to say Rory didn’t find one—you can draw your own conclusion. But there is this much more to say. Apparently, Rory spent a month with Gurkha guerrillas in the Himalayas on this trip, and saw death and violence. Also, he told us that he witnessed a strange Tantric rite involving necrophilia. That was the real story of what he found in the Himalayas and along the Brahmaputra, but he kept our minds on the pink-headed duck.

It’s stayed on *my* mind, anyway. I tell certain of *my* friends about it: the way it looked in “The Book of Indian Birds.” Oddly enough, I also remember the broad expanses of duckless

water in Rory’s slides. Here’s a conversation I had with one friend:

“I’m thinking about the pink-headed duck.”

“The pink-headed duck? It sounds wonderful. Is it a spring story?”

“Yes.”

“Where is it?”

“Well, we don’t know. The last one was sighted in India in 1935.”

“*Extinct!*”

“Well, we don’t know.”

“*Hiding.*”

Auction

ALAN IRA ROSENBERG, a thirty-four-year-old free-lance journalist and P.R. man who lives in Portland, Maine, yearns to be a published novelist. On the night of January 20th, he was unable to sleep, wondering how he could persuade publishers to buy his new novel, “Run Red Riding Hood Run,” when they had shown a total disinclination to buy his first two books — “Claus Cries . . . at 11:00,” a non-fiction work about the von Bulow case, and “Put Her to Bed,” a novel about a tabloid newspaper. “Suddenly, at 3 A.M., my subconscious bailed me out,” he recalled recently. “I reached for my Pearlcor L200 tape recorder

and started dictating this stupendous idea: the first futures market in literary memorabilia. I would auction off my manuscripts and letters, and so forth—my effects—as if I were famous and possibly dead. Then I’d become famous, and someone would have to publish my book.”

And so on a rainy evening last month a crowd of the curious—mostly family friends and journalists—gathered in a penthouse of the New York Hilton to help launch Alan Rosenberg’s career as a novelist. The drill was: check your coat, pocket the free bottle of English Leather Cologne, sample a glass of the house champagne, and inspect the literary properties, which consisted of one complete set of clippings from the Boston *Herald* of Mr. Rosenberg’s coverage of the second von Bulow trial; one set of letters rejecting “Claus Cries . . . at 11:00;” one dog-eared American Heritage Dictionary inscribed by Mr. Rosenberg’s parents (“Ideas are spread through words. Use them lavishly. Love, Mother and Dad”); and sixteen other items, among them the manuscripts of “Run Red Riding Hood Run” and “Put Her to Bed,” and some correspondence between Alan and his father. Then Mr. Rosenberg shook



"Hear this. The new 'in' place is the Bronx."

your hand, if he hadn't already. When he shook ours, he was slalomming from one camera crew to the next to deliver variations on his battle cry: "Out of the attic and into the bookstores!" As the cameras flashed, Mr. Rosenberg and his wife, Cat, exchanged exquisite stage kisses. They had been married that morning, in a fifty-nine-second ceremony at City Hall. Cat, who was distributing copies of a short story she had written about a thread-factory worker who is visited by Rumpelstiltskin, was wearing a black off-the-shoulder dress, a string of pearls, and a tape recorder; Mr. Rosenberg himself was dressed in a magenta sweater, bluejeans, and Hush Puppies. On the spiral staircase in the penthouse parlor, nine actresses in red sweatshirts supplied by the Members Only sportswear company and blazoned with the legend "Run Red Riding Hood Run" were simultaneously reading aloud from different sections of the book.

The auctioneer was Michael F. Robinson, a specialist in rare books and manuscripts, who sported a tuxedo and a spatter-painted bow tie. "I don't think an event like this has happened since Paris in the twenties," he told us, in a clipped English accent. "You can imagine Max Ernst doing something like this. You can also imagine this happening in a high-school auditorium and no one coming. You're getting people for whom Mickey Mouse is just as culturally significant as a Gutenberg Bible. But the point may be that people

think being an artist—with inverted commas—is like 'La Bohème.' By being vulgar, Alan demonstrates that most artists have to do all sorts of things just to earn a living, let alone achieve even the barest public notice."

Mr. Rosenberg's father, Ben, who is a retired entertainment editor for a newspaper, was resplendent in a burgundy suit and a tie stippled like wheat germ, and was grinning hugely at everyone. He is his son's staunchest champion. When Alan wrote him in 1979, from a tepee in Bigfork, Montana, that "the world better watch out if I'm discovered," his father replied, "Well, pal, you will be. Just keep imbued with the bubbling confidence of Old Faithful and you will be." (To facilitate matters for his biographers, Alan Rosenberg keeps copies of all the letters he sends and receives.)

Alan Rosenberg tugged at his father's arm. "Dad, I want you to hear my book," he said. "Come hear my book." They walked over to where Melanie Beth Brown, one of the actresses, was declaiming a racy passage from Chapter 27. Melanie paused to explain, "The book is about this woman Stacy, who's a journalist and a drug user. She has the major hots for this fugitive, David Donner. Everyone thinks he's dead. But in my part of the book—well, I don't want to give the plot away. We've all been promised little parts in the movie, of course, but, being an actress and loving attention, I'm ready to be discovered *now*."

She smiled radiantly.

The room quieted when Michael Robinson cleared his throat at the lectern and began to describe the first item for sale, the four-hundred-and-thirty-one-page, bound original manuscript of "Run Red Riding Hood Run." The bidding began at two dollars and seventy-five cents, inched up to three dollars, four dollars, four dollars and fifty cents, ten dollars, and then boomed to a hundred and fifty dollars on the strength of a bid from Anita Settel, who is Mr. Rosenberg's godmother.

Mr. Robinson looked at her quizzically. "You want to bid a hundred and fifty dollars? This is most unusual."

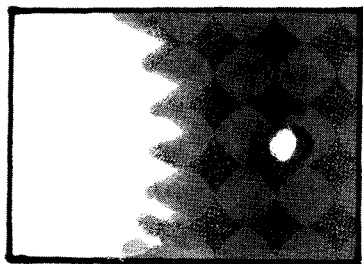
"Don't argue!" Mr. Rosenberg said.

"I love that boy," Mrs. Settel told us later. "I would have gone to five *grand* for the manuscript—I *had* to have it. His time has come."

The second item, an annotated first draft of "Run Red Riding Hood Run," was secured for forty-five dollars by Herb Goldsmith, the president of Members Only. He was chortling as he signed the purchase card. "This is the steal of the century," he said. "The manuscript isn't worth anything, but the draft, where you see the creative process at work—that's the gem. I collect contemporary art and sculpture, and to me this is art. You put it down on your coffee table at home and people will say, 'What the hell is this?' And you've got a story to tell. When Rosenberg gets on the *Times* best-seller list, I'll blow the list up and hang it on my wall. And that'll be art, too."

The auction, marked by whimsical bidding, grossed nine hundred and sixty dollars. This left Mr. Rosenberg, after he paid his expenses for the evening, with a net loss of more than thirteen thousand dollars, but he didn't seem to mind. When the hotel waiters wheeled in a layered wedding cake, he gleefully raised his glass to toast his bride and their future together. Then Herb Goldsmith stepped forward. "All right," he said. "Let's start bidding on the cake."

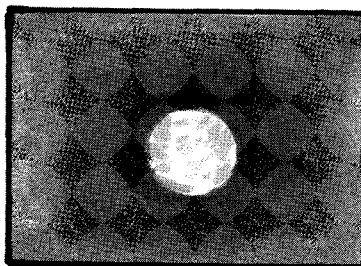
THE SOLAR YEARBOOK



MERCURY

Small, dark, and speedy ... "Race you round the furnace!" ... No moon and doesn't want one ... Daredevil or homebody? ... Party trick: fries eggs and freezes ice cubes at the same time.

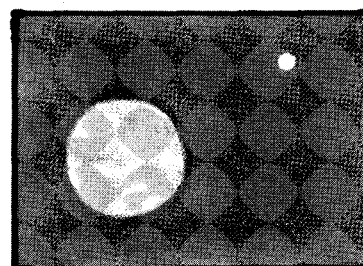
Track 3, 4; First Place, World Series.



VENUS

Mysterious, or thinks she is ... "Welcome to our mist!" ... Really bright, but looks aren't everything ... I C CO₂! ... Cute, but that cloud cover ... Her oceans were notions ... Who's minding the hothouse?

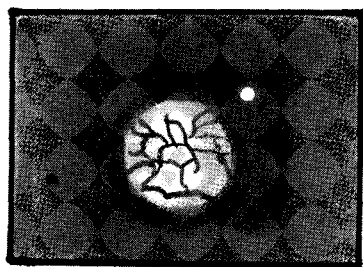
Morning Star; Evening Star.



EARTH

Cootie-catcher ... Wet and wild ... Talk, talk, talk ... Oh those baby-blues ... Air to spare, but smokes too much ... Thinks the sun revolves around *her*.

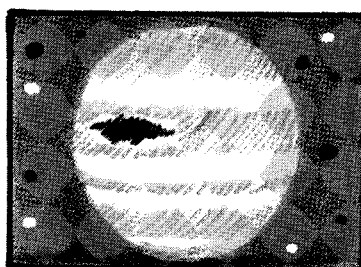
History 1, 2, 3, 4; Art; Choir; R.O.T.C.; Most Populous.



MARS

Always blushing ... Long time no sea ... Eerie canals ... Premature polar caps ... Ever consider moisturizer? ... Sick of little-green-men jokes ... "Two Moons Have I" ... and one is nuts.

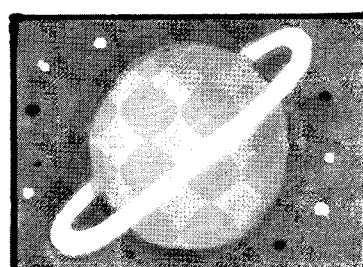
Most Likely to Have Had Life.



JUPITER

Big Joe ... Bold and cold, with a tight hold ... *How* many moons??? ... Don't mention that big red spot ... B.M.O.C. ... Loads of ammonia, but nothing to wash ... Slept through Remedial Atmosphere ... Orbit: anywhere he wants.

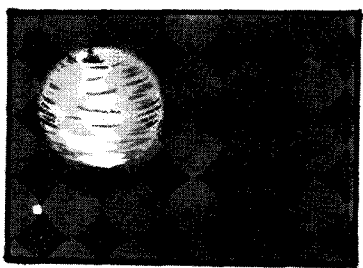
Gravity (Captain); Biggest.



SATURN

Beat the dress code ... Showoff at hula hoop ... Brrrrrr-illiant ... Hope you like methane ... Class clown, but don't tell her.

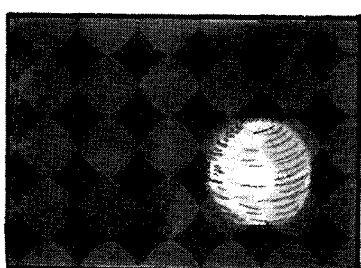
Best Dressed; Biggest (Runner-Up); Most Moons; 1000-M.P.H. Winds.



URANUS

"C'mon, guys, it's pronounced 'You're a niss' ..." And he is ... Green mien, clean scene ... quiet, wisely ... Hydrogen fiend ... A five-moon man ... "See you next century!"

Metal Shop; Most Average.



NEPTUNE

"Which one are you again?" ... Not exactly molten ... Far out, but only technically ... Never volunteers ... Solid ... "No, it's Uranus that has the five moons!"

Ice Show; Outer Solar System Monitor.



PLUTO

Loner type ... Recent transfer ... Easy to miss ... Small as a moon, but those long midnight joyrides ... No curfew ... "My folks say he is bad, but I know he is sad."

Strangest Orbit; Most Days Absent.

—MARK O'DONNELL

PRIVATE LESSON

MRS. LONGO has no aptitude for teaching, and she finds it disagreeable. Mr. Takahashi, whom she is coaching (*tête-à-tête*) at the moment, seems to her to have no aptitude for learning. But no sympathy, no mercy, no affection dilutes the rigor of her pedagogical efforts. It is not merely that Mr. Takahashi lacks charm for Mrs. Longo. Her antipathy is grounded on something larger. Mr. Takahashi is a representative of every class of being Mrs. Longo finds herself resenting these days.

1. *He is young.*

"She is young."

"Wrong, Mr. Takahashi: '*He* is young.' Read the sentence, please."

But she *is* young, although she is not as young as Mr. Takahashi. She is twenty-two; she is five years older than he is. If she were not young, she believes, she would have known better than to make what she now sees as the series of mistakes that have brought her to this classroom, where, today, her youth is being wasted on Mr. Takahashi.

He (his youth notwithstanding) has been studying her language for the past ten years of his life, yet still he can't get this he/she stuff straight. In the four and a half months she has known him, Mrs. Longo must have reminded him a thousand times of the necessity of distinguishing between masculine and feminine, not to mention singular and plural. But his imprecision in these matters cannot be attributed to his personal failings, for it is widely shared—not only by all of Mrs. Longo's students at the Dorodake Special English High School but also by its faculty, who have had far more time, incentive, and opportunity to master the personal pronouns in question.

2. *He is a young man.*

"She is young man."

Mrs. Longo sighs. "Wrong." (She says that often. Her students, including Mr. Takahashi, refer to her behind her back as Mrs. Wrongo, and, since they cannot pronounce the letter "L," that is also what they call her to her face. But they don't know that, since they don't know they can't pronounce the letter "L.") "*He*—not *she*—is young, but, '*He is a young man.*'"

In being a young man, Mr. Takahashi resembles most of the people who render Mrs. Longo's life op-

pressive: all the rest of her students, and Mr. Longo, twenty-four, whose fault it is that she is here. On the morning of the day they were married, that young man received an offer from Dorodake Prefecture—an offer of three teaching positions, to be held simultaneously. As soon as he read the letter, he searched for Dorodake in an atlas and discovered it way down at the bottom of the Japanese archipelago, far from anyplace he'd ever heard of. He did try calling his fiancée then, but she was already at the hairdresser's, having orange blossoms stuck in her curls. He had not been able to restrain himself from writing and mailing his acceptance before leaving for the church. He did not tell her what he had done until she had become his wife. "Guess where we're going," he'd asked her at the altar, with shining eyes.

3. *He is Japanese.*

"She is Japanese."

"'*He is Japanese,*' Mr. Takahashi. We are still talking about the young man. A young man cannot be a she."

Mrs. Longo has nothing against anyone's being Japanese, of course. But now that she is in Japan, she finds she prefers people to be Japanese somewhere far enough away from her to be unable to thrust uncongenial responsibilities upon her.

"'*He is a Japanese man,*' but, '*He is Japanese,*'" Mrs. Longo tells Mr. Takahashi, rashly. As she might have known, this departure from the text has confused him.

4. *He is a student.*

"She—"

"*He,*" Mrs. Longo leaps in hastily.

"She is student."

"She is a student."

Mr. Takahashi may be a student, but so what, when he doesn't learn? She is, in fact, no teacher.

She not only hates teaching but

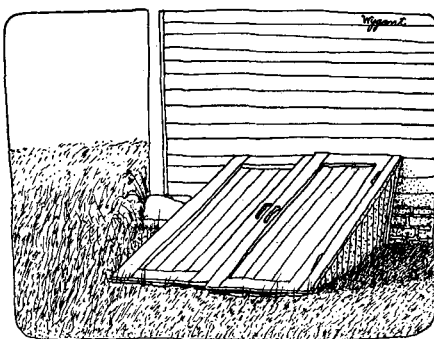
knows nothing about it. The three educational institutions in Dorodake Prefecture that banded together to import her husband overassigned his time, scheduling him simultaneously to teach classes in the Dorodake Special English High School and to conduct seminars at Dorodake University. A meeting was held at which representatives of the three institutions decided that the best way of resolving this schedule conflict was for Mrs. Longo to take the classes at the high school. Her husband told her that, while this decision was reached by consensus, the original suggestion had been Mr. Mutsu's. That is one reason that Mrs. Longo hates Mr. Mutsu, who is the principal of Dorodake Special English High School, and she suspects it is also one reason that Mr. Mutsu hates her. He had not yet met her when he made the fateful suggestion.

She is *trying* to teach. ("*He is a student,*" she tells Mr. Takahashi, very firmly.) Her husband is a teacher. He holds a doctorate, and he has taken courses in the teaching of English as a foreign language. He has taught. His students have learned from him. They have made a point of telling him so.

His wife, however, is inexperienced and uncertified. She has nothing to guide her in her endeavors at the Dorodake Special English High School but her memories of the foreign-language teachers of her own adolescence. She remembers three very tall spinsters who taught Latin in her boarding school as particularly imposing. And although she never thought to find herself sharing even a single attribute with these sere and celibate classicists, after all she does. For, although of average height for an American woman, she is, in Japan, gigantic enough to intimidate her students just by standing next to them.

Like everyone else entering the portals of Dorodake Special English High School, Mrs. Longo sheds her shoes at the door and shuffles around in heelless school slippers that do nothing to augment her height, but she has heard her students sniggering over the drill on comparatives which includes the question "Is she taller than they are?" Mr. Takahashi does not quite come up to her chin, and she towers over Mr. Mutsu by a satisfying foot and a half.

She is trying to acquire other attributes in common with the teachers she



remembers as pedagogical beyond all challenge. She is cultivating a donnish sense of humor: "Those who cannot remember grammar, Mr. Takahashi, are condemned to repeat it." She follows this aphorism—which Mr. Takahashi cannot, of course, be expected to appreciate—with a snorting, melancholy laugh based on an otherwise unmemorable physics teacher's.

Mrs. Longo turns grimly to the blackboard. "MR. MUTSU IS A PRINCIPAL," she writes. "HE IS A PRINCIPAL." Having written these sentences, she enunciates them at Mr. Takahashi with menacing precision. She raises the chalk again.

"MR. TAKAHASHI IS A STUDENT," she writes. "Now, suppose I want to replace Mr. Takahashi with a pronoun." (She smiles—not happily—at the thought of how very much she would like to replace Mr. Takahashi with a pronoun, or, indeed, anything else that might happen to be handy.) She cancels "MR. TAKAHASHI" with a large "X," savoring her power. His lips part in alarm. It is the only sign he gives of comprehension.

She stares at him in relentless expectation. Beneath the "X," she taps (long, short-short, long) demandingly with her piece of chalk. She has reproduced the rhythm of the song of the cicada (which, as the poet tells us, little intimates how soon it must die). It is also, she notices as she taps, the rhythm of the sentences "He is a fool" and "She is a fraud," and of the phrase "stuck in Japan" and even of the question "Where is my man?," though she cannot account for its presence in her mind, since she knows quite well that her husband is at Dorodake University, conducting a seminar on translation for three ravishing (that is his word for them) graduate students.

Mr. Takahashi appears to have grasped what is required of him. "She is student," he mutters, closing his eyes as though exhausted by this effort.

"He, Mr. Takahashi. 'He is a student.'" As she says this, Mrs. Longo writes "HE" under the "X," pressing so hard in her exasperation that the chalk breaks. Half of it rolls under Mr. Takahashi's desk. No effort is made to retrieve it. With the remaining half, Mrs. Longo writes, "MRS. LONGO IS A TEACHER." Abruptly, as though to rectify this misstatement, she effaces her name with an egalitarian "X." Under this "X," she writes "SHE."



The Nephew

Inspired, she wags the chalk significantly between the "S" in "MRS." and the "S" in "SHE," as if the mystery of yin and yang could thus be laid bare. Pointing to the appropriate sentences in a parody of patience, she explains, "Mr. Mutsu is a *man*. We must call him 'he.' You, Mr. Takahashi, are a man. So we must call you 'he,' too. I"—here she pauses dramatically—"am a *woman*, so . . ."

Mr. Takahashi looks down, blushing slightly, as if embarrassed by his teacher's constant harping on sex. He is in fact consulting his watch. Following his eyes, Mrs. Longo sees that their ordeal will be over in four minutes.

The atmosphere in the classroom becomes almost comfortable for a moment. "Mr. Mutsu is a principal," Mrs. Longo reads encouragingly from the board. "He is a principal. 'Mr. Takahashi is a student.'" To make an inquiring face, she raises her eyebrows.

Mr. Takahashi appears willing to let bygones be bygones. "She is student," he says impassively.

Mrs. Longo points to the words on the board and reads them aloud. "'He is a student.' Just read the words, Mr. Takahashi," she suggests plaintively.

He looks at the words as she points to them again. But he says, again, "She is

student," nodding a little self-righteously as he does so.

"It is four-thirty, Mr. Takahashi," she points out, although it isn't yet, not quite.

"*Shitsurei shimasu*," her pupil mumbles by way of goodbye, bowing, gathering up his books.

Mrs. Longo begins arranging her own. Her teaching is done for the day, but she is not happy. Other ordeals lie before her.

AS abruptly as her arrival in Japan made Mrs. Longo tall it made her mute and illiterate. When she forgets to ask her husband to translate her shopping list into Japanese, misadventure is inevitable. Once, driven to profligacy by her need for salad oil and her inability to communicate with an ancient clerk, she came home with the four likeliest-looking vessels in the shop. These proved to contain rice vinegar, soy sauce, dishwashing liquid, and shampoo. All of them had pictures of salad vegetables on their labels.

She has made some progress in identifying foodstuffs. She has learned that salad oil is identified with pictures of Kewpie dolls, Betty Boop, or bubbles. Since so many surprising substances are to be found lurking be-

hind Betty Boop and the even more versatile Kewpie doll, she sticks to the bubbles.

Mrs. Longo makes a decision. She will find her colleague Miss Miyagaki and ask for her help with the shopping list. She does not share Miss Miyagaki's determined friendliness, but she sees no reason not to exploit Miss Miyagaki's ability, apparently unique among the faculty, to understand spoken English, even fairly sophisticated forms of it.

But then Mrs. Longo raises her eyes to the classroom door and spots Mr. Mutsu on the threshold. He enters. The chalk dust in her nostrils mingles with the sweet fumes of his hair oil. Mrs. Longo is sure that by the time she is free of him Miss Miyagaki will be gone. So much for her shopping list.

"So, Wrongo-San, just now you have taught private lesson to Takahashi-Kun, *ne*?"

"You could put it that way," she tells him with determined inscrutability. Life offers Mrs. Longo few satisfactions these days. Baiting the principal is one of them.

"So, is Takahashi-Kun going to pass examinations for Tokyo University?" Mr. Mutsu asks.

"Not unless their standards are singularly inexacting," Mrs. Longo informs him, flushing guiltily with the pleasure of spite. She looks forward to his attempts to extract information from her without admitting that he has not understood what she has said.

"Mmmmm," he hums. "Tōdai standards are very, very . . ."

Mrs. Longo is disappointed in herself. With a little more effort, she thinks, she could have found a more obscure word than "standards." To penalize herself, she finishes Mr. Mutsu's sentence for him: "High?"

"Exactly so," the principal confirms.

Now it is Mrs. Longo's move again. "How regrettable for Mr. Takahashi," she ventures.

Behind his thick lenses, Mr. Mutsu blinks. "If he can become a doctor, it will make his mother happy."

"No doubt," Mrs. Longo tells him, her perverse elation augmented by a grudging admiration of Mr. Mutsu's skill, "but his astonishing incompetence is liable to blight his medical career."

"I am glad to hear you say that," Mr. Mutsu informs her.

HISTORY

When the knife slipped and cut deeply into the fingerpad as he whittled a stick or trimmed ham from the bone, at first he felt nothing, aware only of the nearly insensible line on the skin. Always he imagined for one heartbeat that he might undo the error and prevent the upsurge of consequent blood: Such was the character of Juvenis, who remembered always the doomed Legions marching as they left the city, their big arms swinging, or daydreamed that the airplane halted inches from the rockface, like the photograph of an airplane. In my only wisdom,

I, Senex, await calmly the formation rising rounded from the finger's tip: brilliant, certain, bountiful. Now, pacing my battlements among sentries, I observe how terrorists burn athletes; terrorists dynamite the former ambassador of the executed prime minister; terrorists sentence the kidnapped president for crimes against the children they will never father or mother. They shoot him through the head and cram his body into a Citroën's trunk on a suburban street, where the regime's corrupt engines sniff him out.

In the trench there were several corpses. This was in France. The heels of one stuck out from the dirt of the trenchwall, the scalp of another. The most dreadful thing we saw was an arm in field gray with a hand, dead-white and wearing a signet ring, that protruded from the wall of a saphead. Wherever we dug for our safety, we dug into corpses, more ours than the French. Whenever a mine exploded, a chowder of flesh splashed through fog and gunsmoke to infiltrate our positions. Shreds of a Frenchman hung from an apple branch. This was in May. This was in Vauquois.

For four hundred years and sixteen generations, I kept my castle while vassals baked flatbread. Hoplites protected the confluence of rivers. When plague squatted in the streets, or when the brawn of Germany crossed the river to cut soldiers and horses, peasants and pigs turned wild in the hills. Drought starved, flood drowned: Then shires rose in the valleys again. Bowmen and arquebusiers left bones in the low countries. Seven generations built the wall. For a hundred years red-headed barbarians walked through a gap in the wall;

but Danegeld accumulated for bribes and fortifications. Cabbages kept over winter. Grapes ripened into wine. Boys gathered the eggs of birds in the June twilights. Oaks cut for the cathedral roof left acorns behind that pigs ate in the diocesan forest. Oaks grew three centuries under the care of foresters, father and son, to replace cathedral beams when the deathwatch beetle chewed them up. And now when my managers fly to Chicago on Tuesday and divorce in Santo Domingo on Wednesday and cremate their stepchildren on Thursday

without learning on Friday the names their grandmothers were born to—they weep, they drink a Manhattan straight up, they tremble strapped to electrodes on a table. When he assumed the throne, Juvenis concentrated

on cost-effective methods for exterminating barbarians under the boy's illusion that he would establish permanent boundaries. When his Reichsmarschall Hanno concluded the Rhine, Juvenis required him to find a defensible, durable, all-weather overland trade route from Cornwall to Cathay: Tin boxes preserved

aromas of Lapsang souchong. John Ball and Spartacus gather plutonium for love, constructing a device to reverse history's river. Titus Manlius scourged and beheaded his own son for disobedient heroism. The Colonel is carried to the gallows on a stretcher. He weighs eighty-seven pounds; the weight is sufficient. He asks the hangman to expedite the matter. Our imperial goal is simple and simple our mottoes: PEACE FOR ETERNITY, NOT LIBERTY BUT ORDER. Meantime, as President-Emperor I, Senex, employ

in the performance of statesmanship the expedients of postponement and triage: These are the rules of rule. Everything dreaded happens. What in youth we considered solutions, what public-relations officers call Triumphs of Diplomacy, or Our Leader's Military Genius, are stavings off. When we stopped supplies for the camp besieged on the Blue Nile, we gained petroleum and wheat for the Manchurian campaign; Masada proved no obstacle, nor the Wall. We strangled Vercingetorix to purchase half a year. If a thousand decapitations

provide us a century of grain growing, water progressing along aqueducts, and cattle freshening each spring, who will not unbind the fasces and sharpen the axe? Greek fire burnt Saracens at the Byzantine gate, and the swamp over the same ages advanced and receded—as now in the sour pond the pickerel chokes and the whippoorwill dies unhatched in her frail shell. Whenever the mob rises against torturers and murderers, torturers and murderers rise to take their places and the Blues massacre the Greens. Men enslave women

again and chop the beggar's hands off and tie the homosexual's wrists to the killing posts and execute him with the prostitute and the moneylender. The former prime minister is dispatched by a single jurist who empties a machine gun into his stomach. Our Leader sends a note to the Arbiter, his obedient friend, who opens his wrist in the bath while speaking wittily with intimate friends. But he dies too fast: Slaves bandage his wrists. Remembering purpose at dawn, he removes the wrapping. Tiberius beheads six Jew doctors.

By Palmer Canyon the lemons in the irrigated groves become smaller each year. Here is the Republic's grave, boneyard of Erasmus and Hume, Florentine gold and azure, Donatello's bodily marble, graves of money and liberty. Vertical barbarians rise, child armies of passive ignorance. I, Senex, President-Emperor, peering through cataracts, note that Greek fire has only delayed Viking, Turk, and Bolshevik, who scale my fortifications with devoted outrage, and, howling for plunder, break the small-paned windows.

—DONALD HALL

She cannot enjoy her victory. Not only were there no spectators but it was too easy. She would have preferred a longer rally.

"Why?" she inquires, but without real relish. "Don't you like his mother?"

"Mrs. Takahashi has plenty of money," Mr. Mutsu remarks.

Mrs. Longo knows all about Mrs. Takahashi's fortune. It came to her from her father, a plastic surgeon whose curious specialty was the restoration of ruptured hymens. (Miss Miyagaki has explained to Mrs. Longo that the old doctor's skill had been in great demand in the postwar decade.) Mrs. Takahashi evidently believes that her only son is most likely to replicate her father's prosperity by imitating his academic career, and to this end she has had him educated, coached, and tutored unrelentingly.

Mr. Mutsu resumes caution; he seems to suspect that something is amiss. "When her son has acceptance from Tokyo University, Mrs. Takahashi will give us a language lab."

Mrs. Longo finds she has no appetite for a second round. "Mr. Mutsu," she says, "Tokyo's entrance exams are the most difficult in this country, aren't they?"

Mr. Mutsu throws back his small, fragrant head and opens his mouth very wide. Mrs. Longo does not know whether he is overcome by relief at having understood every single word of one of her sentences or whether he is dramatizing his inability to express the surpassing difficulty of Tokyo University's entrance exams.

She looks away, rejecting intimacy with Mr. Mutsu's bridgework. She goes on. "Mr. Takahashi is the worst student I have." As a kind of mocking consolation for the disappointment she must just have occasioned him, she decides to present Mr. Mutsu with an example of what he morbidly calls "living English." "He doesn't have a snowball's chance in Hell."

"How can this be?" Mr. Mutsu asks. He looks surprised, which surprises Mrs. Longo.

Mr. Mutsu has informed Mrs. Longo on previous occasions that he has great respect for the analytical capacities of the Western mind. He seems to listen passionately as Mrs. Longo itemizes: "He is stupid. He doesn't study. He doesn't learn. He doesn't

seem to know how." But as she says these things, her mind provides a counterpoint: "She is stupid. She doesn't teach. She doesn't seem to know how."

"He *only* studies," Mr. Mutsu protests. "He don't do nothing else. Every day after school she goes to English classes in *juku*, she comes home at nine o'clock in the night, then there is a private tutor coming to his house. And every weekend it is the same thing."

Mrs. Longo sees that the distinction between learning and being taught is as meaningless to Mr. Mutsu as that between "he" and "she." And yet Mrs. Longo knows for a fact that this man holds two doctorates, one in education and one in English literature. He boasts, moreover, of having spent a semester at Southern Methodist University. "So when does Mr. Takahashi do his homework?" she asks.

"In the night, with that private tutor." Mr. Mutsu glares at Mrs. Longo, as though she should have figured that out for herself.

She sighs.

"Mrs. Wrongo," Mr. Mutsu says, "if Mr. Takahashi does not pass the entrance examination for Tōdai, there might be some serious consequences."

"Maybe someone else will give you

a language lab," Mrs. Longo says, hoisting her shoulder bag. But conversations with Mr. Mutsu are not so easily ended.

"The rate of suicide among children in Japan is the very highest in the world, isn't it so?" he persists.

Mrs. Longo is accustomed to Mr. Mutsu's boasts about the global superlatives Japan has established, but it seems to her that he is really scraping the bottom of the barrel of preeminence now. Then she sees why he has dragged out this statistic, and is annoyed. "Mr. Takahashi isn't about to kill himself," she asserts, wondering as she does so why she is saying it—Mr. Takahashi's character is utterly opaque to her. She finds she is afraid.

The principal hastens to document his assertion. He extracts a newspaper clipping from his pocket. "Twelve years old," he says. Since the story is in Japanese, Mrs. Longo cannot read it. Instead, she stares at the photograph that illustrates it and decides Mr. Mutsu is referring to this girl.

"Using gas. Thirty-two persons in that building also died because of that explosion. She wrote a letter to say that she killed herself because she was ashamed to the spirits of her ancestors

since she failed the examination for middle school."

Mrs. Longo cannot imagine Mr. Takahashi doing anything newsworthy, even to assuage the presumably implacable spirit of the renovator of maidenheads. "I have done my best with him," she assures Mr. Mutsu dryly.

"Ah, so?" Exuding these syllables, the principal puts the clipping back in his pocket. "Maybe if he don't pass the examination this year, next year he will try again. 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.'"

Mrs. Longo is afraid he will go on to identify this saying as living English, but he does not. Instead, he says, "So maybe next year you can do a private lesson to Mr. Takahashi for three hours every day."

Mrs. Longo feels the floor of the classroom shaking beneath her feet. She grips the edge of the desk, which trembles, eluding her grasp. She attributes these phenomena to her extreme dismay at the possibility Mr. Mutsu has just mentioned until, observing the framed face of the Minister of Education lurching away from the map of the world on the wall, she realizes that an earthquake is taking place.

Proust-like, Mrs.

Longo is invaded by memory: the sensations of a terrible undergraduate party repossess her. The punch, which she remembers as smelling something like Mr. Mutsu's hair oil, was harsh and even looked garish, but she could not stop drinking it, because the young man who would be but was not yet her husband would not stop dancing with a smug and inexplicably popular anthropology major called Mary Jane Becker. Then, as now, the room and its furnishings wavered and shifted around her; with painful intensity, she remembers how much she wanted him to take her home. She glares accusingly at Mr. Mutsu. (Mr. Mutsu is a man.)

"That was a small,



"A man walked by carrying a large package and almost bumped into a guy with a briefcase. An M-7 bus just went by. It was fairly full. Traffic is moderately heavy. There are people using all four phones, with one woman waiting. This is Phil Michaels reporting, live for WTNJ, all the news, just the news, all day long."

everyday kind of earthquake," he informs her. He looks up at her; a nervous laugh escapes him. "Take no notice, dear lady."

"I will not be here next year," she hears herself saying.

"Maybe so," Mr. Mutsu concedes.

"My husband's contract is for one year," she hears herself saying.

"Maybe Dorodake will renew that contract," the principal speculates, and then adds, "Do we say 'to renew'?"

Mrs. Longo takes no notice. Tears start to her eyes. Her husband would not do that to her—he couldn't. But look what he has already done.

Dainty little Miss Miyagaki hovers at the door of the classroom, her pale gauze sleeves flapping like the wings of a good fairy. Mrs. Longo's shopping list, at least, is not a lost cause after all. "Excuse me, Mr. Mutsu, I must speak to Miss Miyagaki."

Mrs. LONGO does not particularly want to share a soggy and chemical éclair in the café called Moscow in the neighboring town of Shizunde, but there is no place to go for a snack near the high school. Besides, for some reason Miss Miyagaki seems extremely eager for the excursion, and since it will probably result in Miss Miyagaki's actually doing Mrs. Longo's shopping for her, Mrs. Longo agrees to go. The bus to Shizunde is filled with the gloomy black uniforms of Dorodake Special English High School, so it is not until the two women are seated on the squat but spindly imitation-brass café chairs and Mrs. Longo is picking delicately at the ersatz éclair that she feels free to tell Miss Miyagaki, "Mr. Mutsu is such a *creep*!"

"But he perseveres," Miss Miyagaki says mildly.

Mrs. Longo looks at her blankly. "Are you sure that's what you mean to say?" she asks at last.



"I don't want you to go for a walk because I want you to go for a walk. I want you to go for a walk because you want to go for a walk."

Miss Miyagaki, blushing, removes an aging dictionary—twice as thick as her delicate wrist—from her bag. "Ganbaru," she reads, "to persevere, to keep at it, to continue."

"I wish he wouldn't," Mrs. Longo tells her.

Miss Miyagaki giggles delightedly. She is happily conscious of the interest her exotic companion evokes in the other women in the pâtisserie. She masticates her mouthful ostentatiously, to let Mrs. Longo know how much she is enjoying this cosmopolitan occasion.

Mrs. Longo winces at the consequent sights and sounds. A cultural abyss seems to gape between her and her colleague. She knows that Miss Miyagaki is regarded as a model of deportment, but Mrs. Longo will never, never get used to Japanese table manners. Somehow in a person of Miss Miyagaki's delicacy, refinement, and intelligence they are all the more distressing.

Mrs. Longo does not know why Miss Miyagaki is laughing, since what she just said about Mr. Mutsu was not intended as a joke. She needs to vent her indignation. She tries again. "You

know what he was telling me, in the classroom just now, when you walked by?"

"I did not hear him. Tell it to me, please, I would be delighted," Miss Miyagaki requests carefully, unfortunately deciding to augment the encouraging politeness of her words by sipping her tea very loudly. "And then I will tell you something, too."

Mrs. Longo nods perfunctorily. "He told me that if that Takahashi idiot doesn't pass the Tōdai entrance exams, next year I might—" In midsentence, Mrs. Longo realizes that she cannot very well go on as she is about to. How can she tell Miss Miyagaki (*She is Japanese. She is a teacher*) how homesick she is, how much she hates teaching, how awful the prospect of another year here is to her? Never mind: she has no shortage of grounds for denouncing Mr. Mutsu. "He told me he might kill himself. And he sort of implied that if he did, it would be my fault."

"Hōra!" Miss Miyagaki exclaims. "Maybe you should stop teasing him."

"Teasing him?" Mrs. Longo is sure that in all her dealings with

Mr. Takahashi she has shown the patience of a particularly forbearing saint. "Get out that dictionary again."

Miss Miyagaki, her tiny hand trembling under the weight of the heavy book, looks up the word and reads, frowning, "'Tease, make mock of, make fun of.'"

"I have never teased Mr. Takahashi," Mrs. Longo says, trying to straighten her back.

"Not Mr. Takahashi—Mr. Mutsu," Miss Miyagaki explains, hoping that this confusion has not arisen because she expressed herself incorrectly.

Mrs. Longo attempts to restore some semblance of communication to their conversation. "Mr. Mutsu? Why would Mr. Mutsu kill himself because Mr. Takahashi flunked an exam?"

"Of course, he would not really kill himself because Mr. Takahashi did not pass that examination," Miss Miyagaki amplifies. "He would really kill himself because you have been teasing him and he has lost face very much when you teased him. But if he explains that that is *why* he is killing himself, then he will lose still more face. So he needs some excuse for killing himself, and if Mr. Takahashi

fails that examination he will have that excuse. He will think that people will say it is a very noble—a very elegant?—reason for suicide." Miss Miyagaki is a little breathless after all these complicated English sentences. She hopes she has made herself clear.

Mrs. Longo is quite overwhelmed. She has come to trust Miss Miyagaki's assessments of things. So it seems it is actually possible that the game she has improvised for her private amusement could drive a man to suicide.

"Do you really think he would?" she asks frantically.

"Maybe so."

"And you're saying I would be responsible?"

"Don't worry," Miss Miyagaki murmurs. "I will tell no one. I think"—here she lowers her bright eyes modestly, perhaps to disavow the inherent boastfulness of her assertion—"I am the only one who can see that you talk on purpose so he won't understand." Raising her eyes again, she sees the distress in Mrs. Longo's. "I will tell no one," she repeats.

Dizzying sequences of lethal causality unfurl in Mrs. Longo's imagination. If it is possible—as it seems to be—that Miss Miyagaki is right about

Mr. Mutsu's potential suicide, then is it also possible that Mr. Mutsu is right about Mr. Takahashi's?

She seeks clarification. "Are you saying that Mr. Mutsu might kill himself—because I've humiliated him—if Mr. Takahashi only flunks, or would Mr. Takahashi have to kill himself?"

"Don't worry," Miss Miyagaki insists soothingly. "This will not happen."

"Didn't you just say it might?"

"But Mr. Takahashi will pass the examination, so Mr. Mutsu won't have that excuse for killing himself. Nevertheless, I think maybe you should stop teasing him—if you don't want him to kill himself—because some other excuse might happen. You don't eat this éclair?"

Mrs. Longo stares reproachfully at Miss Miyagaki. "But Mr. Takahashi *can't* pass that examination. Not the English part. Believe me, I know—I teach him every day."

"But I am his teacher, too," Miss Miyagaki protests. "I know that he will pass. Mr. Takahashi has many advantages. In our school he has many, many more hours of English classes than students in some ordinary high school. And he has still more in *juku* after school. He has a tutor, too. I mean more than you—yet another one."

"Mr. Mutsu told me. Given all that, he's really amazingly bad at English."

"No, no, he is not so bad. I know very well about Mr. Takahashi. I was giving him private lessons, too, at one time. Poor Mr. Takahashi. He seems to be more stupid than he is, because he is often falling asleep. I was going to his house from eight o'clock to ten-thirty at night. He was sleeping sometimes with his eyes open, saying crazy words from his dreams. I was asking him about maybe the predicate adjective and he was all at once



"I'll have the Chicken Roberto, on the advice of counsel."

yelling something about spiders. This happened four years ago; he was a little boy. I felt so sorry for him; I could not awaken him. One time his mother came in and saw that he was sleeping and she poured a glass of water on his head. And then she told Mr. Mutsu to find another tutor, because I was a thief, to take her money and let her son sleep. But he can pass that exam. I am not sure if he will this year. If not, he can next year, for sure. Poor Mr. Mutsu, then."

Mrs. Longo's mind, wearied by Miss Miyagaki's revelations, pains her. Her long American legs hurt, too, cramped by the diminutive furniture. "If you think Mr. Takahashi is going to pass this exam, why do you say 'Poor Mr. Mutsu'?"

"Oh," Miss Miyagaki, enjoying the *éclair*, is expansive. "Then Mrs. Takahashi will give Mr. Mutsu a language lab. *Imagine* that. In some big room, there will be maybe one hundred tape recorders with foreigners' voices talking all day, and Mr. Mutsu will understand very little. That is why I say 'Poor Mr. Mutsu.' Especially now that Mr. Mutsu has helped—"

Miserably, Mrs. Longo interrupts her colleague. "If that happens, it won't be my fault."

Miss Miyagaki follows her reasoning. "You have not been teaching Mr. Takahashi to pass exams," she agrees.

"I have taught him *nothing*," Mrs. Longo snorts.

"That is all right," Miss Miyagaki soothes. "You are not supposed to teach him nothing. No one expects you to. Really."

"Then what am I supposed to be doing with all those students, if I'm not expected to teach them anything?"

Miss Miyagaki finds this question difficult, but she is no coward. "In a way, of course, there is no point in having a native speaker to teach these children. But in another way it is good. It is most important for them to see that you are human beings, too. We don't have foreigners in Dorodake Prefecture. So we only see how foreigners look in pictures or movies—like big, hairy barbarians, you know? How can we see how foreigners are people just like us Japanese, after all, strange eyes and strange customs nevertheless?" As she speaks, Miss Miyagaki hears herself making mistakes, but

they do not distress her. She glows, knowing that what she is expressing, however awkwardly, is beautiful. "So I am so happy you are here."

Mrs. Longo nods. "But I'm not expected to teach them any *English*?"

"You teach them English, a little bit—maybe some idioms!—but even if they don't learn in your class, it is not really wasting their time."

"*Their* time?" Mrs. Longo growls.

Miss Miyagaki is startled by her tone. Her glow vanishes abruptly. What was wrong with the sentence she just uttered? "*Her* time?" she guesses wildly, but even as this preposterous emendation flies from her mouth, she realizes that she had used the pronoun correctly. "Time..." She falters, then is inspired to squint at her watch. She jumps to her feet; her sleeves flutter ethereally. "Mrs. Longo, we are now missing the last bus!"

The two women dash through the maze of Shizunde's shopping arcade. Miss Miyagaki bangs on the bus's closing doors and breathlessly urges the driver to open them for the foreigner



Mutt Lehman

"Hi. I had a nice day."

• •

who is staggering toward his vehicle. Clutching her side, she smiles, seeing this gesture reproduced on a larger scale by Mrs. Longo, as though in a magnifying mirror. The assertion she has just made about their common humanity seems vividly exemplified.

BY the time the bus deposits them in front of Dorodake Special English High School, the shops nearby, such as they are, will be shut. "Oh, Miss Miyagaki, what will I do?" Mrs. Longo gasps, sinking onto a jouncing seat. "I was hoping you could help me with my shopping. I have nothing to give my husband for dinner."

Miss Miyagaki's delicate hand rummages in her bag, extracts a parcel. "Please take this. It is excellent, very fresh. I bought it today."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly—"

"Oh, you must have something for Professor Longo to eat for dinner! I have another thing to give to my mother. You take that, please."

Mrs. Longo peeks into the parcel. She sees purple tentacles pimpled with

grayish-white suckers. She does not, and she doubts that her husband will, eat octopus—especially since she has no idea of how to cook it. “It’s very kind of you, Miss Miyagaki, but—”

Miss Miyagaki will not let Mrs. Longo refuse her gift. Beaming, she slips it into Mrs. Longo’s bag. “Now you have everything you need!”

Mrs. Longo is at a loss for words.

Miss Miyagaki takes advantage of this unusual condition. “Mr. Mutsu is a big fool, everybody knows that,” she remarks abruptly, “but he is a kind man. This is what I wanted to tell you. He is arranging a marriage for me. I am very grateful, because my mother is poor and cannot do it. And I cannot be unmarried any longer.” She peers shyly up into Mrs. Longo’s face. “We don’t do that in Japan. We must be married. I think it is very different in

America.” She giggles. “This man Mr. Mutsu has found for me lives in Kitakyūshū now, but next year he will go to teach Japanese children in New York, and if I marry him I must go with him. It is not yet arranged, I have not yet met this man, but I want to tell you about it now, because if that happens, then I will be just like you—isn’t it so?”

Mrs. Longo notices that her mouth is open, and shuts it. Then she opens it again, but all that comes out of it is “Oh, Miss Miyagaki . . .”

“I have never visited any foreign country. Or any very big city, even in Japan,” Miss Miyagaki tells her. “Do you think I will like to live in New York?”

Mrs. Longo remembers the words she so thoughtlessly threw at Mr. Mutsu—“a snowball’s chance in

Hell.” Because although Mrs. Longo thinks of New York often and with intense longing, now, trying to imagine Miss Miyagaki living there, she can think only of its squalor, its cruelty, its ever-present possibilities of violence. “This man you would be marrying . . .” she hears herself ask.

“I do not have his photograph here. I feel I know him, although I have not met him. He is a teacher of English, too; he has written some books that we use in school.” Miss Miyagaki pulls an English text from her bag.

Mrs. Longo knows it well; it has brightened many a bad day for her. At the end of every chapter, in dialogues called “Sample Conversations,” characters with names like Mr. Brown and Miss Johnson greet each other with sentences like “Excuse me, you look familiar. Didn’t I meet you in the bathtub last night?”

Miss Miyagaki will be facing New York with no one to help her but the author of these dialogues. “Oh, Miss Miyagaki . . .” Mrs. Longo hears herself trail off again, for what can she possibly say? Though the gesture doesn’t seem adequate, she lunges gently down, intending to plant a sisterly kiss on her colleague’s cheek. The bus veers sharply, and the kiss lands instead on Miss Miyagaki’s mouth, with much more force than Mrs. Longo had intended. Drawing back, she is horrified at the expression that is disfiguring Miss Miyagaki’s dainty features.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean . . .” Mrs. Longo scans Miss Miyagaki’s face anxiously for signs of returning self-possession.

“You mean something good, I know,” Miss Miyagaki assures her eventually, in an unsteady voice. “But we don’t do that in Japan.”

Bouncing helplessly on the seat of the lurching bus, crushing her shrinking colleague against the window, wondering what she is going to do about dinner, Mrs. Longo watches Miss Miyagaki’s eyes taking a shamed, furtive survey of the observers of this disgrace. The bus is stopping. Other passengers begin standing up; so does Miss Miyagaki. Mrs. Longo rises, too, and is aware, as usual, of being much taller than anyone around her. Nevertheless, and for the first time in this country, she feels extremely small.

—LINDSLEY CAMERON



“Request an extended leave to regroup myself, sir. I’ve been feeling a bit soft on Communism lately.”

HEIGHT'S DELIGHT

DO the silly walk," passersby shout to John Cleese, the English actor who looks like a Grenadier Guard. He stands six feet five and sits like a collapsible ruler in, indeed, collapse. The right-angled walk he resorts to instinctively in some of his best-loved performances raises his legs at ninety degrees to the pelvis and ignores the knee joints. Cleese first did the silly walk in a 1970 episode of "Monty Python's Flying Circus"—the legendary show that he created in 1969 with five of his friends—and by now the walk's onlie begetter is fed to the teeth with people calling for a demonstration. Time has passed, and the "Monty Python" authors have gone on to other things. But the silly walk remains intact, thank heaven, in "Python" reruns and in "Fawlty Towers," the recklessly splendid 1975 TV series with John Cleese and Prunella Scales at bay in a dreadful seaside-resort hotel that they are trying to run in Torquay.

Though Cleese gives short shrift to any request for a repeat performance of the famous gait, the instinctive muscular tendency seems to be unquenchable. Last autumn, in his beautiful eighteen-fifties house north of Hyde Park, in London, I noticed that he will try to suppress the twitch of the amazing reflex by relaxing in an easy chair, say, with his legs over one of its arms, but as soon as there is some native domestic emergency, such as hunting for the coffee grinder in the fridge ("My wife, Barbara, is American, so she puts everything in the fridge: Hoover bags, sticking plaster"), his limbs stiffen and the silly walk does its damndest to be activated in the resister's own terrain. When performed, the walk is the furious vault of a character pretending command over predicaments of his own making that exasperate and obsess him. Its inventor has thought a great deal about anger in the world: in public affairs, in his own life and work—and, indeed, in the de-



cline of civilization as manifested by the state of public telephone booths. "Someone telephonically knowledgeable and I had a bit of an argument about that," Cleese told me. "He said that telephone booths didn't work because they were vandalized. I said they were vandalized because they didn't work."

When we emerged from the kitchen after the coffee-grinder search, Cleese's younger daughter, Camilla, three and three-quarters, was sitting down on the dining-room carpet to take off her red shoes and her white socks. The left sock went into the left shoe, the right sock into the right shoe, and the pair were set together ready for action under the dining-room dresser. John Cleese watched with a respect that, to go by her glances backward to him, she knew she could count on. His life—and not only where children are concerned—bears not the faintest resemblance to his writing, which has some of Molière's dramatic use of misanthropy. Basil Fawlty, along with

most of Cleese's "Monty Python" fictions, is fuelled by rage, and Cleese has made of rage the fifth humor—not melancholy, not bile, certainly not phlegm or sanguinity: just plain rage. It rules his figments' lives, stiffens their spines, unites them in the infuriated intentness that is a key attribute of Cleese's farce. Rage so personified makes Basil's eyes bulge mesmerized out of their deep sockets, brings to his face expressions of resolve which memorialize Basil's endless efforts to impose his own sense of nutty order on the lounging disarray he sees about him. When Cleese shows us anger pure, it is not only funny but also quietly saying that any passion unalloyed is a threat to have around. His fuming characters vividly illustrate the farcical constant of the fanatic in the grip of unmixed feeling, and also the farce of anyone locked in mortal battle with a problem that bothers no one else.

Anger is John Cleese's familiar.

He reports having struggled for years in private life with the middle-class embargo on expressing it. "Full permission to get repressed or heavily sarcastic. But to release anger, not on your life," he says. His ex-wife, Connie Booth, who plays Polly, the assistant manager and waitress in "Fawlty Towers," collaborated both in the writing of the first episodes in this study of pent-up tantrum and in his private combat with anger. They divorced, amicably, in 1978, and share custody of their teen-age daughter, Cynthia. Their lasting friendship led smoothly into professional collaboration on the post-divorce episodes of "Fawlty Towers," as splendid in the study of rage as ever; the two writers know the territory. "It's the people who try desperately to put a measured surface over secret anger seething away underneath who give you the sense of most violence," Cleese says. "The wonderful thing about a sense of humor is that the moment you laugh at obsessive behavior you've got a bit of space to look at it and defuse it, if you'll

forgive the military stuff. I'm also rather keen on anxiety."

After years of psychotherapy, Cleese is keener than ever on anxiety, mostly through the conviviality of work with his psychiatrist and friend Dr. Robin Skynner, with whom he wrote the seriously funny question-and-answer textbook "Families and How to Survive Them." Skynner says in the book that anxiety is "vital." Cleese asks, "How?" Skynner says, "You wait till you get into a car driven by someone who doesn't have any, then you'll see!"

Open anger and hidden anxiety are natural collaborators in the tetchy characters invented by John Cleese. It is the exasperatingly barmy rest of the world that these characters treat as the abnormality. The existence of others takes toll. The effort to suffer hotel guests more or less gladly shows in the lines of determination around Cleese-as-Basil's jaw. "Do you know, there's a trace of roman à clef in the series?" Cleese says. He explains that while Connie Booth and he were married they once stayed in a hotel that he now prefers to keep unnamed (he did identify it some years ago, and the manager was tracked down by the press and harassed), and that its muddle was an inspiration. "The manager was gloriously rude. It was something he deeply believed in," Cleese says. He goes into a silent flinch at the memory of a reporter who quoted the manager as wanting to run "a homely and humorous hotel." Then he cheers up and says that he is a *little* like Basil Fawlty. "Connie's the perfect collaborator: my direct opposite. She's very strong on character, and I'm good on structure. And, after all, she understands women." He pauses, and adds, "Apart from my Basil Fawlty side, there's my bank-manager side. Urbane, courteous, kind..."

JOHAN CLEESE was born in 1939, in Weston-super-Mare, in Somerset. "Childhood was very low-key. Dad was forty-six

and Mum was forty when I was born," Cleese told me. "Extremely little happened. I was an only child. Content and solitary, though never *lonely*." I have never heard a man use emphasis as unemphatically as Cleese does. He went on, "The Germans used to bomb Bristol, just up the Bristol Channel, and if they had any bombs left they dropped them on Weston. Inhabitants used to say, 'Who says the Germans haven't got a sense of humor?' *Some* inhabitants. Apart from the leftover bombs, nothing violent has happened in Weston. Life there is, of course, entirely free of sex. Occasionally, people are born in Weston by parthenogenesis. Speaking for myself, I was a very slow developer sexually. You can print this: I lost my virginity very late in life, at the Station Hotel in Auckland, New Zealand. I was in my mid-fifties. As to learning: well, there wasn't much inducement in Weston. It used to have a field-hockey festival, but that was stopped, as people were becoming too excited. My school—Clifton College, Bristol, where I went from thirteen to eighteen—was really a sports academy. The one master I had enormous affection for was Geoffrey Bartlett, at St. Peter's in Weston, who taught me at the prep-school stage, when I was about twelve. He awakened in me a love of knowledge. Nobody else did. Dad was literate

in the sense that he did the *Daily Telegraph* crossword puzzle, but you wouldn't call him literary. He liked Nevil Shute best. My mother was the artistic one. She played the piano during the First World War. The real highlight in the family life was changing houses. Once every year or year and a half. I think my parents did it in the hope of changing their luck."

The family name was Cheese until 1915, when his father amended it, because he was going into the Army. Cheese lingers in Cleese's mind. Out of the blue, he says, "The nice thing about cheese is thinking of all those people all over the world doing different things to milk. You could do a sketch about it. 'Try hitting the milk with a stick,' someone would say. Then an argument. 'No, don't hit it, go round and round in the milk with the stick and then see what happens. Don't give up. Something unpredictable might happen.'" And, in the Python film "The Life of Brian," "Blessed are the cheesemakers" is one of the Beatitudes heard by the chatty bunch straining to pick up the words from the next-door Mount. The mishearing gives rise to consternation, even though it is studiously explained as probably referring to all manufacturers of dairy produce.

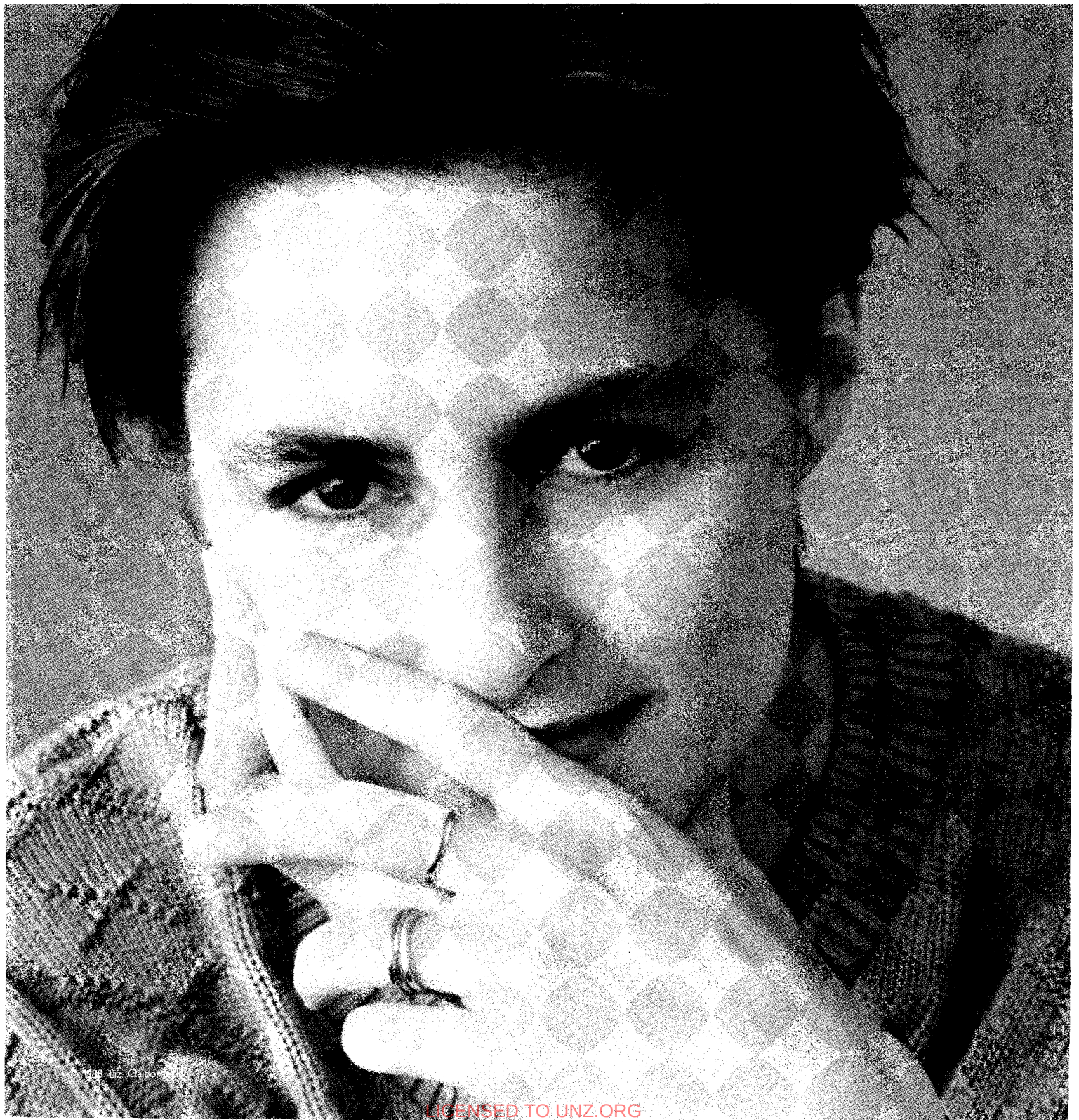
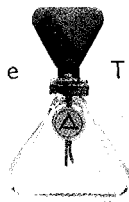
I ask about the famous cheese-shop sketch. (This may be the all-time favorite Python invention, though some dissenters will plump for the sketch about the parrot, sold as live but by any description plain dead. "It's bleedin' demised! This is a late parrot! It's joined the Choir Invisible," says John Cleese, as a pet-shop customer wrangling with the shopkeeper, who argues that it is a Norwegian parrot merely pining for the fjords.) "Well, the problem in this cheese shop is that the man says he has some cheese," Cleese says. "I go through Wensleydale, Brie, the lot. 'No, sir, the mice have got to it. . . . No, sir, it's not ripe. . . . No, sir, it's coming in to-



"A handshake is as good as a thirty-page contract, eh, Mr. Harrison?"

All you have to be is you.

Liz Claiborne The Fragrance



How quiet have I found thee here
And comfort, thy companion dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men
Society is all but rude
To this luxurious solitude.

Andrew Marvell



A secluded chamber of burlled walnut and Connolly leather, along with infrared remote-controlled door locking and a security alarm system to help keep this splendid kingdom yours and yours alone.

This luxurious interior comes to you in a car that can be had for only a youngish prince's ransom (the cost is about twenty-six thousand dollars*); a car considered "almost perfect in handling, performance, comfort and class," by USA Today.

Before you buy another car, be sure you drive the Sterling. For more information, simply telephone 1-800-622-0550.

STERLING

THE INEVITABLE BRITISH ROAD CAR.

morrow.' 'Look,' I say, 'I asked if you had any cheese. And you said you had. And if you were lying to me I'm going to shoot you.' And I do. And I say, 'What a senseless waste of human life,' or whatever it is that religious leaders say on these occasions. Interesting, really. I wonder what would make a sensible waste of human life."

I ask whether he has matching thoughts about "needless violence," and he says, "Ha!" As much an exclamation as a laugh: a hooting noise of accord. Instantaneous, characteristic.

Reginald Cheese had "a marvellous sense of cliché," says the heir. "He was an insurance salesman and the son of a solicitor's clerk, and the family hoped like anything I'd do something in the same line." I can't think they were disappointed in the end: the bequeathed knowledge of the bureaucratic is actually very much present in the figures of thwarted regimen that Cleese excels in writing and in playing. His father's savoring of clichés expands into the son's passion for words: for euphemisms that no one uncloaks, for language's unheeded strangenesses. Cleese says that he learned how to silence cricket expertise by uttering the words "With this cloud cover and a bit of a green top, the seamers should make it move around a bit for the first hour." He goes on, "I once wanted to do a character who spoke in clichés completely. 'Uncharted waters.' 'Now, there's a pretty kettle of fish, or should I say a horse of a different color?'" He ponders. "What do we all mean? Amazing the way we don't listen to ourselves."

A tireless listener to himself and to others, Cleese has a love affair with words not unlike P. G. Wodehouse's. He starts to list some that beguile him: "Plummet.' 'Lurk.' 'Ululate.' 'Berserk.' 'Unhinged,' as in 'deranged.' 'Pique.' 'Amok.' 'Akimbo.'" That leads him to the possibility of Legs Akimbo, whom he identifies as a famous Zulu courtesan.

AFTER getting a triple A-level in science at Clifton College, and teaching English and history at St. Peter's for two years, Cleese studied law at Cambridge. Writing and playing sketches in the Cambridge Footlights Revue took him to the West End with the show, in 1963, and later to

New York, where it played on Broadway. Cleese also performed there in "Half a Sixpence." Between the West End and Broadway engagements was a stint at BBC radio, which he recalls one afternoon through a prism of gas journalism. "My first job at the BBC was for a man who'd started on the *Gas World*," he says. "They were in competition with the *Gas News* and the *Gas Post*. And he said he really understood the journalistic mind after he'd been in the back room, because if the *Gas World* got a story that the assistant manager of the Basingstoke Gas Board had got married on Saturday and the *Gas Post* missed it the editor had a smile on his face for four days."

We talk about the scoop—the word itself appeals to him—and about why it should be important. Cleese says, "Yes, it's interesting. All too many people are impressed by the business of getting there first." Pause. "As I get on, I'm less and less convinced about originality, because I'm more and more aware of the way people think of things at the same time. One's always hearing about scientists making the same discovery simultaneously. On 'Python,' there were some days when we'd be reading stuff out and we'd have had no communication whatever and there we'd find ourselves all to have been thinking on the same particular theme."

The Monty Python lot is made up of John Cleese, Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. Their aide-de-camp in New York, a young woman named Nancy Lewis, has said that the

way the members came together was in a fight over a banana in the BBC canteen, and I tell this to Cleese.

"Ah, that's the seventh version," he says. "There were already six, because there were six Pythons. It could be right about the banana, because we've always been keenly aware of the need for combat training against assault by fresh fruit." (There is a fine sketch in their first film, "And Now for Something Completely Different," with Cleese as an edgy martinet teaching defense against homicidal attack by people armed with loganberries.) "I knew Graham Chapman at Cambridge, and we did a bit of writing. And then in our last year Eric Idle came and made people laugh. And then over at that other place, in the middle of England—Oxford—Jones and Palin were working together in revue. I met Terry Gilliam in 1964 in New York. He was on *Help!* magazine, where I did a sort of photographic comic strip. Back home, David Frost was getting 'The Frost Report' going, and a huge number of writers came together there. Graham Chapman and I were there as a pair. Eric Idle wrote monologues, mostly for Ronnie Barker. Michael Palin and Terry Jones were writing film pieces we used to have to go off into the British rain to make. Then, at the end of 1966, I did a thing called 'At Last the 1948 Show.' The title was really sending up TV executives who leave scripts on the shelf for eighteen years. There was a primitive linking device of a pretty but silly girl who thought she was making things coherent. Then Chapman and I saw a program called 'Do Not Adjust Your Sets,' supposedly for children, that was written by Palin, Jones, and Idle, with animated sketches by Gilliam. I said to Graham, 'These four men are about the funniest around, and we should all do some TV.' They were rather snooty for a few weeks. (Remember, this is my version.) But then they agreed. So in the spring of 1969 we went along to Barry Took, of the BBC, and he said, 'By all means, do thirteen shows.' They didn't even ask us for a pilot."

Those shows grew into two series of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," shown in 1969 and 1970. The best segments from the first series, and a few from the second, were collected in



ANTIQUE PRINT FISH T-SHIRT

19th century English scientific illustrations inspire our all-cotton white T's with fish swimming in full color on both front and back. Adult sizes: S(34-36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL(46).



\$15.95
(Add \$2.00 for postage)



SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
SEATTLE

BOSTON
NEW YORK
MINNEAPOLIS

Use Visa, M/C, AMEX or send check to: The Nature Company, Dept. NY-S88, P.O. Box 2310 Berkeley, CA 94702. CA, WA, MA, NY, MN add tax. SEND \$1.00 FOR OUR LATEST CATALOG

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-227-1114

Give Him (or Her) Their Own College or University



Handsome 7" x 12" walnut desk boxes with brass fittings feature a beautiful color portrait of any college or university in the USA, hand painted on glass. Allow 2 weeks. \$168.50 ppd. Toll free 1-800-345-0053. NYS 716-852-7876.

MasterCard and Visa accepted.

pitt petri

378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y. 14202

ST. CROIX



Everything you expect
from a vacation paradise.

Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108

The Buccaneers
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

1971 into "And Now for Something Completely Different." There followed, in 1975, a new chaos, called "Monty Python and the Holy Grail": a loused-up version of the Grail tale, in which King Arthur's obnoxious public-school knights are, as Cleese says, "extremely mercenary, violent, and untrustworthy—early Thatcherites, really." One of the parts Cleese plays is an Anglophobic Frenchman who hurls at Arthur and his band some singular oaths. ("English k-niggets!... You empty-headed animal-food trough-wiper.") Cleese's favorite Python film, to which he returns often as we talk, remains "The Life of Brian" (1979), about a Nazareth naïf born in the stable next to Jesus'. One of the characters played by Cleese makes every effort to bring the spirit of school games to the religious punishings going on: "Now, look, no one is to stone anyone until I blow this whistle. Is that clear?" Anger seethes under the schoolmasterly lid. And in "Monty Python's the Meaning of Life" (1983), a briefing on existence, Cleese the teacher again gets pretty furious, this time with adolescents who are so jaded about a sex-education demonstration he gives with his naked wife that they are surreptitiously reading Virgil in their laps.

CLEESE has just finished producing his first feature film, directed by Charles Crichton, "A Fish Called Wanda." The script is the first he has written on his own; the cast is Jamie Lee Curtis, Michael Palin, Kevin Kline, Cleese himself, and his daughter Cynthia, in the part of his daughter in the story. "She's supposed to be about fifteen, playing two years younger than she is. A terrific brat," Cleese says. "She's got a real gift for comedy. I think she's going to be an excellent actress, and that's fine, provided she's got another interest. Acting's not enough to engross people unless you're, say, Jack Nicholson. You want to direct or write as well. All of us in the Pythons really started as writers. We performed what we wrote only because we were less likely to screw it up than anyone else. Maybe the reason I find acting so boring is that I'm usually doing lines I wrote, so there's no sense of discovery. But on 'Wanda' I got interested again, because when we came to the more romantic scenes with Jamie she said, 'Don't let's rehearse



New Gloucester Rocker

A Gift For A Lifetime

New Gloucester Rocker - winner of the 1985 Daphne Award for design excellence Catalog \$5.00

THOS. MOSER CABINETMAKERS

Inquiries: 415R Cumberland Avenue
Portland, Maine 04101
(207) 774-3791

210 West Washington Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106
(215) 922-6440

Orchids 1 DOZEN SPRAYS
\$34.95 includes shipping

Fresh cut from Hawaii delivered via Federal Express Priority 1

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

LONG DISTANCE ORCHIDS
1-800-L-D-ROSES
1-800-537-6737 • In Colorado (719) 471-2080

IN SAN FRANCISCO

Just two blocks west of Union Square enjoy gracious simplicity in warm intimate surroundings. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. \$66 to \$96

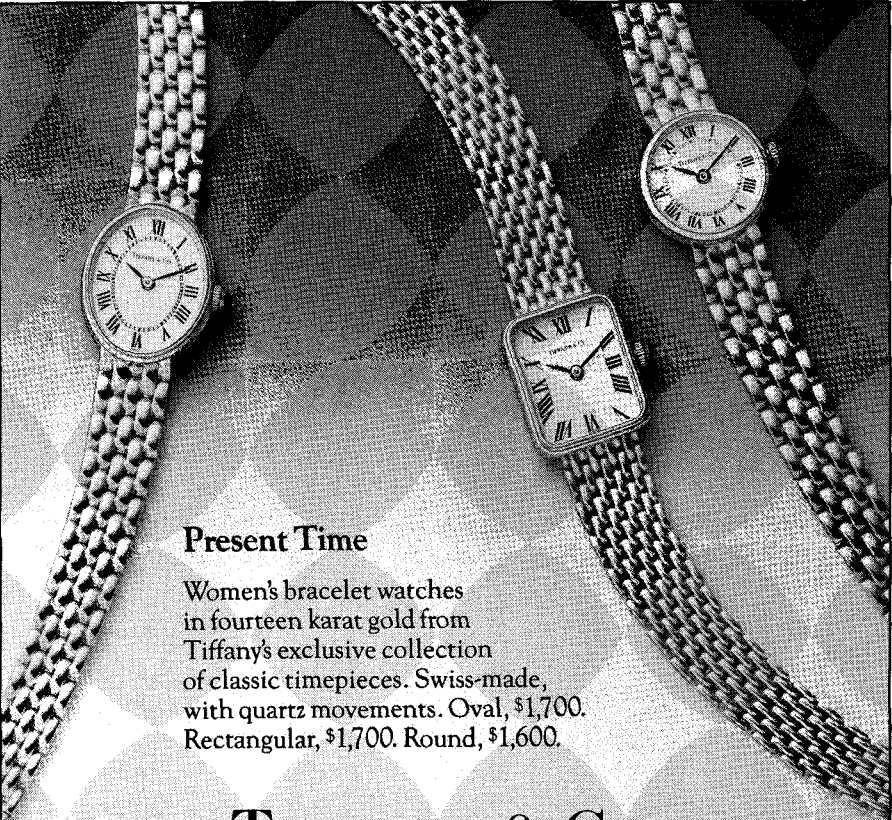


THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

them, let's just see what happens.' I'd never done that. It's pretty scary if you're addicted to rehearsing, as I am—like pushing a boat off from shore without any oars. But Jamie said, 'Trust it.' And sometimes, between takes, she'd see me running lines in my head and she'd say, 'Don't,' and wave a finger at me." Rehearsal and the shooting schedule went easily, leaving only a residue of back trouble for the actor-producer. "At this height, and doing that job..." he says, pointing skyward and walking about to put back-ache in its place.

I mention Kevin Kline's Hamlet and his dashing performance in "On the Twentieth Century." Wandering about and apologizing somberly for some dead irises on the kitchen table, Cleese says, "Kevin is a great clown. An originator. A while ago, I mentioned the film to him and he started developing a character on the spot. In a nutshell, the character could be described as a quick-read psychopath deep in Nietzsche and 'The Portable Machiavelli.'" Pause. "Nice about the *portable* Machiavelli, isn't it?" As for Michael Palin: "I'm delighted to say that Mickey is at last beginning to improve. We've had to re-voice him, of course, but some of the faces he pulls are almost appropriate, and he made it difficult to the last to get through a scene without breaking up." Of the Python group, Cleese adds, "Mickey Palin is also writing his own film. Terry Gilliam is directing 'Baron Munchausen' in Rome and trying to get the budget into the *Guinness Book of Records*. Eric Idle is still thinking of coming into show business—he's acting in 'Munchausen.' And Terry Jones has directed a little film called 'Personal Services' and is setting up a film of his book 'Erik the Viking.' Graham Chapman has just done a sixty-day spoof-lecture tour across America, and during the summer starred in a Cinemax series called 'The Dangerous Film Club.'"

The members of the group, going their own ways but determined not to part, have lumped their gains together in a company called Prominent Features. The headquarters is in the process of being built in nearby Camden Town, and we inspect the premises. Last autumn, the only finished room was a recording studio that floats on a layer of fibre insulation. You can indeed feel the floor give slightly as you



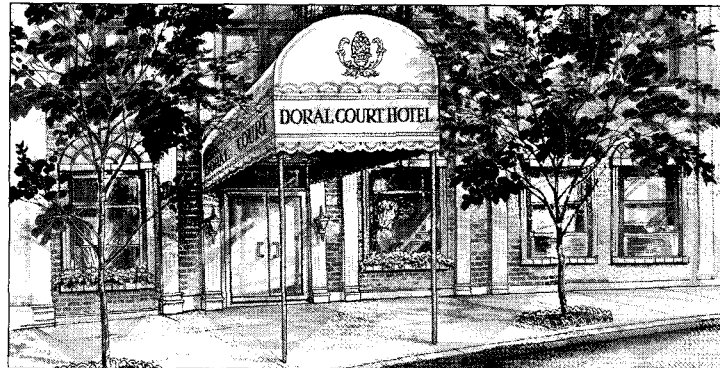
Present Time

Women's bracelet watches in fourteen karat gold from Tiffany's exclusive collection of classic timepieces. Swiss-made, with quartz movements. Oval, \$1,700. Rectangular, \$1,700. Round, \$1,600.

TIFFANY & Co.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET
LONDON • BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1988

Introducing
D O R A L C O U R T



Court her again this weekend.

Romance her again in the old-fashioned way—at Doral Court, an intimate new hotel in the heart of the world's most exciting city. Offering plush accommodations and all the charm of Murray Hill.

Our weekend package includes champagne upon arrival, a full American breakfast on Saturday and Sunday brunch at our cheerful Courtyard Café, and access to our private fitness center.

A Weekend at the Court \$75⁰⁰*

*Per person, per night, double occupancy. Taxes additional. Valid Friday and Saturday only, subject to availability. No charge for children 12 and under in same room with parents. Not applicable to groups. Rate subject to change.

Complimentary Parking

A Landmark of Convenience and Value in the Doral Tradition.
130 East 39th Street, New York, New York 10016 • (212) 685-1100 • (800) 624-0607

FOR THOSE WHO NATURALLY RESORT TO THE BEST



A legendary island and its most luxurious resort invite you to indulge yourself. Shamelessly.

Call toll-free
1-800-33 AGAIN or
1-803-681-4000, or see
your travel expert.

HOTEL INTER-CONTINENTAL HILTON HEAD ISLAND
AGAIN AND AGAIN

OCEANFRONT AT PORT ROYAL RESORT

135 South Port Royal Drive, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928

walk on it, as in the best ballrooms. While he investigates the helpful floor, thanking it on behalf of his back ("I carried Jamie upstairs last week in an easy shot. She's not heavy, but it was one of those easy shots that you do in fourteen takes"), Cleese gazes knowledgeably at the complicated geometry of the room's octagonal ceiling, which is a mirror image of the floor. By some technical miracle that he claims to understand, the room's architecture, although fairly small-scale—some twenty feet across—can achieve improbabilities of volume as astonishing as those in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the center, sound is loud, and every strand of it distinct. Cleese illustrates by saying, "Cardinal Richelieu died in 1642," and then strides to one side to repeat himself at the same volume. The words now register as no more than a whisper. "Very nice. Yes. The design cuts down the ethero-stochastic imbulations, you see," he says, with the airy pretense of shared knowledge that marked his cricket-buff silencer. "From here you might be able to hear me wince. So all I shall say further about Jamie is that I thought she was quite remarkable in 'Trading Places.' She was wicked and likable, which is unusual."

Back in the center of the room, he is audible in a forte voice again and says of "Wanda" that its shape was provoked in his mind by "Beyond the Fringe." Pause. "When I saw 'Beyond the Fringe,' I think I decided against depression for good. That extraordinary explosion of creativity. I was struck by the fact that there were four people all being equally funny, so twenty-five years later I set out to write four equally funny roles for 'Wanda.' I failed, of course. My part isn't as funny as the three others, but I'm hugely charming to make up for it." He makes the promised wincing noise and then stalks to another room. It holds a computer keyboard that can produce a sneeze or a glug or any other sound at any pitch once it has been fed the original. Cleese asks some informed questions of a sound-man colleague and then switches back cheerfully to the topic of low spirits: "Most people feel guilty about being depressed. I used to feel that if someone in the room was down, in a spirit of pure decency you had to be more down. Wrong." He sometimes seems to swat

Fix almost anything around the house, with...

HomeOwner's Tool Kit

Just \$29.95* **But read the ad for an even better deal!*



• The Kit comes in a rigid plastic case, with all tools securely nested. Tools are made of high-class steel, with bright yellow handles. We maintain inventory of these tools and can replace whatever you may lose. They are a joy to use and to behold.

It's no fun to have to make repairs around the house with worn-out, ill-matched, or inferior tools. But things go quickly and easily with HomeOwner's Tool Kit, because it has just about everything you could reasonably use to make home repairs.

You get: channel-lock pliers; sidecutters; crimp/wire stripper; hammer; hacksaw (with blade); awl; two sizes of Phillips screwdrivers; flathead screwdriver; jeweler's screwdriver; retractable carton knife; tape measure; spatula; set of Allen wrenches; friction tape; assorted screws, nails and electrical connectors; and a universal scissors that does so many things that it's almost a tool kit in itself. All tools are of highest quality, are carefully matched, and have bright yellow hi-impact handles. They are a pleasure to work with.

It all comes packed in a light-weight, rigid plastic carry case, with all tools individually nested—these tools will not fall out!

We import these tool kits in container quantities and can therefore offer them at just \$29.95. But we have an even better deal: *Buy two for \$59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!* Get things fixed around the house, once and for all. But, don't fool around—do it with the right tools: get your HomeOwner's Tool Kit(s) today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1410 E544. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: \$4.95 for one Tool Kit, \$5.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+), call our wholesale/premium manager, Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



THE BEST WAY TO LOCK IN THE LOWEST AVAILABLE FARE 24 HOURS A DAY. EVERY DAY...

No matter where you travel, the best way to ensure that you're flying on the lowest available fare is with the Gold Card® and American Express® Envoy 24-hour travel service. Yours, only with Gold Card membership.

Every airline reservation made through American Express Envoy is checked twice for the lowest available fare. And if a fare lower than originally quoted is available at the time the ticket is issued, the new cost is locked in. Along with the savings,

American Express Envoy can also save you time. Because one phone call can help you with every detail of your trip. Including airlines. Hotels. And automobile rentals.

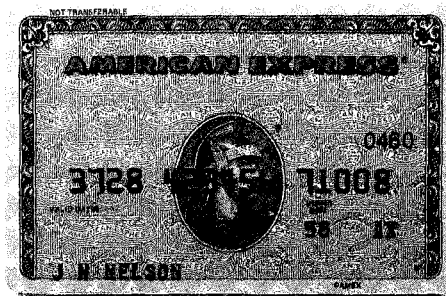
The Gold Card and American Express Envoy. Together, they can take you to the four corners of the world. And make getting there less costly.

To acquire the Gold Card, call 1-800-648-AMEX.



© 1988 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

IS WITH THIS.



THE GOLD CARD



"Where to?"

"Broadway and Seventy-ninth!"

at his own thoughts as if they were bees.

Like the "Beyond the Fringe" quartet in their time, and the Beatles, the Python lot seem to be conjoined as some enviable band of brothers. Cleeze makes running affectionate references to his Python siblings. This afternoon, he interrupts himself in some musings about the hazards of humor that tries to straddle the Atlantic, and says, "Graham Chapman and the rest of us were touring with the Cambridge Footlights thing in New Zealand. He asked for an omelette, and said, 'With three eggs.' The waitress gave him an omelette with three fried eggs on the top of it. A lot of things go wrong in New Zealand. Though, of course, that's a xenophobic remark, isn't it? I did a sort of investigation about which country laughs at which, and I've come across only one that doesn't seem to make jokes about another, and that's Denmark. Why, I've no idea. Except that the smallest countries always seem to be the most international in outlook. If Danish people make jokes about stupidity—which is what xenophobic jokes always seem to be about—they make them about the people from Århus. A Danish city, you see. The French make their insult jokes about the Belgians. The Swedes do them about the Norwegians, and vice versa. The Portuguese do them about the Spanish. I discovered that the upper

Egyptians do them about the lower Egyptians, and that's pretty deep-running bigotry, because it's been going on for five thousand years. The Poles do them, bravely, about the Soviet oppressors, and the Americans do them about the American 'Polacks,' which I don't understand at all. When I first went to Chicago, they started telling me jokes about Poles there, and I knew the Poles only as intelligent and courageous people who held out against all odds in the war."

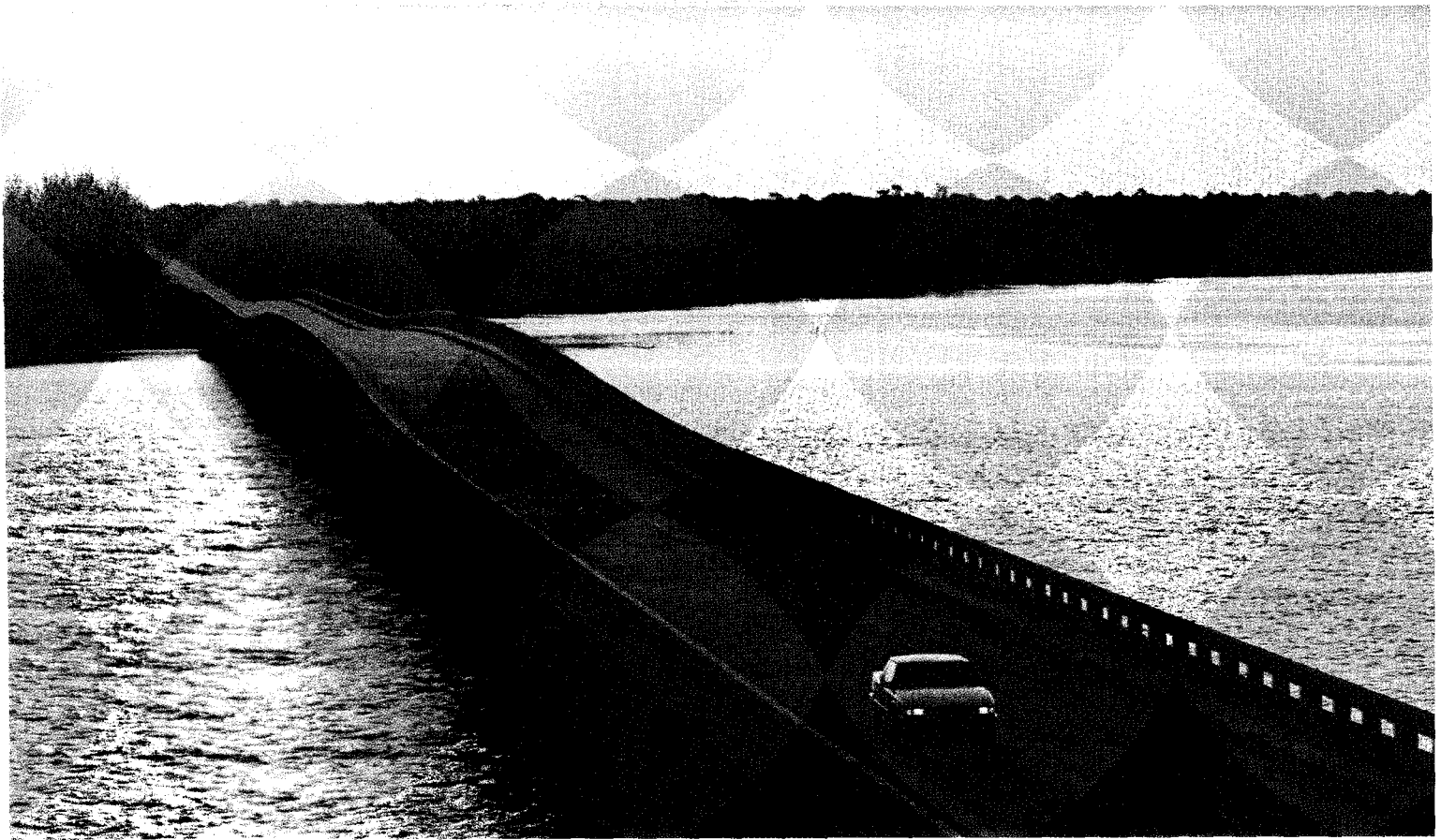
It amazes Cleeze that the character Manuel in "Fawlty Towers" has drawn accusations of prejudice because of the portrayal of Manuel's Spanishness. An inept but willing man of all work with a hysteria tamped down to the calm of total fog, Manuel has a way of trudging doggedly through the foothills surrounding haute cuisine. He is a man with larger things on his mind than food presentation: his mother, for instance; health inspectors; the Cockney colleague who overrules him linguistically by making eel pie when what has been asked for is paella; the loss of his beloved rat Basil (a fickle creature sold to the doting Manuel as a Filigree Siberian hamster); and his longing to learn English well enough to understand the insults of the Basil Fawltly he serves with such dignified love in the hotel's continuum of crisis. "Nitwit!" roars Basil. "Whit is a witnit?" Man-

uel asks courageously. He draws off a lot of the pressure that builds up in his boss, who will readily pack Manuel under his arm at speed and use him as a battering ram against the swinging door into the kitchen. "Dago bird-brain. God knows how they put the Armada together," says Basil, milk-tooth chauvinist but no less magisterial. The protesters miss the fact that Basil is drawn as the clearest bigot, while his victim, played by Andrew Sachs in a vein of sweetly reliable pessimism, is a hero of staunchness against all odds of prejudice.

THE character of Basil Fawltly, as of nearly all Cleeze's obsessives, is rooted in a particular sort of English testiness made worse by its stabbing politeness. Cleeze sees the type as "the sort of man who says, 'I'm awfully sorry, but I think you've mistaken me for someone who gives a damn.'" The type is not at all untrue to Basil Fawltly, a man of ranting protocol who overrides pleasure. "Look! My wife enjoys herself. I worry!" he yells to his hotel in general. "A fair summing-up," Cleeze says, "of the way your average professional neurotic will see his marriage."

We both find ourselves counteracting Basil by thinking of the kind of gentle English manners that can be elusive in Oxbridge people, including John Cleeze and his friend Michael Frayn. Frayn wrote the feature film "Clockwise," in which Cleeze plays an English headmaster with punctuality on the brain and the accompanying characteristic of being consistently late. Frayn's wit and considerateness have a lot in common with John Cleeze's. "He's the sort of man who stands up if you're making him a cup of tea, because he doesn't want to take advantage of you," Cleeze says.

The lurking historian in John Cleeze longs to write a history book starting from the year 893. "A nice, insignificant year," he says. "Nothing much going on, just people sitting around quietly. No one with sweeping ideas of how to put the world straight." He is bothered by the self-righteousness of politicians. "Humor's the God-given mechanism for spotting egotistical behavior. Look at what we laugh at: greed, lust, rage, envy, self-righteousness. Show me a sitcom about St. Francis of Assisi and I'll show you a turkey. Denis Norden"—one of the



THE BEST WAY TO GET CAR RENTAL LOSS AND DAMAGE INSURANCE AT NO EXTRA CHARGE...

When you rent an automobile with the Gold Card,[®] Car Rental Loss and Damage coverage for up to the full value of the car is yours. Automatically. At no extra charge.

To take advantage of the coverage, decline the standard collision damage waiver or similar option offered by the car rental company. And save up to \$10 a day on collision/loss damage waiver fees.

The Gold Card. There's no more convenient way to pay for your automobile rental. And now it's the best way to pay less for it.

To acquire the Gold Card, call 1-800-458-AMEX.



© 1988 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

IS WITH THIS.



THE GOLD CARD

Underwritten by National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh, PA. Coverage is subject to the terms, conditions, and exclusions of the policy.

This is excess coverage that reimburses for eligible losses not covered by other sources of insurance or reimbursement. Certain expensive, exotic, and antique cars are not covered.

longest-loved TV wits in England, a deft, pondering man tuned in to by a vast constituency—"says the most important moment in world politics is the moment when someone at a conference gets a raspberry seed between his teeth. The moment of the vital concession."

A pause, of course. He bends down in his study, despite his painful back, to look carefully at some watercolors in his workroom. He has become absorbed in collecting watercolors, and not as investments. Then: "Democracy's a good idea, naturally. Doesn't work, but worth exploring. Like marriage." He visibly runs through his two marriages in his head, looks cheerful, and breaks his own silence again to say, with the passionate temperance that is peculiarly his, "Standing in the middle of the road politically, I'd love to do a stinging satiric show on behalf of standing in the middle of the road politically. A really immoderate attack on immoderates by outstandingly moderate people."

This extreme moderate is troubled by most organized religion, because of its excesses, but he says its failure obviously matters to people. "I got interested in it after doing 'The Life of Brian.' And there's something I did in a Python book. It's an interview with Vice-Pope Eric. He'd been elected on the same slate as Pope Paul, and he was asked about Christ's teaching and whether there was any conflict between that and the Catholic Church. He explained that if you are propagating a creed of poverty, humility, and tolerance you'd better have a very rich and powerful and authoritarian organization to do it. That seemed to me to catch absolutely the unanswerable paradox in organized religion. If religion is about stripping away the ego, then why is it that these stripping organizations behave so egotistically themselves? I actually think 'The Life of Brian' was a very religious film. What it was sending up was the

way people usually follow religious leaders by rapidly discarding what the religious leaders really meant—so that religion ends up by serving the purpose of making people feel more righteous than others they disagree with. 'Thou shalt not kill—except, of course, under the following circumstances.' Most of the trouble in the world seems to come from people denying their dark side and projecting it into other people. That's what paranoia is: making yourself feel great because you're right and everyone else is wrong. Then if you have to do awful things to those others, you're always morally justified, because what else *can* you do when you're confronted by these awful people? It's the only thing they understand. It seems to me that the real trouble between America and Russia or in Northern Ireland or the Middle East has to do with people pretending to be better than they are. The obvious, inarguable failure of religion is that a lot of intelligent people don't seem to be able to find a thing in it that's any good to them. So that removes one clear

possibility of seeing yourself as a part of something larger."

CLEESE clears his throat and starts to talk about the Great Headmaster in the Sky. Schoolmasters loom in the mind of John Cleese. "I was nervous about being a schoolmaster with a name like mine," he says.

"Cleese?"

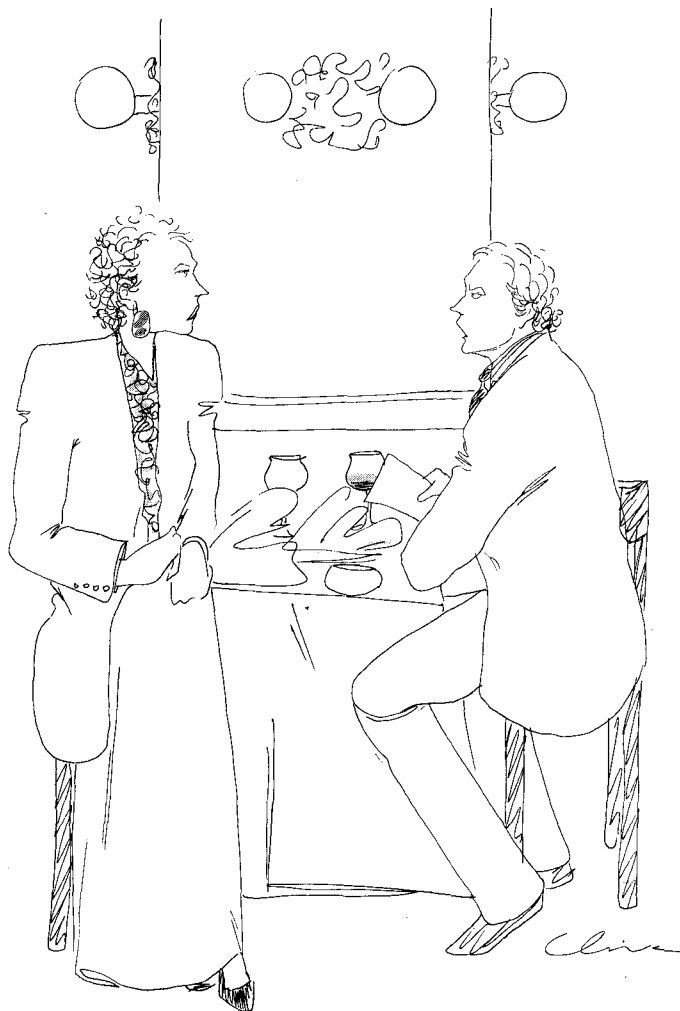
"Cleese, yes." Sigh. Some burdens can't be explained. The inability is a comic facet. "But it turned out all right in the end," he says. A silent survey, leading to a change of angle in the mind: "I had support from ancient Greek relations, of course. Sophocleese, Pericleese . . ."

I ask about all the psychotherapy.

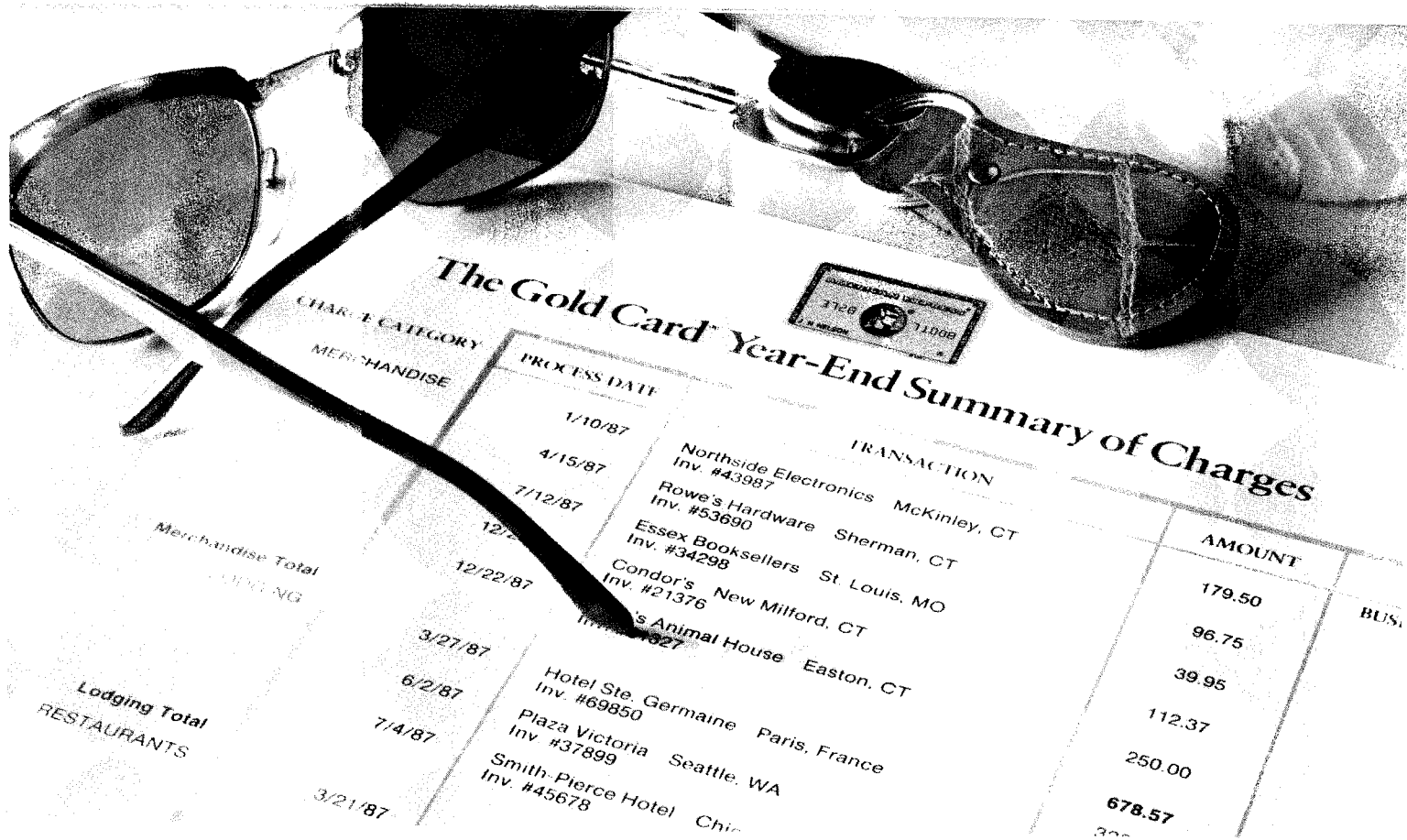
Obviously anxious not to break faith with malady, he says, "I used to have a recurring anxiety dream. An exam-anxiety dream." He begins to look eased by telling it. "I'd dream that I'd suddenly discovered I had to take an exam the very next day in a subject completely unknown to me. So I'd rush round all the Cambridge bookshops looking for the key textbook. They'd all be out of it. 'The cat just ate it.' It was terrible! I had this dream till I was about thirty-five. Then I started saying to myself, 'Wait a moment. I already have a degree from Cambridge. What am I so worried about?'"

Cleese treats the components of himself from a distance, as though they had simply happened to him. One afternoon, I watch him working out a gesture for an absent-minded man telling a story about escaping imprisonment. His left fingers are to creep along the arm of his chair as he talks. They look to me satisfactorily like the hands and knees of a fugitive about to bungle it. He is watching the hand as he speaks. No good. Then he tries it with his eyes on the listener, oblivious of the doings of his fingers. The second way he approves.

So I say, "Given enough



"Sweetheart, let's split this right down the middle."



THE BEST WAY TO PUT YOUR LIFE IN ORDER...

The best way to help bring order to an often chaotic world is with the Gold Card®. And the Year-End Summary of Charges that accompanies Gold Card membership.

The Year-End Summary is a comprehensive review of Gold Card charges for the past year. What you spent. Where you spent it.

So, in addition to a host of world-wide financial and travel privileges, the Gold Card also shows where life took you. Which allows you to concentrate on living it.

To acquire the Gold Card, call 1-800-648-AMEX.



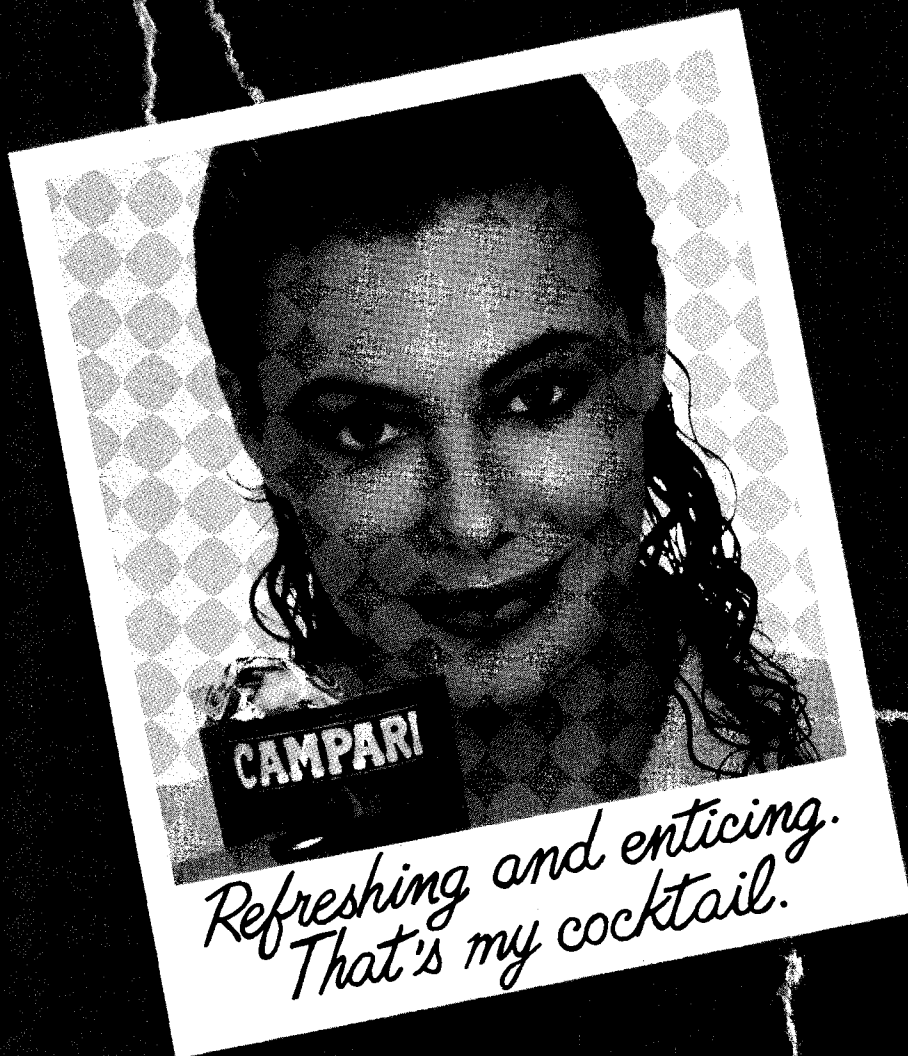
© 1988 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

IS WITH THIS.



THE GOLD CARD

48° Proof Spirit Aperitif (Liquor) Imported by Campari USA Inc. New York, NY 10104



Campari and Orange Juice

Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks



Kelly Le Brock dressed by Valentino

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talent, 'every problem is technical,' as the English Stage Company's late founder-director George Devine used to say."

"That's what it boils down to, isn't it just?" says John Cleese. "One of the fascinating technical surprises about 'Wanda' was watching the rushes. We'd do twelve takes and be quite sure that the tenth was faultless, but again and again it was the first one that got anywhere near. Your judgment's completely wrong on the floor. The rushes show you at once that the energy's there in the first take. Not that it's all energy."

A great many John Cleese characters are built on strenuousness spent on the tangential. Maybe this is a comic staple. In "Clockwise," when the headmaster, hellbent on punctuality, misses his train to a vital, snooty conference because of his hymns to being on time ("Does the sun ever appear late over the horizon saying 'Please, sir, the train was on strike?'"), Cleese's course to the goal is sabotaged by every irrelevance imaginable. But dignity sees him through. Yes, a car will be acceptable as a substitute for the missed train, though the idea entails re-courting an ex-girlfriend who left him because of his perpetual lateness. She's needed as chauffeur in the eventually heavily wounded car. He manages to give his seat belt the appearance of a monarch's sash. The car then gets stuck in the mud of a field unfairly parading as a shortcut. Cleese strides with purpose to a monastery. "I say, I'm terribly sorry," he says to an obviously head monk, "but do you happen to have a tractor?" The monk keeps quiet: not because he is a Trappist but because he is silenced by the manic calm of the man.

Cleese is himself laconic. He cherishes the silence of, for instance, snooker on television. "You don't have to have the sound on at all. It's all calmness and skill and good manners. To make snooker work on American television, they'd have to make it a contact sport. And the way they shoot the game gives you this lovely sense of geography. Long shots. I'm very keen on them."

Every film comedian I've ever known likes working full-figure, and as a filmmaker Cleese prefers using master shots as often as he dares, for the sake of letting audiences choose what to watch. John Cleese thinks courteously. "I'm very fond of good manners, especially those of Italians



There is another way to cope with the rising cost of office space.

Contact Ben Ferrara, Director, Division of Economic Development at (609) 292-7757. Or if you'd rather talk to him at night or on weekends, call (201) 768-7788.

New Jersey And You, Perfect Together.

Thomas H. Kean, Governor, Borden R. Putnam, Commissioner, Department of Commerce, Energy & Economic Development

NY



Ms. Letitia Baldrige
America's leading expert on manners.

People In The Best Circles Stay In The Square.

Guests of The Charles—including many of Boston's most illustrious visitors—concur that the vigor and character of Cambridge's Harvard Square provides a perfect setting for the luxury they've found at this fine, independent hotel.

Home of "Nationally Outstanding" *Rarities* Restaurant, the *Regattabar* (winner of Boston Magazine's "Best Jazz Bar" award) and *Le Pli* Health Spa, The Charles is famous for genuine warmth, comfort and service. All in all, a new, more gratifying option for your next visit to Boston. **That's on the Square!**



THE
CHARLES
HOTEL

AT HARVARD SQUARE

One Bennett at Eliot Street, Cambridge,
Massachusetts 02138 (617) 864-1200

Member of Distinguished Hotels and Golden Tulip
Worldwide. A *Charles Hotel* HOTEL

running restaurants," he says. "They make you feel at once that you are one of the cognoscenti, whatever you order. 'Osso buco and the house wine, please.' 'Perfetto, Signore.' I once went to a place and ordered veal scaloppine and asked where the gents' was. 'Perfetto, Signore.' The waiter made you feel that those were the only two things that any man of genuine taste could possibly have wanted." A John Cleese character likewise manages, whatever plot predicament he is coping with, or however much mayhem his wild strivings for order create, to seem to be in polite and majestic control. It is very seldom that he cracks under the conditions that try him, and even then he conveys a flash of feeling that all might yet work out. "I can stand the despair—it's the *hope*," the hero of "Clockwise" says, sitting in a country lane waiting for the next setback. Enough energy spent to kill a man. But farce doesn't know exhaustion. This actor is a piercing, true-blue technician, and the line soars. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

I SEE

I see the lights
on your canvas draw
the rats on the pier
the dusk off glass
and limestone the rust
on a crane
I see you focus
on a moment's stillness
turn to find the channel
burn more brightly
than the sky than the
abandon of a dream
than the colors mixed
for an Annunciation
I watch your progress
down a street that curves
along a warehouse
windows filled to the arch
with brick and see
registered in a broken
cornice the industry
of never-ending lines
the palette of a city's
intersections
the bare suggestion
that your arms may
be draped in a city's colors
that you may mix red
with reticence
apply your mixture freely
to the coarsest weave
and stretch out this dance
of contrast across your frame.

—REVAN SCHENDLER

Introducing our new boarding school

In September the American Community School opens a purpose-built boarding school on its Surrey campus. Designed to accommodate boys and girls from 12 to 18, the new complex provides many outstanding features. These include spacious study bedrooms with private bathrooms; lounges, common rooms, TV/videos in each wing. Among the extra curricular activities for boarders are sports, drama and music. A comprehensive program of field trips, overseas visits, cultural and recreational weekends has been arranged.

The American Community School is a well-established, co-educational, non-sectarian school with an outstanding record of academic achievement.

To find out more, contact Roger Lewis,
American Community School, Heywood, Portsmouth Road,
Cobham, Surrey KT11 1BL, England. Telephone: 044 932 67251.
Telex 886645-ACSG. Fax 044 932 66324.



Interiors as Art

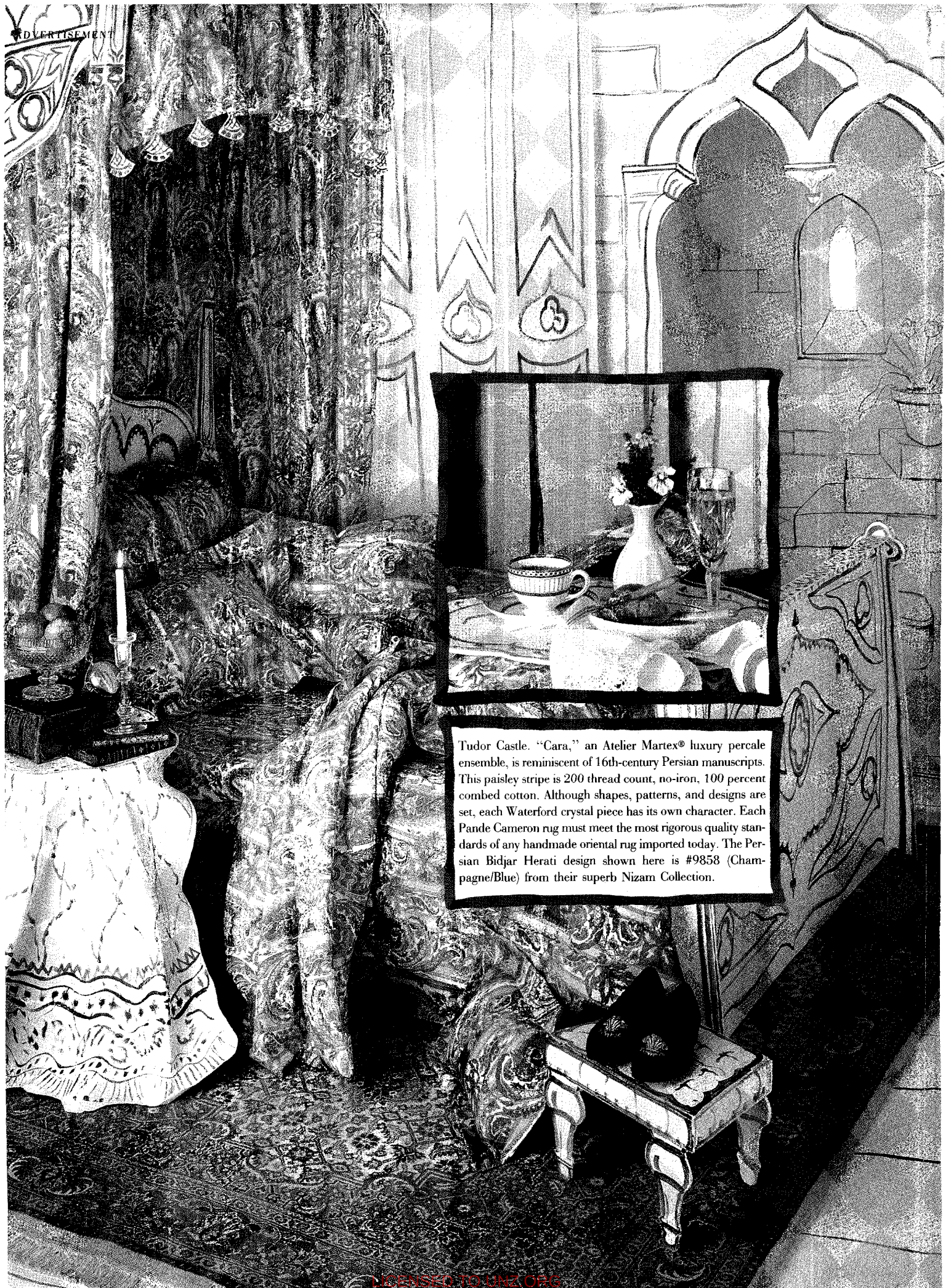


CREATING YOUR OWN HAVEN AWAY FROM THE BUSY OUTSIDE WORLD IS LIKE CREATING A WORK OF ART—IT REFLECTS A MOMENTARY VISION AND CAPTURES A MOOD. WHETHER YOUR HOME IS A SMALL, FUNCTIONAL CITY APARTMENT OR AN IMPOSING COUNTRY ESTATE, THE ENVIRONMENT YOU CREATE IN YOUR BED AND BATH SHOULD BE A COMBINATION OF DESIGN ELEMENTS THAT OFFER TRANQUIL PLEASURE.

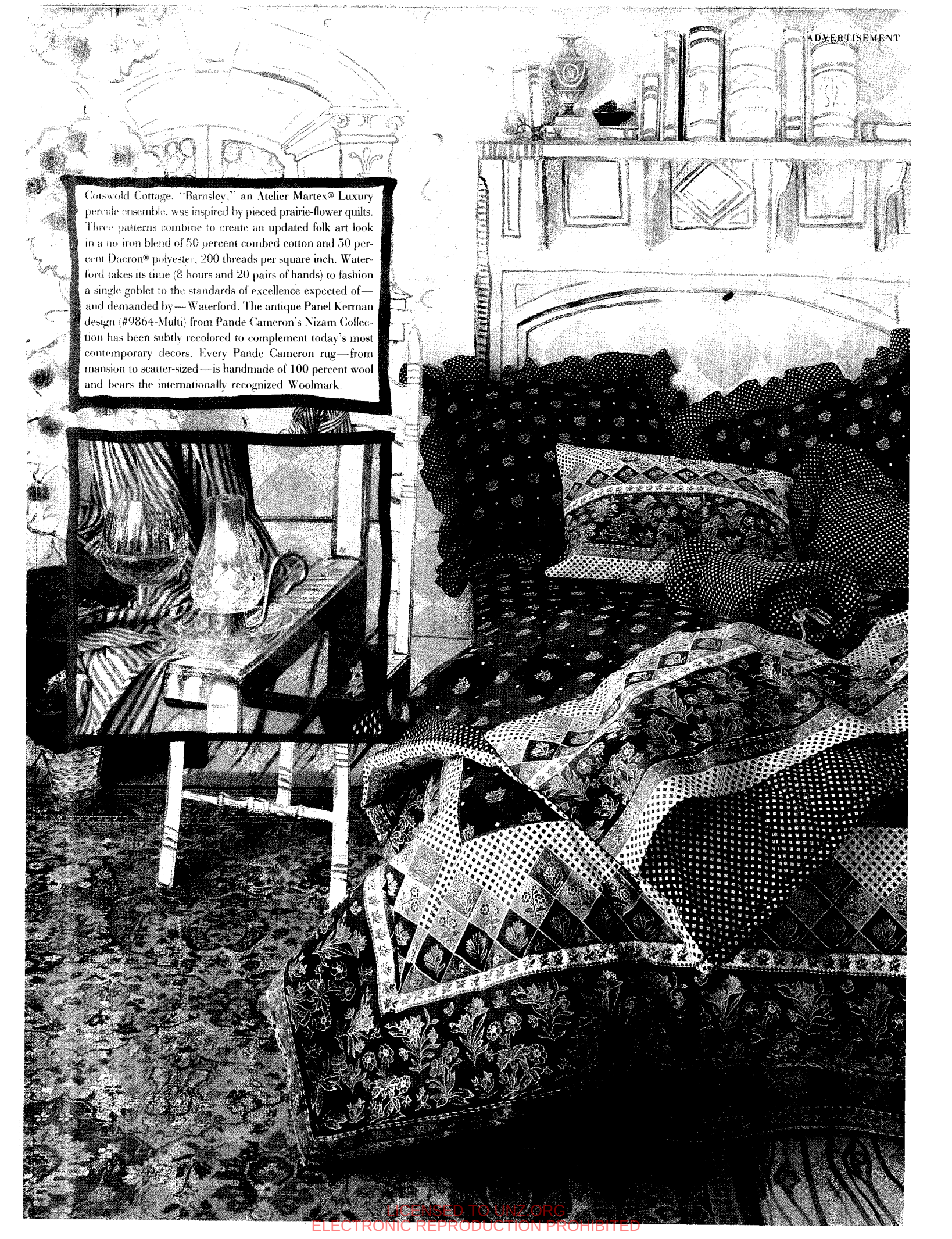
THE FOLLOWING PAGES BRING TOGETHER COMPONENTS THAT REPRESENT THE BEST IN INTERIOR DESIGN. MARTEX LINENS FOR BED AND BATH APPEAL TO BOTH THE EYE AND THE TOUCH; FINE FABRICS AND LUSH PATTERNS RECALL THE ROMANTIC ALLURE OF A VICTORIAN GARDEN OR THE RICH TEXTURES OF ORIENTAL EXTRAVAGANCE. WATERFORD CRYSTAL, EACH PIECE HANDMADE, HAS A HEFT, SPARKLE, AND MUSICAL RING THAT TRANSCEND TIME; WEDGWOOD CHINA REVEALS A HISTORY THAT HAS KEPT IT AT THE FOREFRONT OF ITS CRAFT FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES. PANDE CAMERON HANDMADE ORIENTALS FROM INDIA REPRESENT A PERFECT COMBINATION OF TRADITIONAL MOTIFS, UP-TO-DATE COLORS, AND THE FINEST CRAFTSMANSHIP AVAILABLE TODAY.

Neiman Marcus

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JESSE GERSTEIN ♦ SET DESIGN BY GEOFFREY HOWELL



Tudor Castle. "Cara," an Atelier Martex® luxury percale ensemble, is reminiscent of 16th-century Persian manuscripts. This paisley stripe is 200 thread count, no-iron, 100 percent combed cotton. Although shapes, patterns, and designs are set, each Waterford crystal piece has its own character. Each Pande Cameron rug must meet the most rigorous quality standards of any handmade oriental rug imported today. The Persian Bidjar Herati design shown here is #9858 (Champagne/Blue) from their superb Nizam Collection.



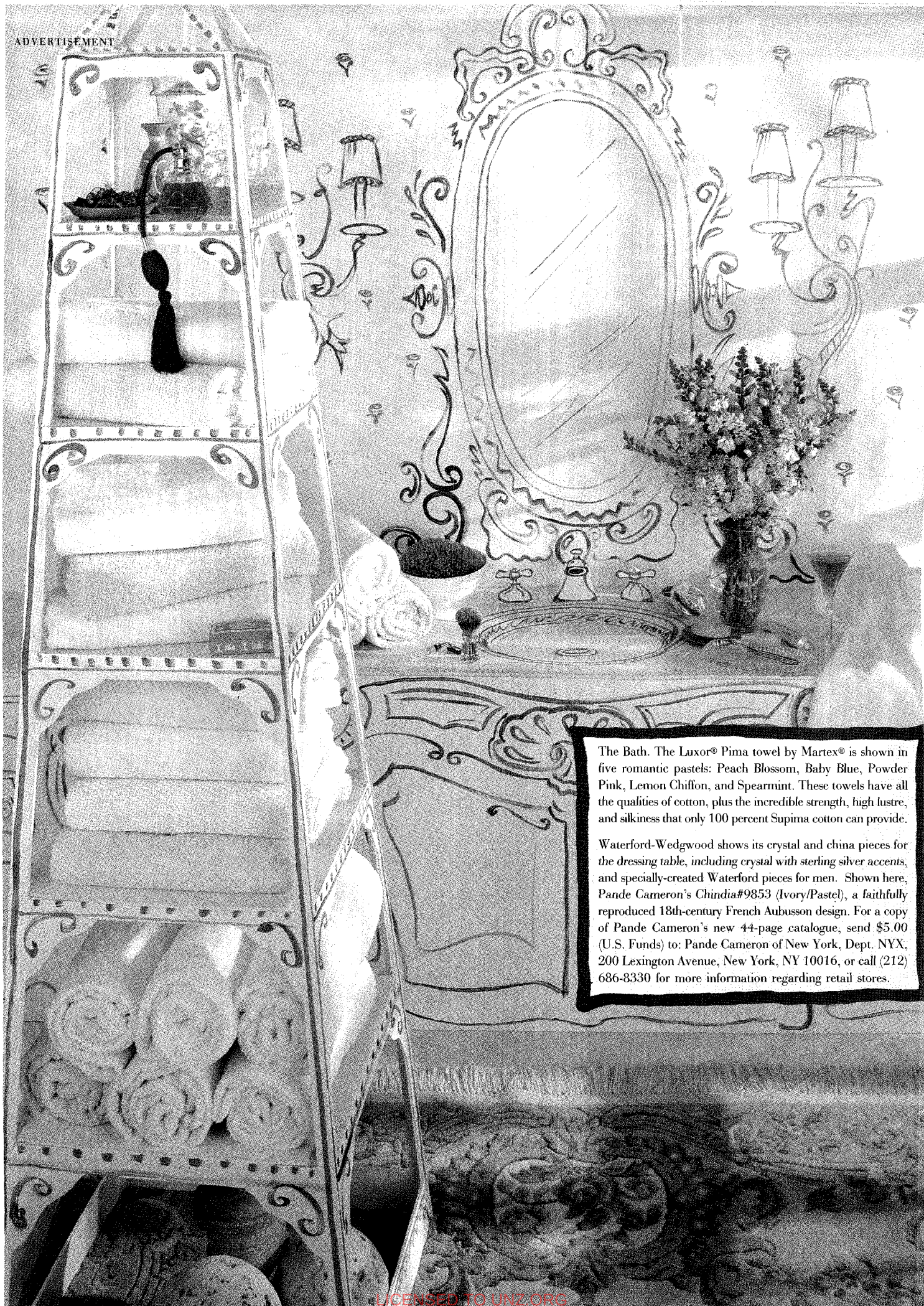
Goswold Cottage, "Barnsley," an Atelier Martex® Luxury percale ensemble, was inspired by pieced prairie-flower quilts. Three patterns combine to create an updated folk art look in a no-iron blend of 50 percent combed cotton and 50 percent Dacron® polyester, 200 threads per square inch. Waterford takes its time (8 hours and 20 pairs of hands) to fashion a single goblet to the standards of excellence expected of—and demanded by—Waterford. The antique Panel Kerman design (#9864-Multi) from Pande Cameron's Nizam Collection has been subtly recolored to complement today's most contemporary decors. Every Pande Cameron rug—from mansion to scatter-sized—is handmade of 100 percent wool and bears the internationally recognized Woolmark.



Tropical Villa. "Antigua," an Atelier Martex® luxury percale calls to mind the glow of a lush rain forest. The ensemble is a blend of 50 percent combed cotton and 50 percent Dacron® polyester of 200 threads per square inch. Each piece of Waterford is individually made by a craftsman—an artist—who has an intuitive feel for the glass and the finished piece it will become. Pande Cameron's elegant designs can be found in the finest homes—and stores—around the country. Pictured, Royal Jahan Mahal design #1981 (Ivory/Blue), also available in Ivory/Rose and Rose/Ivory.



French pied-à-terre. "Isabella," a Martex® Liberty of London® luxury percale ensemble, recalls a rare botanical document found in the archives of Liberty of London®. This late 18th-century design is 200 threads per square inch of no-iron 100 percent combed cotton, available with a coordinating bath ensemble. Sculpted from a unique mix of molten crystal, Waterford stemware is acknowledged as the world's most brilliant. Each piece is mouth-blown and hand-cut to bring out its special fire within. Pande Cameron offers a very traditional Mir Seraband design—Nizam#9866—in a very contemporary Apricot coloration. This centuries-old Persian design is also available in Blue, Champagne, Seafoam Green, Hunter Green, and Red.



The Bath. The Luxor® Pima towel by Martex® is shown in five romantic pastels: Peach Blossom, Baby Blue, Powder Pink, Lemon Chiffon, and Spearmint. These towels have all the qualities of cotton, plus the incredible strength, high lustre, and silkiness that only 100 percent Supima cotton can provide.

Waterford-Wedgwood shows its crystal and china pieces for the dressing table, including crystal with sterling silver accents, and specially-created Waterford pieces for men. Shown here, Pande Cameron's Chindia#9853 (Ivory/Pastel), a faithfully reproduced 18th-century French Aubusson design. For a copy of Pande Cameron's new 44-page catalogue, send \$5.00 (U.S. Funds) to: Pande Cameron of New York, Dept. NYX, 200 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10016, or call (212) 686-8330 for more information regarding retail stores.

THE SPORTING SCENE

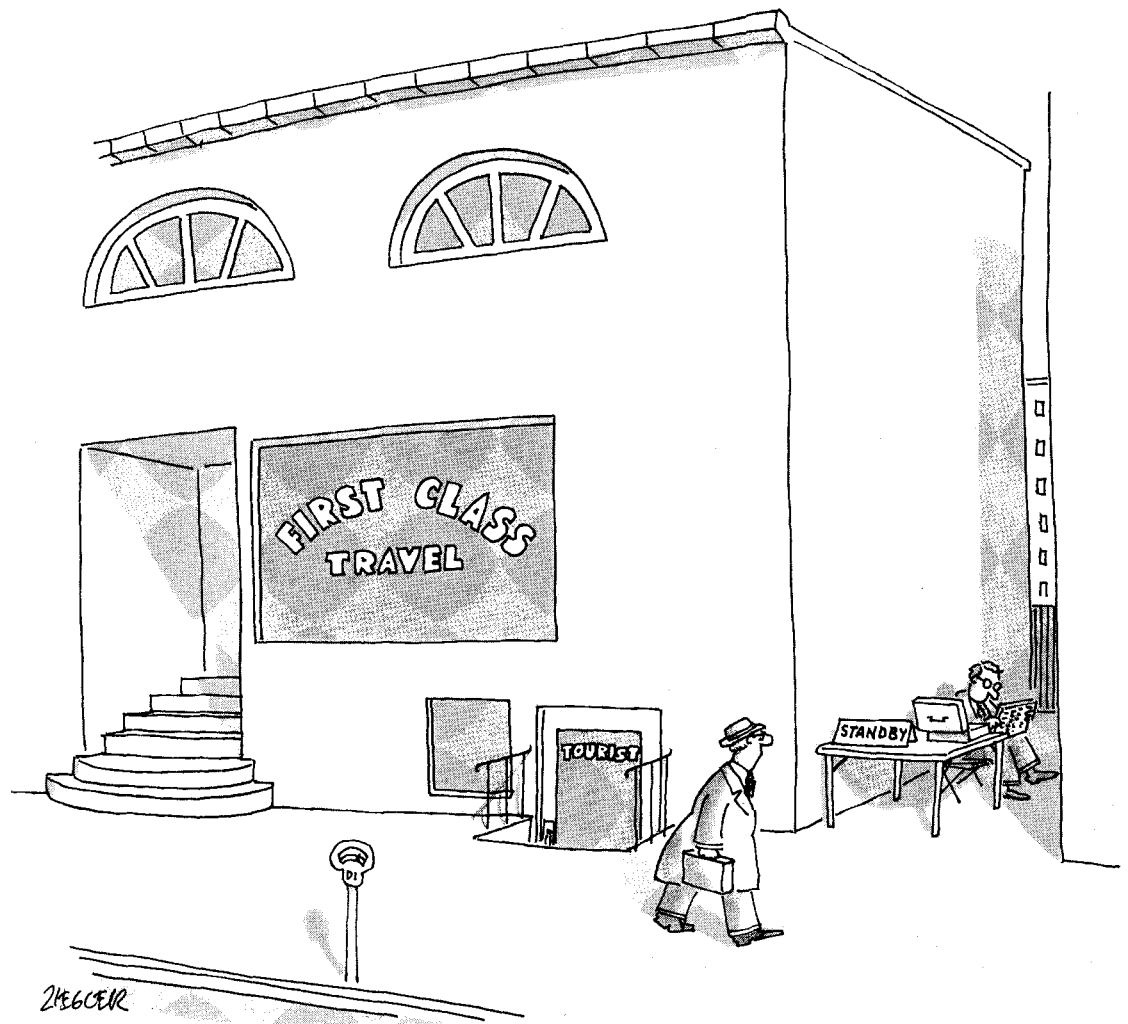
A HEART FOR THE GAME

BASEBALL sights and settings are so familiar that reporters reëncountering the game at the spring-training camps in Arizona and Florida give an almost perceptible little nod as they step out onto the first field of March and find all in place once again. Here are seven or eight players, larger and younger than one has remembered (as always), gathered around the batting cage, awaiting their turns at the plate in easeful, half-forgotten poses that now slide back into recognition like a foot into a bedroom slipper. A bat rests briefly against one man's knees while he pulls the little strap on a pine-smudged batting glove tighter and presses it closed against his wrist; over here, a player hangs loose, with one spiked foot crossed in front of the other, while one palm rests on the knob of his propped-up bat, taking his weight at the hip; off to one side, a thick-armed rookie seizes two bats in one hand and whirls them in a sudden circle; two more of the waiting men converse in undertones while they fussily cock and recock their batting helmets with identical gestures. The sweating coach out on the mound (he's a right-hander, so the little protective screen on the down slope before him is set up with its lower sector over on the third-base side of the diamond) leans and chunks once again; the batter swings and fouls the ball—*tonk!*—off the steel frame of the cage, and, his turn finished, leaves the box, muttering; the next hitter hurries into place, pokes the loose balls away from the plate with the tip of his bat, plants his feet, and looks eagerly out for the pitch. "How many—eight?" he asks, and the batting coach, behind the cage, looks at his watch and murmurs,

"Six now. Six." There's nothing new here; there's no end to this, year after year, and yet each time out, each spring, it feels surprising as well as comforting, utterly fresh and known by heart—the old game in a young season. Circling the batters, the writer approaches the cage from the rear, takes up his own stance (one foot automatically finds the bottom railing of the cage, like that of a toper easing up to the bar), adjusts his own hat, and tests the tension of the knotted netting in front of him, making sure he won't catch a foul in the face. The batting coach, an old acquaintance, puts out a beefy paw in welcome, but his eyes go quickly back to the batter. A couple of the players offer recognizing smiles or head-bobs, but their attention is elsewhere; this is business. Then there's a shock: a traded-for star, a towering, famous figure, stands over there among the rookies and the regulars, looking

all wrong in his strange new uniform—and then, in the same instant, looking young and dangerous in this born-again role. *Ask D.*, the writer reminds himself in a mental note. *How does it feel, etc.?* Work, of a sort, has begun.

B.p. goes on. The waiting hitters follow each outbound batted ball with their gaze, sometimes laughing or groaning over its path or distance, and then a long fly ball grows smaller and somehow whiter as it tries for the fence ("There's one" . . . "Dinger" . . .), only to be swallowed up by a loping, faraway fielder ("Shee-it"). Long before the catch, the coach on the third-base side has tapped out a bouncer to an opposite-side infielder, who wafts it along to his shortstop with offhand ease while, out behind the other line, another coach sends a fungo fly aloft to one of a distant half-dozen clustered outfielders: three balls in flight at the

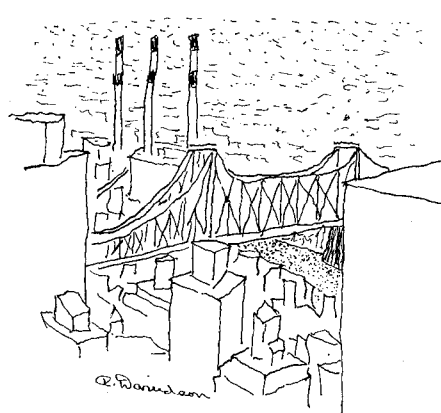


same time sometimes, and then the three coming back in—the batted ball to a shagging pitcher out behind second base, and the others in looped, one-hop pegs that can be seized barehanded by the waiting coaches. *Plock!*—another drive flies out of the cage, and the coaches, left and right, flip up their pills and take their bats back with identical ancient motions. It's a machine, and though the writer knows this all so well, perhaps now, on his first day back, he'll notice that a batted grounder gives off a particular sound when it strikes the infield grass—a little *tchsk*, perhaps, or a slicker, skidding *tsk* if the ball is rapped hard—and even notice that a rhythmic *chusk*, *chusk*, *chusk* off behind him somewhere is only the tread of a player's spikes as he crosses the strip of dirt in front of the dugout before clattering down the steps to grab a bat and maybe sneak over to the water fountain. And bats—well, let's forget about the sound of bats, for, as we know, there's a whole percussive symphony of whacks and whocks, bonks, bunks, plongs, clicks, and clongs that tell us precise things about the pitch and the pitcher, about the swing and the batter and the part of his bat that has made contact, and maybe even about the weather and the time of day and the time of year. If we could make ourselves listen to this game as easily as we watch it, we could do a play-by-play just from the sounds of baseball.

WEST and East this March, I again gave my attention to teams and stars and young prospects along with fly balls and foul tips, but some unexpected entries turn up in my notes as well. Balks, for instance. This spring, umpires in both leagues issued stern definitions of the new, full-halt clause that will govern a pitcher's motions on the mound with men on base (the pausing hands must come to a full stop, with both the pitcher's feet on the ground), and then enforced them afield, like rookie cops on a maiden tour around the block. Eleven "BK"s cropped up in my scorecards—a smattering, at that, when you consider that Charlie Hough, the wily old Ranger knuckleballer and pickoff artist, had nine called against him in a single game this spring. On a rainy morning with the Red Sox in Winter Haven, I eavesdropped on a forty-minute lecture by the American League arbiter Greg

Kosc, who also expounded on the new strike zone, which (if I got this right) will be smaller than the 1987 model but somehow larger, too. The old strike zone was a plate-wide vertical box extending from the batter's armpits down to the tops of his knees (the invisible measurement is made just prior to the swing, by the way, which means that pitchers do not have to aim deliveries past the scrunched-up, folded-footstool stance presented by a Rickey Henderson, for instance), but in recent years umps in both leagues have absolutely ignored the upper half of the black, forcing the pitchers to work more and more in a dinky strike zone, thus probably accounting for a portion of last year's record 4,458 home runs. The 1988 strike zone begins at mid-chest level, and, according to Kosc, umps are expecting to call strikes that are a *little* higher, top and bottom, than they were last year—good news for a high burner like Dwight Gooden, let's say, and bad news for a low-ball slugger like Mark McGwire. This is puzzling stuff, but I have long since concluded that baseball rulings should be approached in the manner of church dogma: Rome (or the league office) decrees, but observance is determined at the parish level.

Over the years, my spring cruises have become habitual and self-indulgent. I try to avoid distant side trips and the noisier tourist centers (Club George is not for me), and I arrange for comfortable stopovers at favorite old ports of call: the Giants and the Athletics in the Western Archipelago, and the Mets and the Red Sox in the East. This time, the Mets had changed coasts and venues and had to be searched out in their expansive new multi-field facility at Port St. Lucie, forty miles up from Palm Beach, but when I got there and took in some games the looks and air and confidence



of the club outdid expectation. Indeed, I would not be surprised to find all four of my old flames at the top of their divisions, come October. Wherever I went, I took my ease and a few notes, collected rumors and moments and batting styles, and sometimes strolled away from the mild but jam-packed afternoon games in the later innings, in the hope of beating the homeward- or poolward-bound traffic. Spring training is a sellout everywhere these days. On past tours, I have improved the sunlit hours by pursuing a particular line of baseball inquiry—batting, catching, infield play, pitching strategy—among some of the readily available practitioners, but since there are always on hand a dozen or two players, scouts, managers, and coaches whose company and wisdom I crave, I concluded this time that a General Studies course—The Pastime 101—might prove equally rewarding, if I got lucky with my lectures and section men.

IN Arizona, I looked up Tony Gwynn, the Padres' chunky, cheerful outfielder, who is, at twenty-seven, the least-celebrated great hitter in the game. His six-year career batting average stands at .335, and last summer he led all comers, with two hundred and eighteen hits and a dazzling .370 average. A left-side batter, with a classic high-hands stance, he is aggressive and optimistic at the plate, rapping up-the-middle line drives off the fastball and waiting with his timed, flashing stroke (he swings a thirty-two-and-a-half-inch bat—a toothpick) on breaking balls and offspeed stuff. He is a famous hard worker (some days he will get in six hundred swings in the batting cage), and an easy mark for autograph hunters and interviewers. The day we talked, he and the Padres' team doctors had concluded that the flare-up of an old tendon injury at the base of his left index finger would require immediate surgery if he was to be ready for Opening Day, but Gwynn, who seems congenitally incapable of a frown, didn't mention the matter until I brought it up.

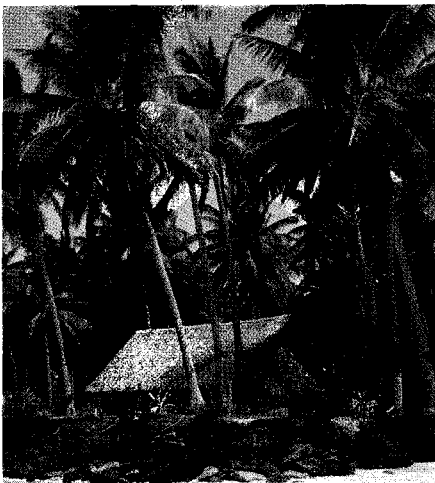
I asked him if he had ever found hitting difficult, and he laughed almost in an embarrassed way and said, "Well, I guess not. The numbers have always added up at the end of the year. I could hit in school and in college"—Gwynn, who grew up in Long Beach, California, attended San Diego State

INDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.



Exclusively Fine Champagne Cognac

Remy



GET LOST! IN PARADISE

An island paradise that offers you total relaxation plus the thrill of discovery. Stroll pristine beaches. Go fishing for the big ones. Sun yourself by our pool or scuba in waters renowned for the splendor of their tropical fish. On Forbes Magazine's LAUCALA ISLAND, all the choices are yours.

BUT JUST FOR A FEW . . . Forbes loves its private Fiji island, and we think you will, too. So we've put out the welcome mat, but only for a few at a time. We'll take up to 8 guests, for 7 nights and 8 days. Cost is \$1,950 per person, which includes 4 days of tropical fishing plus all meals, lodging and a round-trip flight between Laucala and Nadi International Airport (on the main island). It's the "in" place to go, away from the cold, the traffic, the noise, the hassle. Service with a smile and no tipping.

For information please write:
Fiji Manager/Dept B3
Attn: Errol Ryland
Fort Garland, CO 81133
or call (303) 379-3263



on a basketball scholarship, and was drafted by the San Diego Clippers, of the National Basketball Association, as well as by the Padres—"but my rookie year up here I only batted .289. In my mind, I knew I could do better than that. When I first came up, if the pitch was a strike I tried to hit it. Now I have some experience and I don't just jump at that first fastball. I know the pitchers and what they're trying to do to me, and I try to work the count my way. Last year, I walked eighty-two times, which was a high for me."

Last year, Gwynn also stole fifty-six bases (another high for him), and that total, taken in conjunction with his .370 batting average, established a combined record never before touched in his league. (He held the .370 through his final at-bat of the season, he told me, by taking ball four on a three-and-two count against Dodger pitcher Shawn Hillegas. "He tried to back-door me with a breaking ball, and it *just* missed," Tony said, mimicking his anxious glance back at the umpire. "I wanted that record, but you got to have some luck sometimes, too.") Only Ty Cobb, George Sisler, and Tris Speaker (American League immortals all) have ever batted .370 or better with at least fifty stolen bases in a single season, but Gwynn's feat went almost unnoticed in the press, attracting far less attention than, for instance, a thirty-four-game hitting streak mounted by a rookie teammate of his, Benito Santiago; Gwynn finished a distant eighth in the National League Most Valuable Player balloting last winter. To be sure, he plays for a tucked-away last-place team (the Padres came in twenty-five games behind the Giants in the N.L. West), and he also accounted for only seven home runs and fifty-four runs batted in—miles behind the forty-nine homers and the hundred and thirty-seven R.B.I.s that won the Most Valuable Player title for Andre Dawson, of the Cubs. Gwynn's deeper difficulty may be that he is a Ty Cobb-style ballplayer (Cobb actually pulled off the combination of a .370-or-better average and fifty-plus stolen bases seven times in his career) marooned in an era when dash and finesse have almost gone out of fashion.

"I was kind of hurt by that M.V.P. voting," Gwynn said to me. "If I'd had even twenty home runs, maybe

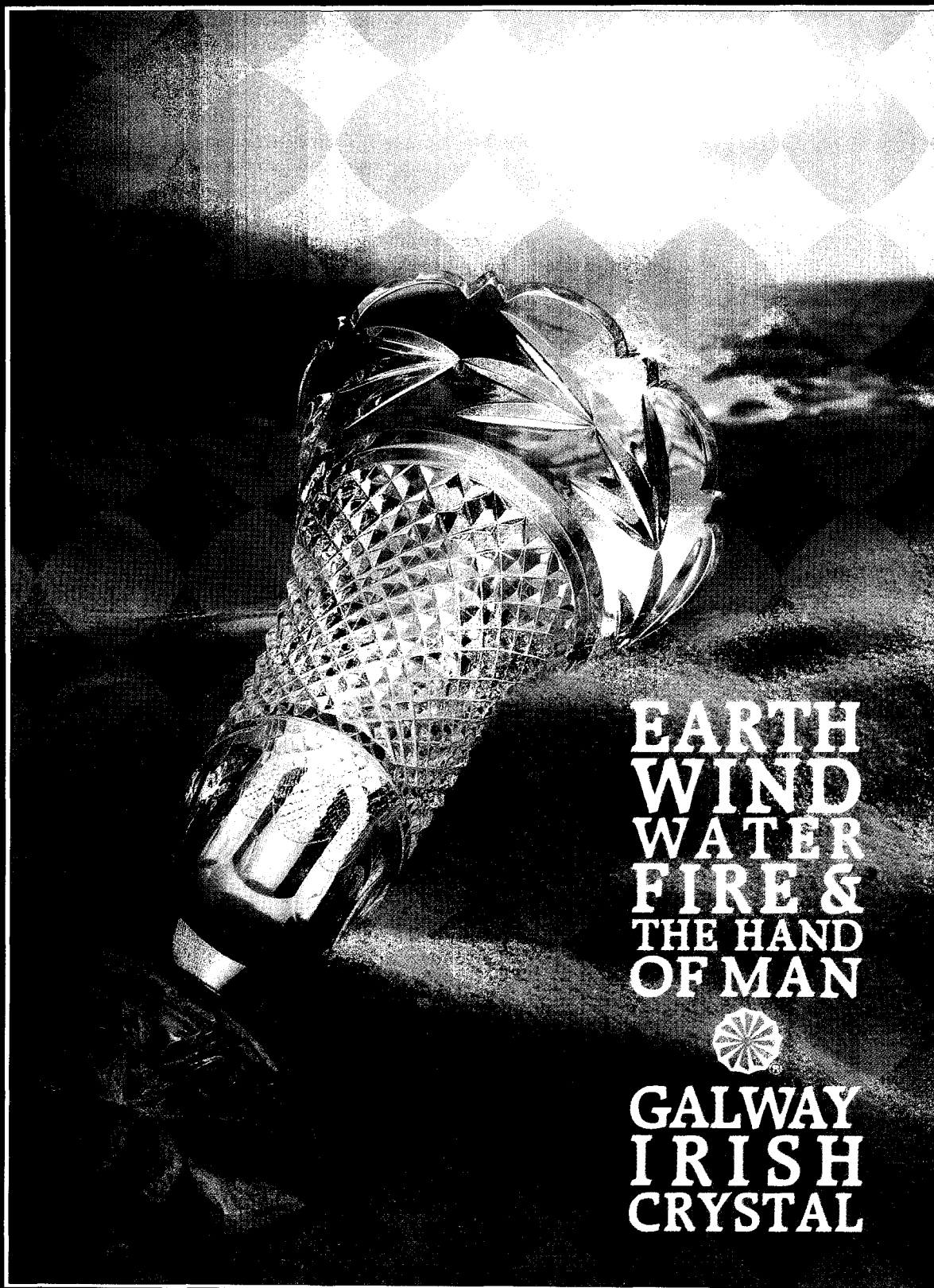
they'd have looked at me differently. I've given some thought to changing my style a little. I could do it—I *believe* I could do it—but hitting homers would cost me some points on my average and my on-base level. The way I am is best for this club. I think what I do has some merit."

I told Tony that I well remembered his vivid late-season performance for the pennant-winning Padres in 1984, when he and the lead-off man, Alan Wiggins, formed such a fearsome one-two combination in the batting order; Gwynn batted .402 with Wiggins on base that year.

"I got spoiled," Gwynn said. "With Wiggy on base, I saw mostly just fastballs. It wasn't until he left the club that I began growing up as a hitter. You've got to learn to handle anything they throw you. To me, the challenge is facing a great pitcher—a Gooden or a Mike Scott, a John Tudor, a Fernando. Those guys aren't going to give in to you. They're out there to force you to hit their pitch. But as a hitter, you've got to make them throw a pitch you can handle. It's as simple as that. The pitcher knows how he's going to attack you, and you know how you *want* him to attack you. You fight it out in the count, and if you can get it going your way maybe you can do some things."

At times, Gwynn seemed almost apologetic when he talked about his hitting; he sounded like a man with an inherited fortune—the great gift was there, all right, but perhaps it was not quite deserved—who preferred to dwell on some bit of work he was paid to do. "No question I was only a fair right fielder when I came up here—maybe *less* than fair," he said at one point. "Now I've won two Gold Gloves in a row, and nobody in the world thought that would come along." His best day, he told me, was a home game against the Mets in August, 1986, when he cut down Darryl Strawberry with a peg to home plate, and threw out Rafael Santana and then Keith Hernandez when they tried to stretch singles into doubles. He also went three for five against Dwight Gooden (and successors), scored a run, and stole two bases. The Padres lost the game, but when it was over it appeared that he had been noticed for a moment as something more than a





Elemental ingredients, elemental forces...harnessed and painstakingly fashioned into elegant 24% hand-cut lead crystal. "The unwritten poetry of Ireland", at the finest stores, worldwide.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS • GALWAY, IRELAND

According to
the laws of evolution,
only perfectly adapted
species will survive.



D.10701485


SEBAGO
DOCKSIDES

THE ORIGINAL
HANDSEWN IN USA

Sebago, Inc., Westbrook, Maine 04092

good little singles hitter. "The press came around, you know, and for once there was no talk about hitting," he said. His face lit up. "I *loved* those questions!"

ROOKIE shortstops catch your eye—and your speculation as well, because the work is so tough. Down the years, only a handful of beginners have done the job in their rookie seasons on teams that made it to a pennant or a divisional crown: among them Phil Rizzuto, Tony Kubek, and Tom Tresh, all with the Yankees, in 1941, 1957, and 1962; Dave Concepcion, with the 1970 Reds; and Chris Speier, with the 1971 Giants. (The two last are still active players, with the same clubs, this year.) This interesting matter came up again and again in the press boxes this spring, for both the Athletics and the Mets will rest their considerable pennant hopes on rookie shortstops. Walter Weiss, a first-round draft selection of the Athletics in 1985, was a non-roster invitee to spring training last year. But then he played well at two minor-league levels in the summer, and showed so much style and sock during a late stint with the big club (he batted .462 in sixteen games), that the Athletics traded away their incumbent, Alfredo Griffin, over the winter and handed Weiss the job. He is twenty-four, but there is an assured and settled look to him, perhaps because he makes the plays almost stolidly out there, with an old-fashioned two-handed grab, and then fires the ball to first—he has a great arm, of course—in disdainful, old-pro fashion, *just* beating the runner, even on easy one-hop chances. The club has so much power this year that it can carry Weiss even if he bats in the low .200 range, but he expects to do much better than that. "I won't be surprised if I hit .285 this year," he said to me. "In fact, I expect it."

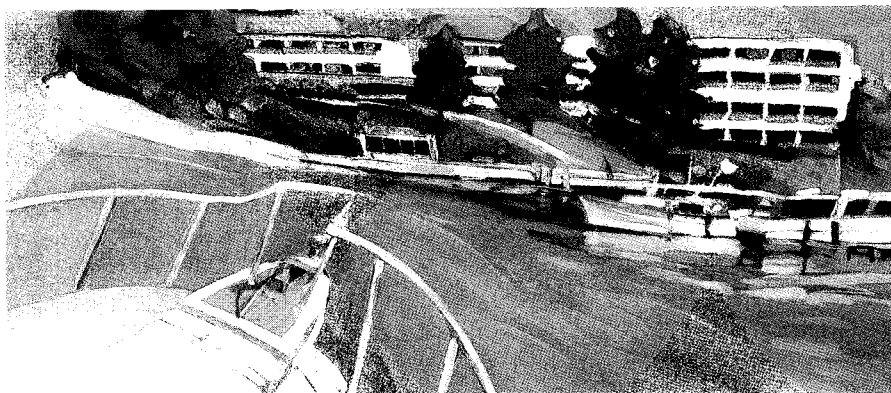
The Mets' Kevin Elster is something quite different—a tall Handsome Harry, with great range and hands and anticipation, who has been voted an All-Star at every minor-league level, starting with the Little Falls Mets in 1984. He has seen brief service with the Mets in each of the past two seasons, including appearances in the playoffs and the World Series in 1986. He has been the Mets' heir apparent at the position for two or three seasons now, but they haven't hurried him.

"We've prepared him exactly the way you want to," general manager Frank Cashen told me. "If ever a man was ready for the job, he's ready." Listening to this, I realized once again how many clubs I have seen who present a glittery, rookie-studded lineup as an indication of their imminent success when in fact it is the teams who can afford *not* to play their youngsters at the major-league level who do best in the end. The Mets, who are now the deepest and probably the most admired organization in baseball, will field a full lineup of almost guaranteed future major-leaguers on their Tidewater Class AAA team this year, a rarity in the game. (Cashen is a calming presence. When I turned up at Port St. Lucie, the media were in a feeding frenzy over Darryl Strawberry's unpleasant and ill-advised remarks about his teammates in a recent magazine article, and his denial that he had ever said such things. When I asked Cashen about it, he shrugged and smiled. "As a catastrophe, it was about a five," he said. "The degree of difficulty was a three.")

An inordinate number of clubs changed their looks and their prospects over this past winter, when there was heavy drawing and dealing in the player market. Jack Clark, the part-Italian and part-Baccarat-glass ex-Cardinal, is playing for the Yankees this year and is expected to whack some balls into the distant left- and center-field steppes of the Stadium (the management has *forehandedly* shortened the fences out there by twelve feet), and the enormous Lee Smith, late of the Cubs, will fire his late-inning fastballs for the Red Sox, badly startling the careworn locals in the stands, who haven't seen such a thing at the Fens since the sixties, when Dick Radatz sometimes let fly an errant pitch into the Palladian windows of the neighboring Athenæum. Los Angeles, which last year, by consensus, fielded the All-Worst Dodger team since its Babe Herman days, picked up not only *two* bullpen stoppers (Jay Howell and Jesse Orosco) but the expatriate Oakland shortstop Alfredo Griffin and the muscular Kirk Gibson, who was unshackled from his moneyed slavery in Detroit by an arbitrator's decision in a free-agency collusion case. No one, however, has beefed up in more startling fashion than Oakland, whose V.P. for baseball operations, Sandy Al-

derson, enjoyed an amazing run at the off-season trading tables and free-agent bazaar. The new Athletics veterans include second baseman Glenn Hubbard, an erstwhile Brave; pitchers Bob Welch and Matt Young, from the Dodgers; and outfielder/d.h. sluggers Dave Parker, Dave Henderson, and Don Baylor, who played, respectively, for the Reds, the Giants, and the Twins last summer. (Phone bills for the Alderson house this winter had to be delivered by U.P.S.) These last three bring the Athletics an accumulated total of eighteen feet eight inches, six hundred and sixty pounds, six hundred and ninety-two lifetime home runs, and thirty-six years two hundred and five days' major-league experience, all in one serving. The Oakland lineup also includes the American League's two most recent rookie-of-the-year selections, Jose Canseco and Mark McGwire. The team's starting nine remind you of a National Football League team when they galumph out onto the field before the anthem, and on certain days they will put some football totals up on the scoreboard as well.

In Arizona, I heard the predictable apprehensive mumblings about first baseman McGwire, who last year broke all rookie records with his forty-nine home runs, but I don't think the second-year megrims will afflict him much. He is calm and pink and workmanlike, with a sweet, short stroke and a disposition that allows him to wait without anxiety for his wonderful outbursts at the plate. Early in March, I saw him waft four downtowners in a span of three games; if he accounts for, say, thirty home runs this summer, he will have done his job. Canseco did the job last year, his second season, when his thirty-one homers and hundred and thirteen R.B.I.s went almost unnoticed in the great fuss about McGwire, but he is another sort of slugger, who tends to overswing and go all wristy during dry spells. He couldn't do a thing at the plate in the early Arizona games, but when I saw him again, later in the month (I made two visits to the desert this year), he had begun to come out of it a bit. He fanned twice in a game against the Mariners, but he also managed a single, a triple, and a homer (his first of the spring). The triple bonked off the low right-field fence at Tempe Diablo Stadium, dislodging the middle numeral in the "360" sign that indi-



Taxi up our private runway

THE TIDES INN AND AMERICAN EXPRESS. GREAT TRAVEL COMPANIONS.™

Cruise slowly past groves of stately oaks. Hover in the dappled shadows. And prepare for landing at one of the premier retreats of the Chesapeake. The Tides Inn.

Poised on a grassy peninsula in the heart of the bay, these secluded accommodations provide the perfect getaway. The cuisine is sumptuous. The golf and tennis are superb. And the private yacht basin hosts some of the finest craft on the Eastern Seaboard.

And whether you come by land or sea, The Tides Inn in Irvington, VA, prefers the American Express® Card. If you don't have one, pick up an application when you check in. Or call 1-800-THE-CARD. For reservations outside Virginia, call 1-800-843-3746. In Virginia, call 1-800-552-3461.



Don't leave home without it.®



©1988 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

**SHAPED
BY THE SEA,
THE SUN,
AND THE SALT AIR
OF NANTUCKET**

Wauwinet days . . .
Exquisite accommodations. Private
bay and ocean beaches. Sailing.
Tennis. Superb cuisine.
And the timeless beauty and
historic charm of a
fabled island.

THE WAUWINET
AN INN BY THE SEA

P.O. Box 2580 Nantucket, MA 02584 617-228-0145 / 1-800-426-8718

cates the distance down the right-field line. The fans got a laugh when they saw the "6" hanging at a crazy angle there, and after Mariner right fielder Glenn Wilson retrieved the ball and fired it in, he walked back over to the fence and hung the number up in a different place and upside down, giving us a new measurement of "93 0." The crowd loved it.

Power never seems wholly trustworthy, however, and teams that have the most of it worry endlessly about its temptations and drawbacks. Every day at the Oakland morning workouts, I watched the Athletics go through special drills and little batting-cage games encouraging the bunt, the right-side infield single, the hit-and-run, the run-scoring sac, the tag-up extra base, all with accompanying lectures and moral tales. Bill Rigney, the senior Oakland baseball adviser, reminded people that he'd played with the 1947 New York Giants, who hit a league-record two hundred and twenty-one homers and finished a distant fourth. Bench coach Bob Watson said, "The name of this game is to create runs, not wait for them. Everybody asks about

McGwire, but if you think about it you'll see he must have played about a hundred and ten games last year—he had some multi-homer games, you know—when he *didn't* hit a home run and still had to do something to help us win. He knows that, but I don't know if the fans know it." Manager Tony LaRussa said, "I think the Cardinals and what they've done these last few years are a motivator for every other club in baseball now. Games are usually won by the teams who can score one run when they have to. If you keep track through a week, you'll find no more than one or two games in the league that are won by that big late homer. It's the other kind that matter."

The Athletics' pitching may be a little short this summer, and I think there is a lingering suspicion that the club may look a bit stately out there, come midsummer—a great ocean liner dead in the water. But other teams, with quite different personae, seem to worry equally about this ability to manufacture runs. The Kansas City Royals, who beat out the Athletics for second place in the A.L. West last year

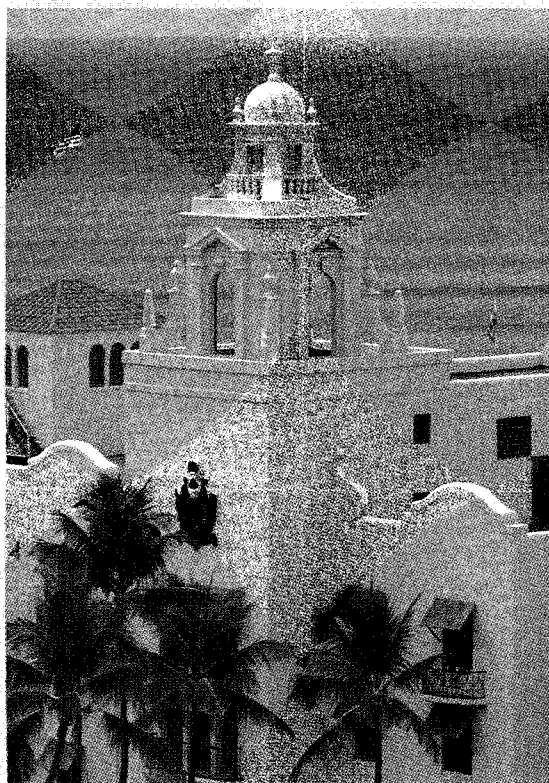
but scored ninety-one fewer runs in the process, are expected to battle the Athletics (and the World Champion Twins, too, of course) for the divisional title this year, thanks to their formidable pitching and firmed-up defense, but when I visited their new camp, near Orlando, I heard their manager, John Wathan, saying exactly the same things that I'd heard in Phoenix: we're going to steal, we're going to hit-and-run, take the extra base, make something happen. The truth of the matter, of course, is that hordes of penitent pull hitters (right-handers in particular: it's an *illness* for them) listen earnestly to these temperance sermons at the spring meetings, but once the season starts you see them swinging from their heels again, with their eyes afire, looking for that shot. In Florida, Dave Bristol, the seamy, Tennessee-mild Phillies coach who has managed four clubs in the majors, said to me, "Those funny little runs matter just as much as the big ones, but nobody cares. You drill the batters and drill 'em again in that, but they get on that back leg and six-four-three you to death." I observed that some right-



AT SHERATON IN HAWAII LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON



AT SHERATON IN HAWAII LITTLE THINGS



THE ROYAL ISN'T FAMOUS JUST BECAUSE IT'S PINK.

For 60 years, the Royal Hawaiian has hosted royalty, heads of state and celebrities of every kind.

Such experience has made our service motto simple. Whatever your desire, at whatever hour, if it's humanly possible, we will satisfy it.

Champagne and roses may be little things. But at four o'clock in the morning, they're part of a legend.

Call 800-325-3535 or ask your Travel Planner.



Royal Hawaiian Hotel

2259 KALAKAUA AVENUE HONOLULU, HAWAII 96815-2578 808-923-7311
The hospitality people of **ITT**

AT SHERATON IN HAWAII LITTLE THINGS



OAHU WAIKIKI: Sheraton Waikiki, Royal Hawaiian, Sheraton Surftrider, Sheraton Moana, Sheraton Princess Kaiulani. MAKAHA: Sheraton Makaha Resort and Country Club. KAUAI: Sheraton Kauai, Sheraton Coconut Beach-Kauai, Sheraton Mirage Princeville. MAUI: Sheraton Maui. HAWAII: Sheraton Royal Waikoloa.



handed hitters acted as if there were something almost unmanly about trying to hit the ball to the right side of the infield, and Bristol spat and said, "Yeah, and there's something unmanly about finishing fifth, too."

VETERANS reward you. In Arizona, I called on Bob Boone, the estimable Angels catcher, who caught a hundred and twenty-eight games last year and picked up his fifth Gold Glove (the award is given at each position in each league by the *Sporting News*) along the way. He is a picture-book catcher, with a fine arm, and is a legendary handler of pitchers. All this would be sufficient cause for attention, but what must be added is that Bob Boone is now forty, and that over his sixteen-year career he has caught more major-league games—nineteen hundred and thirty-five of them—than anyone else in history. I try to talk to Boone whenever possible, but I missed him last spring, when he was in exile: as one of a half-dozen or so celebrated free agents who were not signed by any team in the off-season (the possibility of collusion among the clubs in 1987 is the subject of still another grievance case, now in the hands of an arbitrator), he was enjoined from reporting to the Angels until after May 1st, which makes his totals for the year all the more remarkable. Boone had been an outstanding participant in some conversations about catching I pursued a few years ago, but this time I had something else in mind: How had he managed to play so well and so long at the game's most exhausting and debilitating position? How did he keep on keeping on?

I met Boone early one morning in the clubhouse at the Angels' early-season training camp in Mesa—the same tall, calm, saturnine, somehow noble figure, with a deep, pausing voice and an assured, unhurried way of talking. When I put my questions to him, he smiled and shook his head and said, "I

think it's mostly just this body. It's a gift, and I've tried to take care of it. I'm going to enjoy every day of this as long as it goes on. I'm way over on borrowed time." I asked if he thought much about growing old—old for a player—and he said, "It's come up, sure. You get into August and it's a *grind*. You're playing every day, things aren't going well, you're dinged up, you're on the road all the time. You know you're losing out on some other things in life. But that misses the scope of baseball for me. The job, the game, the locker room"—he made a little circling gesture that seemed to include the indoor clank of bats being sorted, the comfortable growl of male voices—"the ambience of baseball. I look at this, and I can't believe guys I've heard who say it's lousy. I love it here, and every day I come to love it more. I'm fortunate to play in a position that's so cerebral. There's so much *to* this game—there are so many ways to try to get hitters out that you can never learn them all. How to work on batters, how

to help this guy be a better pitcher, how to convince him he can throw a particular pitch in a particular situation—all this is a big thing for me in every game. If anything, I'm more interested than I've ever been."

I started to ask if he sometimes felt slower when up at bat or when diving for pitches in the dirt, but he almost cut off the question. "I have a philosophy about getting old," he said. "I'm convinced you can't evaluate yourself, because once you start it never ends. If you're playing day in and day out and you start to feel *I'm tired, I'm aching, maybe I should take the day off*, you're going in the wrong direction. I come to the park every day prepared to play. I've had too many days when I felt bad or lame and then went out there and got a couple of big hits, and I've had just as many when I felt great and had a really horrendous day. You can't tell. You can't give in."

He had a bat in his hands, and now he gave it a couple of waggles. "Look," he went on. "If you strike out



"Mark is my partner in quality parenting."

T H E 1 9 8 7 - 8 8 STEUBEN CATALOGUE



© Corning 1988

120 pages of brilliant gift ideas and selections for collectors. Prices from \$125. Please enclose check for \$5.00 with this coupon. Mail to Steuben Glass, Dept. C, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, New York 10022. Above, Quail by Paul Schulze.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ Q7

STEUBEN

THE CLAREST FORM OF EXPRESSION

A rather debonair place,
a just off Union Square place,
Campton Place.



San Francisco, at Union Square
(415) 781-5555

**PLANNING
TO RENT A CAR
IN EUROPE?**

Save
over Car Rentals
with
RENAULT'S TAX-FREE VACATION PLAN

for over 3 weeks. More than 25,000 Americans have used it.
Includes: • Brand New Renault of your choice • Unlimited mileage
• Non-deductible liability, fire, theft & collision insurance
• Free pick-up & return locations • Minimum age 18 years.

CALL TOLL-FREE:
800-221-1052

OR WRITE
RENAULT
650 First Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send details of Renault's exciting Tax-Free Vacation Plan to:
Name _____ NY-9
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone _____

and think, Gee, did I miss that pitch because my bat's getting slow?, then you *will* get slow. You've quit the battle, because you can't fight that question. I've seen so many guys give in to that, down the years. It's strange, but a lot of the time they were the players with the most ability—real stars. They'd start to doubt, and they were done. Their minds took over, they'd analyze more and more, and it wore them out. It drove them out of the game. I decided a few years ago that I'll let somebody else tell me when I'm too old to play baseball. That pitcher on the mound will tell me. The manager will tell me. The club will stop paying me, and they'll take my uniform away. That's when I'll know it's over."

Boone pursues a vigorous physical-training regimen, which includes elements of kung-fu training and visual therapy—eye exercises. He has three programs that run a little over an hour apiece, and he gets in all three over a span of two days, right through the year. He told me that this has played a major role not just in keeping up his endurance through the long season but in the way he withstands the boredom and weariness of all that travel. The mental benefits of the training matter almost more than the physical, he said. "Knowing that you're a strong person really helps," he said. "You feel indestructible."

Boone's father, Ray Boone, was a major-league infielder, mostly with the Indians and the Tigers, from 1948 through 1960. One of Bob Boone's sons, Bret, is a much-scouted second baseman at the University of Southern California, and another, Aaron, is a precocious shortstop at Villa Park High School, near Anaheim. If one or both make it to the big time, Bob Boone will be at the center of the majors' first three-generation family of players.

"I can remember travelling around with my dad when I was just a little kid," Boone told me. "I can still remember smells—the stockyards somewhere. I remember the brick streets outside the Cleveland park. I can still see me looking up at big men sitting in whirlpool baths in the clubhouse. I remember coming up to Luke Easter one day and saying, 'You're big and you're black, aren't you?'—and this was long before people made racial jokes in the locker room. Luckily, he laughed. I remember shagging flies for

the White Sox in Nellie Fox's uniform, because he was the smallest guy on the team. I've had a love of this game since I was two years old, and no wonder. Look at my dad—he's a scout for the Red Sox now, and he's more involved in baseball than I am."

I asked if there weren't some downsides to such a long life in the sport—something beyond the obvious drawbacks of slumps and injuries and those weeks on the road.

"It's losing friends," he said. "Every year since I've been with the Angels it seems that my best buddy disappears. Tim Foli, Steve Renko, Don Sutton, Doug DeCinces—I look around and all my playmates are gone. There are kids on this club now who are almost the same age as my sons. I can talk baseball with them, but I end up sounding like a father. I don't go out and drink beer with my sons, you know. We've got coaches on this team who are my age or even younger. Anyway, you can't hang out with the coaches. It's sort of taboo." He smiled again. "The bridge party is over."

Driving back to Scottsdale that morning, I tried to sort out something else about Bob Boone—something beyond his grace and intelligence and tough, balanced way of looking at things: qualities that will make him an outstanding manager one of these days, I suspect. Then the light went on: he may have less self-pity than anyone I have ever met.

THE Giants, who won their division last year and then played so well against the Cardinals before their shocking shutout dismissals in the two closing playoff games, are burning to set things right this time around. In Scottsdale one morning, pitcher Mike Krukow miserably remembered what it was like in St. Louis on the night the Cards clinched. "We all lay in bed in our hotel and listened to the celebrations down in the streets there," he said. "Nobody got any sleep—those horns went through us like *knives*. If any of us needed to be motivated for this year, that was it right there."

The Giants have the best pitching in their division and perhaps the best infield defense, and manager Roger Craig usually seems to find some way to score that late run or two when they're most needed. In these and in other ways, the Giants offer interesting

when I mentioned that Giants game his face lit up.

"I don't know what it is, but I sure get going out there sometimes," he said. "As soon as I cross that line, I look different and I *feel* different. A lot of people have told me that guys over on that other bench don't like me much, but what am I going to do? I've never been a guy to back off—I'm a *pitcher*. I don't like people not to like me, either. It's funny, because as long as I've been around—and this is, Jesus, my fourteenth year pitching—nobody has ever charged the mound after me. God knows I've given up enough home runs—nearly three hundred of them in my career. If you hit one off me and you want to trot or dance, go right ahead, you've earned it. I've never thrown at people. The batters may not like me, but I think they respect me, deep down inside. This is the way things are supposed to be."

I asked him if he pitched differently now that he was a bit older and no longer a starter.

"Nah," he said, and then he shot me a grin and changed speeds. "Yeah, sure I do. When you're young and strong, you throw hard. You just let it go. I can't *believe* the confidence in my ability that I used to have back there. I used to walk out on the mound and think I was going to throw a no-hitter every single time. What a crazy guy I must have been! But then I finally got one—with the Indians, in 1977—and I could finally say 'I told you so.' That and winning my twentieth one year for the Red Sox were the high points. Nowadays—well, in the pen you have time to think more. If you know you're going to come in against, say, the third man in the inning, you can plan a little ahead, think of something that might work for you. And let's hope he's a right-hander, too. Every day is different, and if some pitches aren't working for me, look out! I'd rather come in at the beginning of an inning, but it doesn't always happen that way. God, you don't want to come in with the bases loaded, do you? Give me a base, will ya?"

Eckersley, I began to understand, has the same pleasing free flow in conversation that he shows out on the mound. He has been married twice—his present wife, Nancy O'Neill, is an actress, and they have a twelve-year-old daughter—but there was a time when his life away from the field was

almost as eventful and celebrated as his pitching. He brought it all up in our talk. "I think I enjoy the game more now than when I started out," he said at one point. "When you're young and talented, things happen quickly. The money and fame come so fast you hardly notice. It creates problems. The most changes for me have been in my private life. My life is in order now. Before that—It's a long story. I was married and divorced and all. When you're young, a thing like that just crushes you. In a way, you never recover. But I'm here now, and that's what counts, isn't it? I think I've almost grown up. I like it here."

Inevitably, I asked him what would happen when it came time for him to leave the game.

"I've thought about it a lot," he said. "I mean, a lot. It scares me. There's no getting around the fact that it's going to be devastating. It's like dying—you know it's inevitable, but no matter how you get ready for it you're not ready."

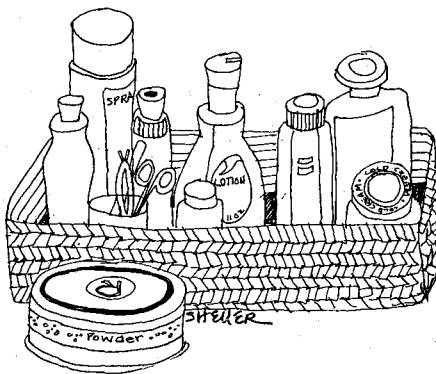
Tony LaRussa had spotted Eckersley and me in conversation on the bench, and he came over after Dennis went back out on the field. "The Eck," he said. "You know, before we got him I just couldn't stand to watch him pitching against a team of mine. He was always looking in our dugout and sort of *preening* out there. I try to leave the other team's players alone, but I was always up on the step yelling at him. The moment he came over here—well, in a week he was my favorite guy. You want him on your side."

PITCHERS get into more baseball tales than players at the other positions do—I'm not sure why. Bill Rigney, a Dante of anecdote, was talking one night about a time back in the nineteen-sixties when he was managing the California Angels and had to depend on some pitchers perhaps past

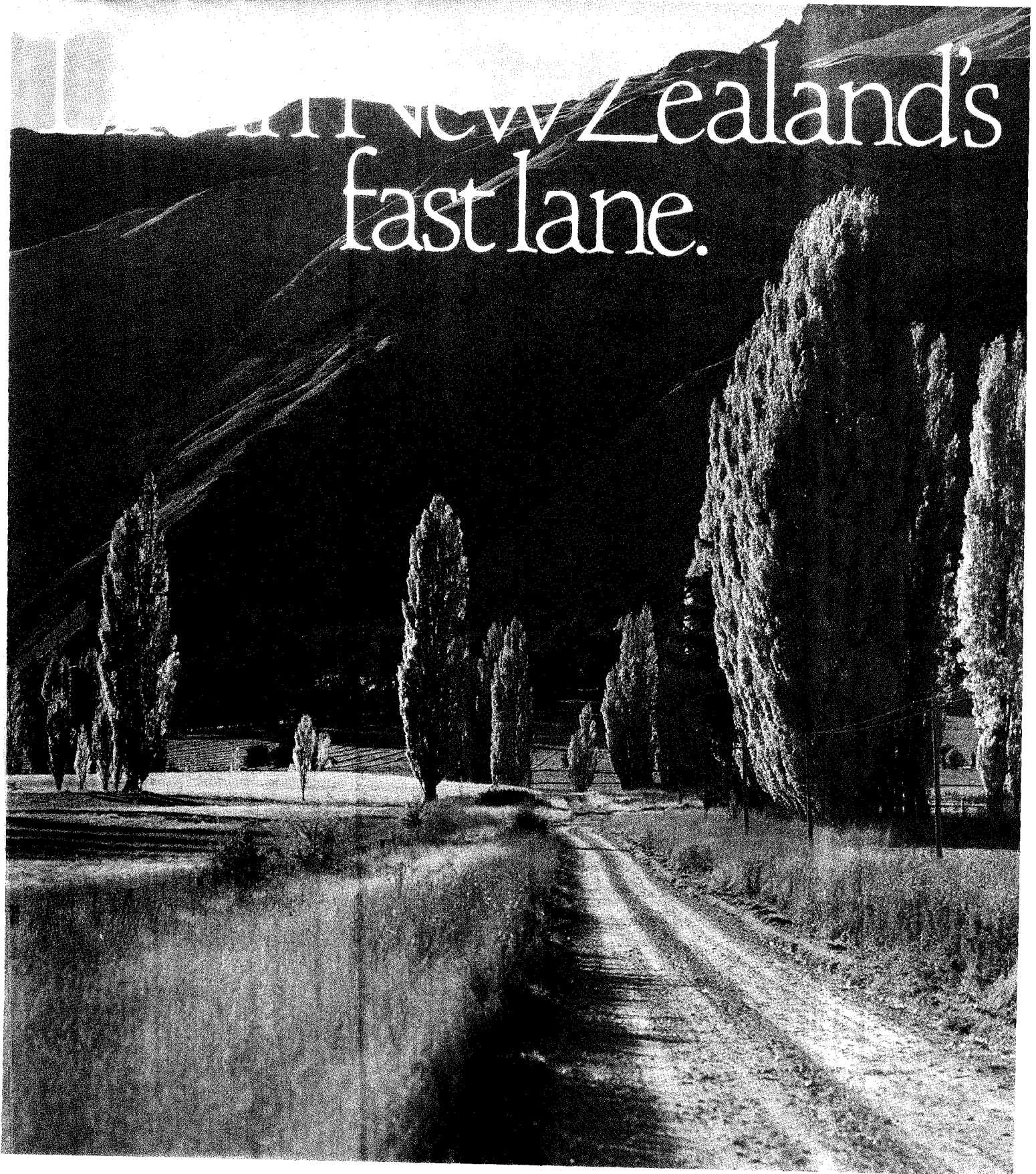
their prime: "I had Jack Sanford, the old Giants right-hander, and then, along about 1967, I got Lew Burdette, who'd been so great for the Braves all those years. Everybody said Lew used to throw a spitter, and they were right. He'd load up by putting his hand up to his mouth on the mound, which was legal and O.K. in those days, so long as you then went to the rosin bag. Lew would wet up just the bottom of his front two fingers—'It only takes a bitty dab, Skipper,' he'd say—and then he'd pick up the bag with the tips of his fingers and never touch the wet part at all. Just rub the ball up and it was ready to fly."

"When I got Burdette, he was just about at the end of the line. He and Sanford were roommates, and there was a day when Lew was pitching for us against the Twins out in the old Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington. He threw Killebrew a fastball and Harmon hit it up into the back of the upper deck—you remember those open stands out there. The ball hit a seat in just about the last row, *way* up. No one in local history had ever hit one that far. I didn't even look up when it was hit—you could tell by the sound. It was such a big home run that when we came back the next day they'd already painted that seat gold, to commemorate the spot. Well, you can imagine that Jack Sanford had had a few things to say to his friend about the home run that night—'Roomie, you must have some stuff to get a ball to go *that* far,' and the rest of it. The next day, Jack was pitching, and I'll be a son of a gun if he didn't throw one that Harmon hit just as far and just as deep. The ball hit the *adjoining seat* to the one they'd painted, so now they had to go out and paint that one, too. They probably used the same can of paint."

Rigney said that Burdette came to the end of the line later that summer, and it fell to him to break the bad news. "I told him I was sorry, but this happened to us all, sooner or later, and we were letting him go. I said I hoped he'd land with some other club and prove what a dummy I was. I felt bad about it, I don't mind telling you. Well, Lew didn't say a word. Just looked at me and shook his head and got up and walked out of my office. I was surprised, because we'd been sort of close. When we signed him, he'd even pasted a photograph of me inside the door of his locker, which was



Slow down New Zealand's fast lane.



Need to slow down and take a break?
Change lanes. Come to New Zealand.
Our 3 warm islands have what you need to
relax: A casual lifestyle. Comfortable accom-
modations. People who take themselves a little
less seriously and treat you more like one of
their own.

You can scale the heights in a Wellington cable
car; explore the depths of a glow-worm grotto;
and still unwind on a sandy beach. All at a pace
that's easy to take and prices that aren't hard
to swallow.

In fact, just about the only thing we are in a
hurry to do is send you a free New Zealand Book!

New Zealand Tourist & Publicity Office. 
10960 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1530, Los Angeles, CA 90024
Rush me full details on slowing down in New Zealand.

Name

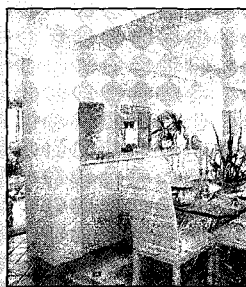
Address

City/State/Zip NY52

1988
Food & Tourism
Year 

The climate is right for New Zealand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



People think only Bermudians can own property here. But you *can*... even if you're not a Bermudian.

With magnificent new condominium-style two and three-bedroom homes called St. James.

Near Bermuda's world-class golf courses, these one-floor or multi-level homes start at \$500,000.

In Bermuda, call L.P. Gutteridge Limited 809-295-4545. Or write Mrs. Smithson, Suite 15, Liberty Real Estate, P.O. Box 9141, Boston, MA 02118.



"We have three homes.
The best is in Bermuda."



"The complete offering terms are in Offering Plans filed with New Jersey Real Estate Commission and the New York State Department of Law. Neither agency approves the offering nor in any way passes upon the merits and values of the property. N.Y. #s CD 87-0146 and CD 86-0459. N.J. #s 87/11-102 and 87/11-103. N.J. Ad Approval # K0288067BR." Prices do not include furniture or flooring.

The Soaltee Oberoi, Kathmandu. When everything has to be just right



Kathmandu's premier hotel. Set against a backdrop of the snow-capped Himalayas. Quiet, tranquil gardens. The finest restaurants. A fully equipped health centre and refreshing pool. Resort to The Soaltee Oberoi. Because you deserve the best the world has to offer.

The Soaltee Oberoi
KATHMANDU



Oberoi Hotels International

AUSTRALIA, EGYPT, INDIA, INDONESIA, IRAQ, NEPAL, SAUDI ARABIA, SRI LANKA
RESERVATIONS THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, *The Leading Hotels of the World* (NEW YORK) 800-223-6800 (NEW YORK STATE) 212-838-3110.
LRI (NEW YORK) 800-223-0888 (NEW YORK STATE) 212-841-1111 OR THE HOTEL DIRECT TELEX 2203 SOALTE NP

something I'd never seen before. After he left, I hung around a few minutes and then I walked out into the clubhouse, but the boy said Lew had packed up and gone—just walked off without saying a word to anybody. I went over and took a look in his locker, and that was when I saw he'd driven this big nail through the picture of me. Right through the heart. He just didn't want it to happen—didn't want to say goodbye. I ran into him somewhere a few months later, and I asked where he'd ever found a hammer to drive that spike in my heart. He said, 'Skip, I used a bat.'"

I PASSED a delightful quarter hour in Scottsdale with Roger Craig, the jolly Giant guru, while he expounded upon signs and sign-stealing. Craig is considered the best code breaker in the business, and the number of in-game messages flashed to his own batters and catcher and coaches and base stealers exceeds what comes out of Cape Hatteras in a hurricane. He took me quickly through the little language of touches, taps, wipes, hand slaps, nose rubs, belt hitches, and sleeve smoothings that the third-base coach flashes to the batter and the base runners, and then said that most of it meant absolutely nothing—nothing, that is, until after the indicator, which is the sign to watch the signs now. Unless there's a takeoff, of course: "Ignore previous message." "You always take off more than you give," Craig said.

None of this made me feel much closer to the inner secrets of the pastime, but Craig went on to say that most of the stuff he wants to pick up from the other team—the hit-and-run, the steal, and the pitchout, in particular—is swiped by watching comportment rather than by guessing the sign. "Look, now," he said. "Watch me—I'm the other guys' third-base coach." He gave me a little flutter of signs and gestures up and down his body. "O.K.—which was the indicator?"

"When you touched your cap, maybe?" I ventured.

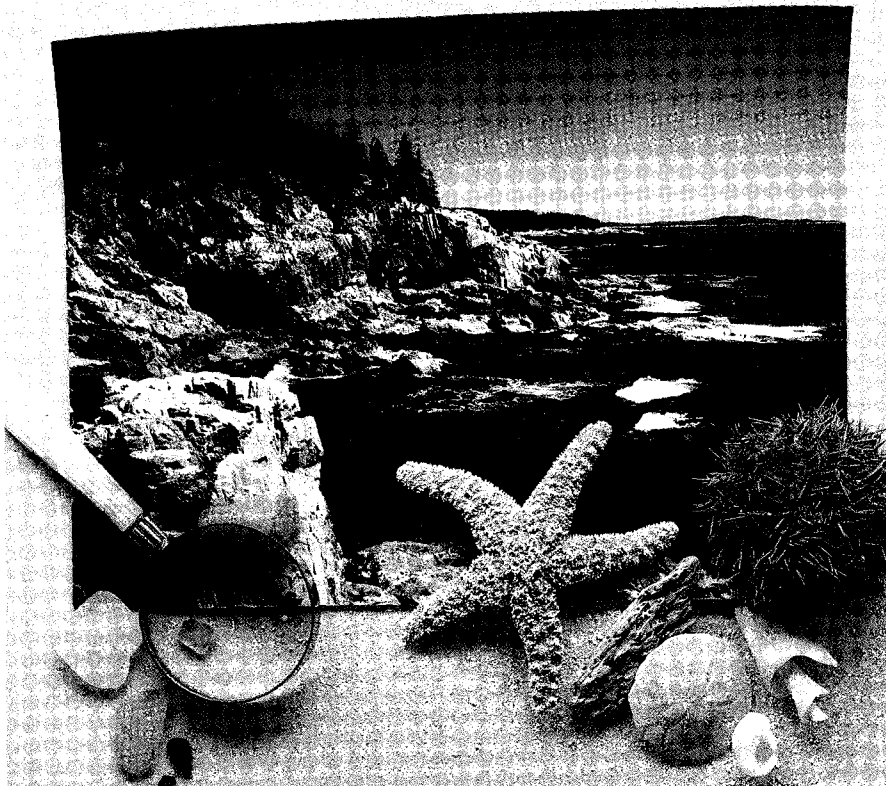
"Sure," he said. "I hesitated there just that tiny fraction of a second longer. Lots of young coaches do that with the indicator or the takeoff, because they want to be sure the batter or the base runner sees it. Or else you see them go all nonchalant just after they've got the sign from the bench"—he looked around like a hayseed on

Main Street—"and you pick up on *that*, so you know the next sign they give is the one. There's even one coach in this league who does all kinds of stuff out there, only you know that nothing counts until he steps out of the box. That's *his* indicator."

Base stealers are the easiest marks of all, Craig said. "A lot of players—even the great ones—are *horrible* at getting signs," he said. He stood up and imitated a young ballplayer leaning away from first. "When nothing's on, their hands are on their knees, they're loose, they're alert, but in an ordinary way. Then it's—" He swung his arms comically, looking casual—*too* casual. "They're not their natural selves anymore. They look like thieves out to rob you. Anybody can see it. Hell, I've stolen signs by watching the expression on the manager's face and then the coach's face and then the base runner's face. You can see them getting the news and passing it on. So then I pitch out."

When to hit-and-run and when to foil the hit-and-run with a pitchout is the serious cat-and-mouse contest, of course. Craig himself sometimes wigwags for the hit-and-run with a ball and two strikes on his batter, which is unusual, since the man at the plate then has to make contact with a delivery that will probably be out of the strike zone. With the other team at bat, he will also defy tradition by pitching out on the two-and-one count. "I did that just the other day," he told me. "I wanted to give that team the idea that I'm going to pitch out any time in the count, all year long. I've even pitched out three times running on the same batter. The pitcher hates that, because it puts him in such a hole, but then if you catch the runner going, he changes his mind real quick."

Roger told me that he stands out in plain sight in the dugout during all this telegraphy. "Hell, I don't care if the other team sees me—they'll steal off me sometimes, just the way I steal off them. But you can't ever tell. My sign might be something I'm doing that isn't a sign at all—something I'm touching, or where I'm standing. You can use the scenery. If we're playing in Houston, there's that bar that runs along the front of the dugouts, and you can just stand up there and move your hands some way. Or maybe that isn't the sign at all. Maybe it's just when you clap your hands. When I coached



If This One Mile Stretch Of Coastline Doesn't Suit You, Don't Be Discouraged. We Have 3,477 Others.

In Maine, we could go on and on about our spectacular coastline. There's no end to the quiet inlets, sandy beaches, rocky coves and bustling harbors that dot our shores. For more about what's up Down East, call for a free Maine vacation guide at 1-800-533-9595.

MAINE

The Way Life Should Be.

For the free Maine vacation guide, call the toll free number above or write to: Maine Tourism Information, Dept. NY 30, Portland, ME 04107-2500. In Maine call (207) 889-2123.



Sils

ENGADIN

Waldhaus

CH-7541 Sils-Maria (Engadine/Switzerland)
Phone 01141-82-4 53 31 - Tx. 852 244
Personally managed by the owners
Felix & Maria Dietrich-Kienberger
An extraordinary hotel with turn-of-the-century charms and modern day comfort, beautifully located among the mountains and lakes of the Engadine Valley.
All winter sports - Free bus service to the cableways - Orchestra - Indoor swimming pool and tennis courts - Children's nursery - In summer marvellous possibilities for hiking and excursions
Summer season: June 11th - Oct. 16th
Winter season: Mid Dec. - Mid April

The Seasoned Traveler's Guide to the Barbizon Hotel.

The Barbizon, a landmark hotel on New York's Upper East Side, enjoys a special place in New York City's history.

Once known for its famous female guests, the Barbizon today is an international hotel, favored by men and women travelers alike. A comfortable hotel in the European tradition.

Here is an insider's guide to some of the things that make the Golden Tulip Barbizon special.

East Side Weekend Special

On weekends throughout the year, we have rooms available for as little as \$49.50 per day, per person, double occupancy.

The Barbizon Restaurant

Where else in New York can you find Dover sole prepared in 20 ways?

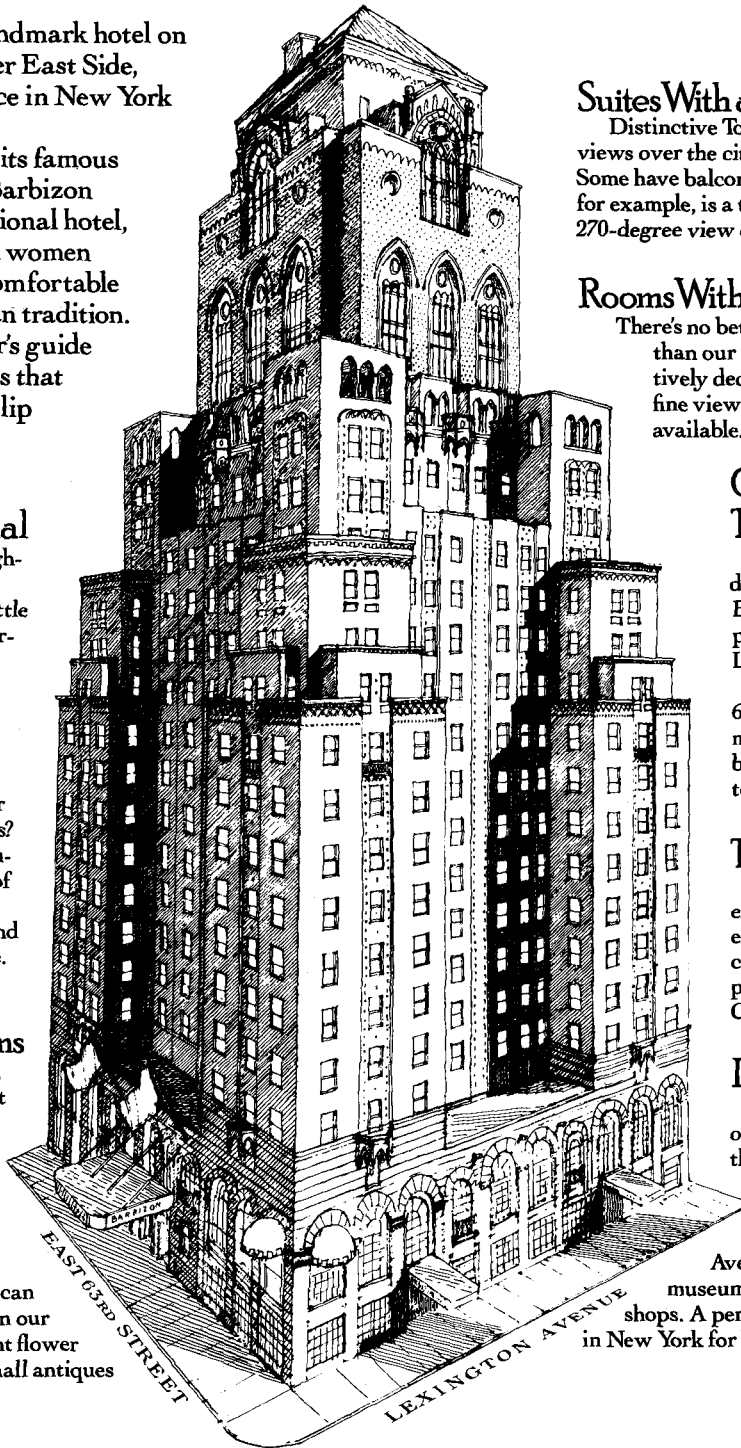
The Barbizon Restaurant is a favorite haunt of smart East Siders who appreciate good food, and who demand good value.

International Food Celebrations

Throughout the year, the Barbizon Restaurant presents festivals celebrating the foods of the world.

Shops at the Barbizon

At the Barbizon you can buy gifts of distinction in our lobby shops, from elegant flower baskets to wonderful small antiques and other select gifts.



Suites With a View

Distinctive Tower Suites with spectacular views over the city. Each one is different. Some have balconies or terraces. Suite #2010, for example, is a two-bedroom duplex with a 270-degree view of Manhattan.

Rooms With a View, Too

There's no better value in New York than our comfortable and attractively decorated rooms. All with fine views. Corporate rates are available.

Get Together at The Cafe Barbizon

The neighborhood has discovered this cozy, European-style eating place, with its entrance on Lexington Avenue.

The Cafe is open from 6:30 a.m. to one hour past midnight. Come in for breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea or dinner.

The Barbizon Bar

Where East Siders rub elbows with world travelers. A place where you can sample wines or champagnes by the glass, from Californian to Italian.

Location, Location

The Barbizon is situated on a residential street in the heart of the Upper East Side. Just three blocks

from Bloomingdale's, two blocks from Madison Avenue, surrounded by movies, museums, art galleries and fabulous shops. A perfect location whether you're in New York for business, or for pleasure.

The Barbizon is a Golden Tulip Hotel. Golden Tulip International is a wholly-owned subsidiary of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines. There are 350 Golden Tulip Hotels in more than 200 cities in 70 countries. For Barbizon reservations, call 212 838-5700 or 800 223-1020. For worldwide reservations call 212 247-7950 or 800 344-1212.

• • • GOLDEN TULIP • • •
BARBIZON
HOTEL & RESTAURANT

EAST 63RD STREET AT LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10021

for Sparky in Detroit, he let me give all the signs, and one that I had was when I touched the faucet on this pipe they use to water the field. That meant steal."

Craig's favorite coach was Don Zimmer, who worked in the third-base box for the Giants but has gone over to manage the Cubs this year. "Zimmy *points* to his sleeve and his arm and his ear and everywhere," Craig said. "It's kind of stylish, and it's clear. He's a great man out there."

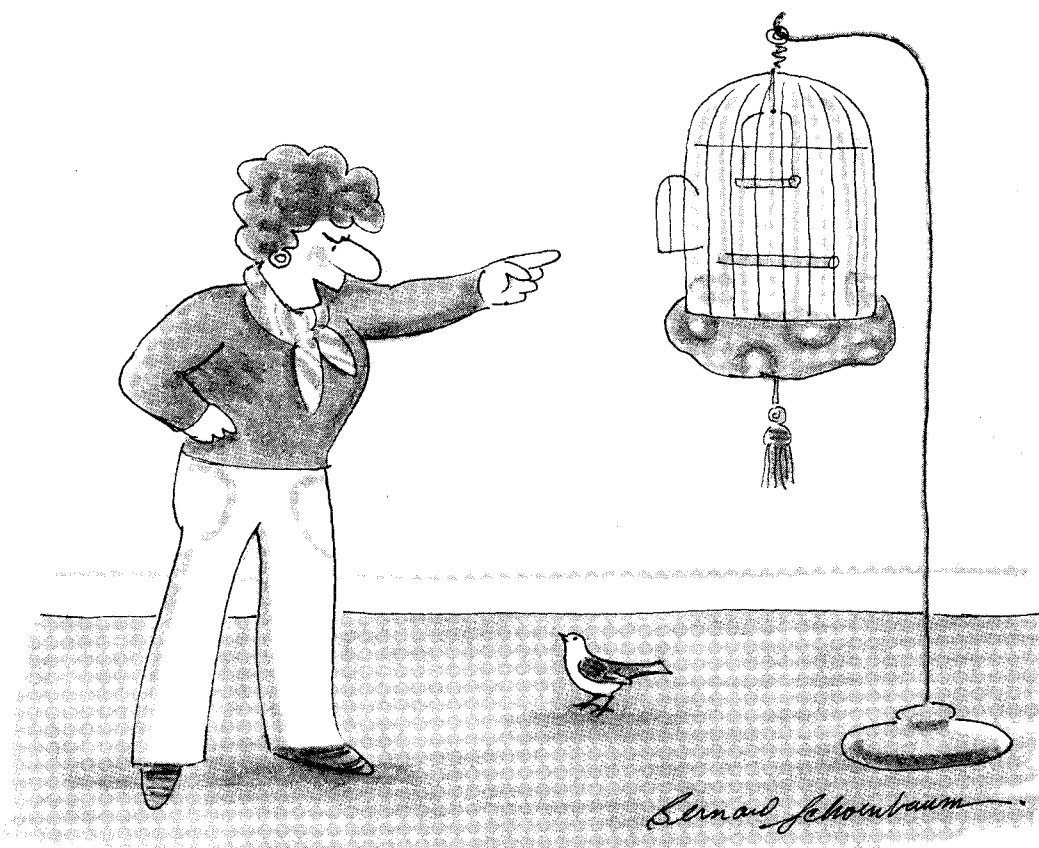
Zimmer's place in the Giants' third-base box has been taken by a coach named Pooch Fahey, who told me he'd been working hard to pick up all the moves and touches. "It's harder than it looks," he said. He practices in front of the mirror a lot, and just a day or two earlier he'd practiced in the team bus after a Giants-Indians game, flashing the hit-and-run, the indicator, and the takeoff to fence posts and cactuses all the way home from Tucson.

IN Florida, I watched some games and workouts at the new, multi-field baseball malls that were opened this spring by the Reds, the Kansas City Royals, and the Mets. Each location offers a plantation-like spread of diamonds and backstops and batting cages (the playing fields have the same dimensions as the teams' regular-season stadiums back home), and a central headquarters with state-of-the-art clubhouses, weight rooms, and trainers' clinics, as well as adjacent carpeted offices and conference rooms and reception areas, and so forth—the whole permitting the parent organization to conduct simultaneous training of all its major- and minor-league teams and players in one place. This is sensible, I suppose, and so, too, are the more commodious spring stadiums where the big boys play. Spring training will never feel as casual and intimate as it once did. In most places, you can't show up at the field early and watch the morning workouts for free from a seat halfway up in the grand-

stand, with your feet on the empty row in front of you and the players only a few yards away. More fans and families want to come now, and we can't argue with that, I guess. The brand-new layouts—*facilities*—present a peculiar baseball landscape to someone in the stadium stands or the press box: a layered vista of fields and backstops and fences and foul poles, peopled with small and then smaller figures in identical colors, throwing and pitching and batting and standing around in receding perspective and (invisibly) receding levels of skill. We fans and followers of the game in the spring will have to find some pleasure in this, because the players, now closer at hand to their executives and coaches, are farther away from us. Chain-link fencing is everywhere, alleying off the fans from their heroes; the palisade around the players' parking lot at Port St. Lucie is about ten feet tall, and kids with autograph books and pennants have to call over to the players as they emerge from their Mercedeses and B.M.W.s, and then poke their pens and stuff through the metal mesh.

Plant City Stadium has a little coun-

try to it still. The Reds used to train at Al Lopez Field, in Tampa, a half hour or so off to the west, but the Tampa Sports Authority had plans for their training grounds as the site of a major-league stadium if Tampa should win a franchise a few years hence. Plant City, known up to now as Florida's strawberry capital, seized its chance, putting together some quick local funding and laying out the Reds' new fields and fences on a patch of cattle pasture, all on very short notice. The stadium seats sixty-seven hundred fans, but there's a comfortable, fairgrounds look to it somehow. The St. Lucie County Sports Complex, by contrast, is centered on a handsome, steep-sided Mets-blue ballpark—a stadium, all right—which, with its encircling diamonds and cages and parking areas, stands weirdly alone in a swampy, uninhabited slash-pine forest, fifteen miles in from the Atlantic. There's a citified look to it, and the city will be along shortly. The fields and the ballpark and the club offices have been designed to the Mets' specifications but are owned by a real-estate corporation, St. Lucie West, which has grandiose



"Back in your cage, young lady!"

plans for a four-thousand-acre buildup of private homes, condo houses and apartments, business centers, shopping malls, golf courses, schools, hospitals, colleges, theatres—a city of thirty-seven thousand, perhaps, all begun from baseball. The Mets have supplied a low-minors team to play in the stadium in the summer, and the terms of their lease are said to be otherwise undemanding. Three or four of the Mets' upper-level executives received home sites in the development, at extremely favorable terms.

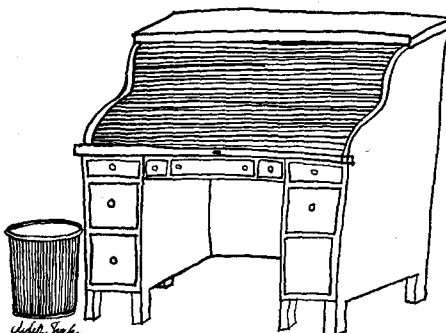
If this is odd, Baseball City, the Royals' bivouac south of Orlando, is out of Fellini. The stadium has a massive metropolitan air to it, with avenuelike interior cement corridors, and an elevator to the upper broadcasting booths and the press box and the sky boxes. Sitting at a game there, you look out at a limitless skyline of scrubby pampas, but your attention to the game is sometimes interrupted by the rumble and rider screams of a roller coaster. Baseball here is part of a theme park called Boardwalk & Baseball (the enormous logo is painted on the turf right behind home plate), constructed by the Harcourt Brace Jovanovich conglomerate, which also runs the Sea World parks, Cypress Gardens, and the like. The amusement area is immediately adjacent to the baseball area—you can buy combination tickets to the rides and the game—and is sanitized and unsurprising, with the possible exception of one nice little sideshow of old baseball photographs and memorabilia: a slice of Cooperstown. On the afternoon I visited the grounds, the rides and concessions were jammed with teen-agers and sailors and countrified young couples pushing babies. I couldn't get used to the notion that all this was part of baseball now ("two clean, wholesome American classics under the same umbrella," in the words of a promotional flyer), and I couldn't shake that airless, mouse-mazed feeling that often afflicts me in shopping malls. I love amusement parks, and baseball, too, but both flavors had gone flat for me here. The first day I drove in to Boardwalk & Baseball to see the Royals, I was greeted at the gate by a security man with a walkie-talkie, who guided me along to the media parking area and then whispered the news of my arrival there to more guards, farther up the chain-link avenue. What were they

guarding, I wondered—the bats? When I came back on another occasion, for a Royals-Twins night game, there was a young woman standing outside the stadium entrance with a microphone in her hand. "Good evening, folks," she said to the arriving early fans. "My name is Kathy. I'm your hostess for tonight's game."

These complaints are unfair to the Royals, a first-class baseball organization, whose executives and managers are voluble about their delight over the Nirvana-like surroundings that have been arranged for them—*given* to them, in fact, and with a guaranteed (it's in the contract) audience for their games and workouts—at Baseball City. The Royals used to train at Terry Park, an amiable but decaying old iron-post park in Fort Myers, while their minor leaguers had to make do with other quarters, over in Sarasota, seventy miles away. The Royals made repeated efforts over the past five years to persuade the Fort Myers city fathers and business community to expand and upgrade their training center, so they could stay on, but to no avail. Other ancient spring-training spas, in Florida and especially in Arizona, should take this sad tale to heart, for there are conglomerateurs and real-estate opportunists everywhere now who are burning to buy into baseball's popularity and its wholesome (I guess) spring sweetness. But we fans should try to sort this out, too, for there's something all wrong about these latest deals—the Mets' suburb and the Royals' terrific tie-in. It isn't just that baseball is being used to help sell a product, for it has always done that. The owners flaunt their beer business or their TV superstations; the sponsors plug razor blades or wine-coolers; the players endorse underwear; and credit-card advertisements take up the part of the outfield fence once occupied by Bull Durham. This time, there's an ugly little turnaround: it is the game itself

that has been bought, along with its players and its fans' fan-feelings. We all sense this, I think, however glumly and dimly, but we say nothing, because it's so plain that nothing can be done. Nothing can be done about Wrigley Field, either, where the lights are going in this summer at last, because the network contracts demand it. I don't know what Frank Cashen thinks about all this, but I was surprised (and not surprised) one afternoon at Port St. Lucie when he looked around at the high-shining stands and the distantly stretching multiple Metsfields and murmured, "You know, this is all very well, but when I was with the Baltimore organization, back in the seventies, we trained at one old field in Miami Stadium, and on a little piece of infield off to one side—we'd do run-downs and pickoff drills there, but it wasn't even big enough for infield practice. That was all there was, but what we did back then was win, year after year. It's players, not facilities, that make the difference."

Change is part of this game, and there's comfort in that, to be sure. When I went back to Arizona, I ran into a scout named Dave Garcia at the Brewers' camp in Chandler—an old friend, who used to manage the Indians and then coached third base for the Milwaukeees. He is an engaging and comical man, with a V-shaped smile, and on this day he was wearing a straw cowboy hat and smoking a cigar. We got to talking about the new super-camps in Florida, and he told me that things had been a little different back when he started up in the game. In 1941, he was an infielder with the Grand Forks, North Dakota, Chiefs, in the Northern League (he never quite made it up to the majors), and spring training for the team that year was held at East Grand Forks, where the temperature on the morning of the first workout was thirteen degrees. At that, things were better than what he found the next year over in Wisconsin (he'd been traded to the Eau Claire Bears), where the players' first spring workout was shovelling the snow off the parking lot. Then they had infield practice and pepper games, right there on the asphalt. "Pay back then was about a hundred dollars a month," Dave said, "and your meal money was a buck seventy-five a day. I ate a million blue-plate specials. That spring, we players were assigned two to a



room, and there wasn't but only one bed in the room. That was when I went out and bought my first pair of pajamas."

I SAW some teams and players, along with the facilities. The Royals, with the capable and self-assured Kevin Seitzer—he batted .323 as a rookie last year—a fixture at third base (George Brett is at first base for keeps now) and with Kurt Stillwell, over from the Reds, at short, have a firmed-up look to them, to go with their fine pitching. Bo Jackson sat out the K.C. games I saw, and so did Dan Quisenberry, the old sidearming relief star, who was out with back spasms for the moment. Quis, who has been in eclipse the last couple of seasons, was optimistic about the upcoming season, and, indeed, by the time the season began he had won back his old late-inning short-relief spot. When I was there, he told me how strange it felt to be playing for John Wathan, an old battery mate of his. "Duke and I have a friendship that's going to survive this," he said. "The hard part is that I can't play around with him anymore, now that he's the manager. No more food fights. George used to room with him, but that's over, too, and Jamie Quirk, our catcher, is godfather to one of Duke's boys. Now when Jamie looks in to get a sign from the bench, he's taking messages from his godson's father. Weird!"

The Cardinals came by one afternoon, and I saw Ozzie Smith make an error, but that's nothing: in Plant City, in the first inning against the Reds, Kevin McReynolds singled with two fellow-Mets aboard, but the Mets somehow ran the hit into a double play, terminating in a rundown past third base after another runner (never mind who) had passed a teammate on the base paths. Ah, spring! When the Twins took the field against the Royals in the night game I mentioned earlier, I wondered irritably why they hadn't tried to improve themselves over the winter. Then I looked more carefully at the poised, battle-hardened veteran infielders out there (Gaetti, Gagne, Lombardozzi, and Hrbek) and at their top-to-bottom muscle (Gladden, Puckett, Hrbek, Gaetti, Brunansky) in the batting order, and wondered how I could have entertained such a dumb idea. The game, however, was a chilly, uninspiring exhibition that wasn't set-

tled until the bottom of the tenth, when the World Champions began to throw the ball around like kids with the soap at tubbie-time—a blooper that became a triple, a catcher's peg into center field, a return throw that ricocheted into the dugout—and handed the Royals a comeback 4-3 win.

The Mets, all crewcuts and charisma, looked a little better in their own yard at Port St. Lucie, but I try never to draw major conclusions at spring training. I saw Dwight Gooden ripped for six runs on ten hits during a four-inning outing against the Phillies, but he seemed unperturbed and almost garrulous about it in the clubhouse afterward. He didn't like to put too much pressure on himself in the spring, he said—exactly the way I feel. Earlier, the Dodgers turned up for a night game against the Mets, but their lineup didn't tell me much about their chances this year, because their main men were off with a split-squad team, playing the Expos in Puerto Rico. Chris Gwynn, a kid brother of Tony Gwynn, pinch-hit for the Dodgers in the fifth and whistled a triple into right center field. A non-roster rookie, he has his brother's mannerisms at the plate, but a much lower batting average to date; hitting .370 is a tough little mannerism to pick up.

The best entertainment for me on that particular evening came during batting practice, when I suddenly realized that the slim, gray-haired gent pitching b.p. for the Dodgers was Sandy Koufax. He looked exactly the same out there, particularly after he loosened up and began to drive forward with his old turned-shoulder, over-the-top, on-slipping delivery, which makes him look like a man stepping out of a crowd. It so happened that I was chatting with a handful of baseball seniors behind the cage while Koufax worked—the National League president, Bart Giamatti; Ed Vargo, the N.L. supervisor of umpires; Joe Durso, of the *Times*; and Ralph Kiner and Tim McCarver, of the Mets' broadcasting crew—and it was plain to me that we were all mesmerized by the pitcher and the moment, while other, younger folks nearby on the field hadn't noticed or didn't care. Vargo said that he'd worked behind the plate for two of Koufax's four no-hitters back in the sixties (a no-hitter each year, four years in a row), including the perfect game against the Cubs. "I

We don't promise weight loss overnight.

Anyone who does is providing short term answers. The Hilton Head Health Institute Weight Education Program promises to give you the tools and knowledge to improve your body's metabolism (the rate you burn fat) for a lifetime of weight control.

Our 26-day program on beautiful Hilton Head Island is based on an optimum balance of nutrition and exercise that is nationally acclaimed for innovation and results in behavior modification.

If you're ready to learn how to lose weight by taking control of your life call (803) 785-7292 or send in the coupon below. We will send you more information. This we can do overnight, almost.



Hilton Head Health Institute®

Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NY
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Phone ()

don't remember who the lead-off batter was in the ninth," he said, "but he struck out, and so did Joey Amalfitano, who came up next. The last batter was Harvey Kuenn, who just died the other day. Harv stepped up and said to me, 'Ed, I want you to call anything that's close—bang, bang. Get me out of here—I don't want to embarrass myself.'"

Somebody asked if Koufax ever had any trouble with balks.

"No," Vargo said. "Hell, there was never anybody on base."

I MISSED a lot of good teams this spring—the Blue Jays, the Expos, and the Yankees (whose pitching and prospects had suddenly begun to look a lot better than most experts had predicted)—and many of the games I did see hadn't told me much about the coming season. Things were better at Winter Haven, with the Red Sox. I ran into some rain there, including a fifty-two-minute delay in the Sox' game against the Orioles, but the park was packed, of course, and there was no question of calling the thing. Oil Can Boyd was pitching for the Bostons, and he came back after the field was tidied up, and fanned the side in the second with his hunching little stare in and then the brisk top-to-bottom, down-spinning stuff: a pleasing sight, for he had shoulder surgery last summer and must be sound again if the Sox are to have any chance this year. I also had a good look at Sam Horn, the monster left-handed d.h. slugger, who looked less rhinocerine in the box than when last observed, and also at Brady Anderson, an eager, midsize rookie outfielder, who hit .380 at Pawtucket last summer. He bats lead-off, and cuts at the ball with that circular, rising-bat-head, Charley Lau swing: a thing of beauty. The trio of Anderson and the second-year young Boston outfield stars Ellis Burks and Mike Greenwell (.328 last year) may mean that Jim Rice will be the right-handed d.h. in Boston this summer, ending his distinguished tenure under the wall. The Sox, let's not forget, have had but three regular left fielders over the past fifty years: Ted Williams, Carl Yastrzemski, and Jim Rice.

The 1988 Red Sox media guide features two players on the cover—Roger Clemens, who won the Cy Young Award last year for the second year running, and thirty-six-year-old Dwight Evans, the veteran right

fielder, who shifted over to first base in July, where he is now a fixture. Last season was his fifteenth summer with the Sox and, by most measurements, his finest. His .305 batting average, his thirty-four home runs, and his hundred and twenty-three runs batted in were career bests for him, and his play was one of the few bright spots at Fenway Park last summer, when the defending American League champions slipped to fifth place, twenty games off the pace.

I talked with Evans in the Winter Haven clubhouse during the rain delay. I had hoped to get him to expound a little upon his sudden late leap in the averages, but he would have none of it. "I was miserable last year," he said. "I didn't enjoy it. The biggest thing for me is to win. The year before, I hit .260, and though that wasn't my best, it was a *good* .260, with a lot of good things in it. I moved some guys over. I hit some homers to win ballgames, I had some base hits to put us back in games, and some others to put the game out of reach. Most of us had that kind of year in '86, and we won, so I loved it. Winning—well, that's what I think about."

Evans has been an exceptional defensive outfielder—he has eight Gold Gloves in right field—with a famous arm; his best-remembered moment in the sport is still the catch he made against the Reds' Joe Morgan in deep right field in the eleventh inning of the classic sixth game of the 1975 World Series, saving the day for Carlton Fisk's winning home run in the twelfth. But he also hit a significant home run in an earlier game in that '75 Series, completing a Red Sox comeback from a four-run deficit. Two years ago, he chipped in with two more Series homers, in the Sox' gallant but excruciating losing effort against the Mets.

Evans was startled for a moment when I mentioned these batting contributions. "Yes—right!" he said. "That

homer against the Reds—Petrocelli had just got us a base hit, and Sparky brought in his best reliever, Eastwick, and I hit it off his second pitch. Tied the ballgame. Sure, we had to lose it after that, with all that fuss over the interference at home, but you can't do anything about what happens in a game, you know. That home run was my biggest thrill, because I wasn't known as a hitter at all. I was a defensive ballplayer. To me, that was a neat thing."

Evans is almost a specialist in being unnoticed, in the slow surprise; it is one of the reasons I wanted to talk with him. For years, he was a shy, almost awkward figure in the Red Sox clubhouse—a regular, of course, but one who was often the butt of little jokes or asides, because of his reticent and unspectacular ways on a team stuffed with famous stars and difficult personalities. He has persisted, however, and now his name has risen to the upper levels on the lists of all-time Red Sox offensive players, up there with Yaz and the Splendid Splinter: third in runs and walks and games played; fourth in at-bats and home runs and extra-base hits; fifth in hits and runs batted in; and so on. Sox fans are a tough audience, but in 1982, when they voted for an All-Time Red Sox Team, Dewey Evans (as he is known everywhere) made the all-time outfield, along with Yastrzemski and Williams, and ahead of Jim Rice, Fred Lynn, Dom DiMaggio, and Tris Speaker.

I brought this up, but again Evans turned me aside. "I don't think about all that stuff," he said. "I'm not—" He changed the subject, and in a moment was talking about the challenge of playing first base after all those years in right field. "It's a one-handed position," he said. "You have to learn to take everything over to the side, so you don't get yourself tied up. George Scott told me that, but it took me a while to get what he meant. I enjoy it at first base now, but you can't be lagging, you can't be thinking about other things out there. Someday I'll be a good first baseman, maybe, but right now I'm still reminding myself: *Oh-oh, here's a left-handed hitter, he might smoke one down here.*"

Alteration hasn't fazed Evans—he almost seems to thrive on it. Back in July, 1980, he was struggling badly at the plate, and after consulting with the Boston batting coach, Walt Hriniak,



he remade his swing and, with immense effort, at mid-career, turned himself into a very different sort of batter, with a stance that brought his weight back, with his bat flat, and with his left toe (he bats right-handed) just touching the dirt before the full weight shift forward, for a head-down cut at the ball and an exaggerated one-hand follow-through with the bat: a Hriniak hitter, that is. Peter Gammons, then with the *Boston Globe*, told me that he was shagging flies in the outfield on the morning this changeover began, and he said that Evans' embarrassments were appalling to see: not one pitch was hit into the outfield. Gammons mentioned to Hriniak how hopeless the experiment seemed, but the coach was exultant. "Dewey just saved his career," he said, and he was right. It took a while, but everything went up for Evans after that. A year later, the new Sox manager, Ralph Houk, told Evans, who had been batting seventh or eighth for most of his career, that he was moving him up to bat second in the Sox order.

Dewey Evans is a striking-looking man, with deep-tanned skin, a dark mustache, and brown curly hair. There's a classic outfielder's look to him—tall and slim (he's six-three), with long and powerful arms; he wears broad red wristbands, and his low batting helmet gives him an ominous Boche-soldier mien. He is never decomposed, and there's a deep-pool sense to him now, along with his shyness—perhaps because of some other changes that have come along in his life. Evans and his wife have two boys and a girl. Their fifteen-year-old son, Timothy, suffers from neurofibromatosis, the so-called Elephant Man's disease, while eleven-year-old Justin was discovered at an early age to have an inoperable tumor at the base of his brain. Timmy (who on this day was in the Red Sox clubhouse, where I had often seen him before) has had eleven major operations. Justin's tumor disappeared after radiation treatment six years ago. Evans was more at ease talking about this than I was. He said that his own sufferings and those of his wife were nothing compared with what their boys had gone through, of course, but when I pressed him a little he admitted that there had been times when it was very hard for him to persevere as a player. "There'd be days when I'd just left the hospital and I

was at the park, out in the game, and I did something wrong there, or struck out with the bases loaded, or something, and the fans booed me. They didn't know, but still . . . Those are scars that made me very cold toward the fans, toward the game."

In time, somewhere in the early eighties, Evans and his wife became committed born-again Christians. "Once we were able to come to God and release these feelings we had within ourselves, then baseball became insignificant," he said. "I think that's when I grew up: baseball is not everything. I've played a long time since then."

He looked out the clubhouse window. "Looks like this rain is going to stop," he said. "It's lightening up. I need to get this game in. It's been a long spring—I've never hurt so much before. My knees are just beginning to come around."

I asked how he could get ready to perform once again at the level he has established for himself, up on the high ground.

"That's always the question," he said. "But, you know, I never doubt my ability. I never have. You have to be a positive person in this work. I was thinking that the other day, because I'd just struck out with the bases loaded against some guy—I'm terrible on names—some right-hander with the Royals. And I thought afterward, I hope he makes the club, because I want to face him again in the season. I want to hit against him when it counts."

The rain did stop, and Evans got his game in—two singles and a line-drive double to left against the Orioles, and four runs batted in. He was ready for another season.

I WENT West again, and my tour ended out there a few days later, with another Athletics-Giants game—a sellout night meeting at Phoenix, with the same testiness between the clubs in the air, and another sort of tension as well, for the regular season was just a week away. Mike Krukow allowed the Athletics a couple of early home runs, one of them by Canseco, but the Giants went ahead for good on an eighth-inning round-tripper by their fearsomely talented young first baseman, Will Clark, and won the thing, 6-3. Dennis Eckersley pitched an inning, and was touched up for a

home run, too. The starting Giants third baseman in the game was a husky young man named Matt Williams, who was winding up a difficult spring season with the near-certain knowledge that he would be sent back to the Giants' Class AAA farm club (here in Phoenix, in fact) when the team broke camp. Last March, Williams was all the rage at the Giants' games, although he had played only one previous season in professional ball; he kept driving base runners home and making great plays afield, and he came close to surviving the cut. He turned up at Candlestick Park very early in the season, in any case, because of an injury to shortstop Jose Uribe, and he performed capably, and at times brilliantly, at the hard position, in seventy games.

His batting declined, however, and he was sent back down, and although he played again briefly with the Giants in September, his .188 year-end National League average cast doubt on his chances as a major-leaguer, even though Manager Craig and General Manager Al Rosen kept saying wonderful things about his aggressive temperament and his future in the game.

Matt Williams and I talked in the Giants' clubhouse on the afternoon before the Athletics game, and he told me a little about his off-season preparations last winter and his view of baseball now. At twenty-two, he is blond and strong, with pale eyebrows, and his heavy face has a boyish look to it still. He speaks with great earnestness and candor. He grew up in Carson City, Nevada, and went to the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, where he became an All-American shortstop in his junior year, batting .351 with twenty-five home runs in fifty-seven games. Last year was the first time he had experienced the slightest difficulties at the plate, he said—in any league. "At first, I was a little awed coming up against people like Rick Sutcliffe and Nolan Ryan—players I'd watched on TV ever since I was a kid," he told me. "But that wasn't it. It shouldn't matter who's out there, you know. Suddenly, I just couldn't handle it up at bat. I came home when the season was over and—" He spread his hands helplessly. "I'd never had a feeling like that in my life. I'd begun to think I didn't belong here."

Williams underwent arthroscopic



Try our



Gourmet Coffee Sampler

and get an After Dinner Coffee FREE...

If you love a good cup of coffee, we want to be your source of truly great coffees—40 delicious coffees, fresh-roasted daily! Let us send you our Introductory Sampler at special savings. 12 oz. each of:

Colombia Supremo. A rich, full-flavored coffee from Colombia's most highly-prized beans.

Mocha Java. Genuine Ethiopian Mocha and Indonesian Java, skillfully blended for a smooth, creamy-rich taste.

Brown & Jenkins Special Blend. A delightful combination of medium & dark roasts. At breakfast, it'll make your day.

FREE if we hear from you now:
1/4 lb. of Vanilla Hazelnut Coffee.

BROWN & JENKINS Trading Co.
431 Pine St., Dept. 397, P.O. Box 1570, Burlington, VT 05402

—For new customers only—

YES, send me the FREE After Dinner Coffee along with:

☐ Gourmet Coffee Sampler each only \$12.95 ppd.
☐ Decaf Coffee Sampler

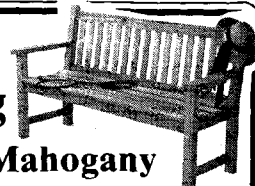
I've enclosed check or Visa/MC No. & exp. date.
I prefer: ☐ Whole Bean ☐ Filter Grind

Phone Orders: 1 800 456-JAVA

Name _____
Address _____
Zip _____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND.

Free Catalog



Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture

Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled, or as precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.

WOOD CLASSICS
R#1, Box 8Y18, High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 687-7645



The Pembroke Room

... an English Tea Salon.

Breakfast • Lunch • Private Parties

The Lowell Hotel
28 East 63rd Street 838-1400

Come to Scotland...
Come to Ardsheal House



Historic manor house on Loch Linne in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland, Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

knee surgery in mid-October, and a month later he went to Puerto Rico to play in the winter league there, but actually to find a new batting style. He tried everything, he told me—different hand placements, different stances, a different body shift with the pitch. He is a right-handed batter, and most of all he tried hitting the ball toward right or up the middle, instead of pulling everything. The Giants' coaches had recommended something of the sort, but for the most part Williams had to carry on the project without supervision. "A batter really needs someone there all the time, almost with every pitch, to tell him what he's doing wrong, but mostly I was by myself," he said. "It was rough. I worked my ass off. My average in the Puerto Rican League didn't show anything, but I didn't care about that. I worked on hitting every single pitch the other way—anything they threw: inside pitches, outside, up, down, everything. I got jammed a lot, I grounded out to second a million times, but I finally began to make a little progress. I haven't done much this spring, but what I have hit has been to the right side. I think I've showed Roger and the coaches something here."

It was a long winter, though. Williams played for the Ponce team but lived in an apartment in San Juan. Each day, he would drive an hour and a half to the Ponce park in the early afternoon, take extra batting practice, and then play an eight-o'clock game. When it ended, he would drive the hour and a half back, getting home around two in the morning, eat some dinner, and go to bed. The next day he would start all over again. He didn't know anybody on the Ponce team and roomed with the Mets' Randy Milligan, who was traded to the Pirates this spring. On Christmas, they baked a small ham and a small turkey in their apartment, and then ate them. All in all, the Puerto Rico experience was a bummer. It was particularly scary, he said, because he was dismantling himself, so to speak, and he didn't know if he'd ever get the parts back together again.

Williams batted .245 in twenty-two spring appearances with the Giants this year, and as the club came down toward its final roster cut it became clear that he hadn't quite made the team. When we talked, only a last-minute injury to an established Giant

infielder or outfielder would save him from starting the season in the minors once again. The Giants said they preferred to have him playing every day in Phoenix, in any case, instead of riding the bench with the big club (this is what is always said at such times), but Williams told me that the difference between the two levels was almost incalculable.

"Going down is embarrassing," he said. "You go around the clubhouse here and wish the guys luck and say maybe you'll see them again soon. But nobody knows, so nobody says much. And when you get to the other place—well, a minor-league camp is a stressful situation. Those guys are going for each other's jobs, and when you arrive it means that somebody else at your position is probably going to have to go down to AA ball. You make enemies real fast that way. Everybody's waiting and watching, because in baseball there's no place like this place, here in the big leagues. So I'm going on with this—I'm saying 'Mattie, hang in there.' That's all you can do." That night against the Athletics, Williams had one hit in four at-bats—a little bouncer past the second baseman and off into right field. Three days later, he went down to the minors.

WATCHING Matt Williams and pulling for him that night, I kept thinking about the contrast between him and the other players I had talked to, all through spring training. In Florida, a week or so before this, I'd spent a few minutes with Mike Schmidt in the Phillies' visiting-team dugout, talking about the coming season. Some other reporters were there, too; Schmidt is never alone before a game, or after. He is thirty-eight years old, and this will be his sixteenth year in the majors. He has won the Most Valuable Player award in his league three times; he has been picked for eleven All-Star teams; and he has won ten Gold Glove awards for his defensive play. He has accumulated five hundred and thirty lifetime home runs, and has hit thirty-five homers or better in eleven seasons. Hank Aaron also did this eleven times, and Babe Ruth twelve, but no other players in baseball history have been as consistent in this category. In Florida, someone asked Schmidt about this aspect of his game, and he turned his burnished-ochre face and strange, china-blue eyes toward

Travel Insurance ... Your Spare Ticket Home.

Before you travel the world, think about what you'll do if you (or your traveling companion!) get injured or become ill.

Your "spare ticket" is a comprehensive travel protection plan that includes:

- ... a worldwide network of assistance centers to make sure you get the help you need *at the time you need it*
- ... medical evacuation back to the U.S.A.
- ... medical insurance that pays your medical bills *on the spot*
- ... optional trip cancellation/curtailment and baggage coverage.

Get your "spare ticket" NOW, Health-Care Abroad for as little as \$30.00 for 10 days.

(800) 237-6615 Ext. 245



Travel Insurance Programs Corporation
243 Church Street West, Vienna, VA 22180

Blue Note

WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB-131W. 3rd ST-475-8592

Double Feature

Tue thru Sun

May 3 - 8

at 9 & 11:30

Third Show

Fri & Sat 1:30 am

EDDIE DANIELS & GROUP
KEVIN EUBANKS TRIO

FREDDIE HUBBARD May 10 - 15

WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

"LONDON ...

I usually stay at the Dorchester
or, if I'm feeling frugal and want
understatement and comfort, at

NUMBER SIXTEEN Hotel."

16 Sumner Pl. London SW7 Tel. 01-5895232

*From Bill Fine "Travel & Leisure"



For the discriminating
vacationer
a commitment to excellence

**Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales**

Pam Harrington Exclusives

803-768-0273

800-845-6966

the reporter and said, "Ten years ago, I started to establish a level for myself, and now the challenge is to stay at that level. Things get magnified for a player like me, but I think that having the heart, the heart to compete professionally in any sport, is the underlying motive for any player. You don't lose that. The target for me now, every year, is to drive in a hundred and ten, and hit thirty-five, and field my position. Do my job, handle the ups and downs, and respect the game of baseball."

It was pointed out that two more thirty-five-home-run seasons would bring him to the six-hundred-lifetime-homer level, where only Aaron and Ruth and Mays have gone before him.

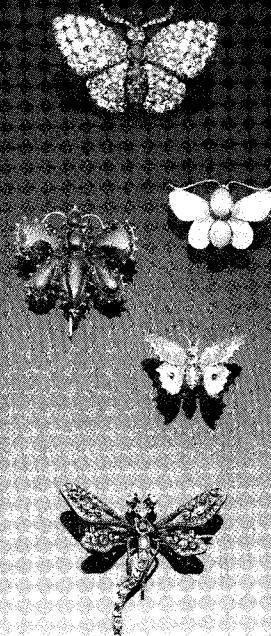
"That's right," Schmidt said. "I don't think about it much, but if things go the way they have the last five or six years, that should be along around the end of next year." He could have been talking about the tide coming in.

I said that it almost seemed as if he were competing with himself these days. "You could say that," he said, picking up a bat and starting up the steps toward the batting cage. "That's a big part of it now."

When I thought about it, I realized that there had been a point or a common theme to my spring talks after all—something to do with competitiveness, a heart for the game. Mike Schmidt is in a different sector of the baseball universe from Matt Williams, but their shared and essential self-confidence—even with Williams' besieged assurance just now—makes them companions, and brothers as well to all the others in their demanding and exotic trade. Dennis Eckersley once believed he would throw a no-hitter every time he walked out to the mound, and Bob Boone will not diminish himself by wondering even for an instant if he is getting too old to be a ballplayer. Tony Gwynn wants to face the best pitchers in his league, every time, and Dewey Evans has never questioned his own ability—never. I'm glad every day that I don't have to face the best pitchers in the league, but those who do bring more than just their miraculous skills to the job. They represent us, in a way, but in their will and imperious desire to succeed they are oceans apart from us. Perhaps that is why we stand close by, watching them do their stuff, even in batting practice in the spring.

—ROGER ANGELL

Flying jewels...



Jewelry catalogue available \$5 ppd.

J. MAVEC & COMPANY, LTD.

Antique Silver and Jewelry

52 East 76th Street, Third Floor, New York 10021
Telephone (212) 517-8822

BERMUDA



One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings.

Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Tennis. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape; luncheon at the Pool Terrace.



See your travel agent or **David B. Mitchell & Co.**
NYC (212) 696-1323; (800) 372-1323

Live Better

Spacious, light and natural. A Classic.
Individually designed, energy-efficient and
built on your site.

To receive the 1988 Design Portfolio
featuring new photo and plan
collections, call or send \$12.

1-800-225-5755

Box 242, Dept. M, Acton, MA 01720 617-259-9450



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Art Tour

"COLORS" isn't incendiary in its presentation of L.A.'s two most powerful confederations of drug-trafficking gangs—the Bloods, who wear red, and the Crips, who wear blue. The picture belongs to an honorable tradition of melodramatic muck-raking, and it seems to be doing a fine job of embarrassing the L.A. city and county authorities. When one of the gang members says, "We say 'no' to drugs," it's funny—it mocks the empty, P.R. campaign promoted by the Reagan Administration. But "Colors" isn't much of a movie. Right from the beginning, it's deadened by standard cop-movie ploys. The older cop shakes his head over his new young partner's rashness and tries to impart some folk

wisdom to him. Pretty soon, the older cop has his partner over to meet his wonderful family. Eventually, the younger cop passes along the "wisdom" he has learned. But before that the moviemakers tell us that the veteran cop is due for retirement, and we groan, knowing that martyrdom is hovering over him—we wait for the inevitable scene in which he'll be killed. (No, I'm not giving the plot away—unless this is the first movie you've ever seen.)

Fuddy-duddy Bob Hodges (Robert Duvall) and young Danny McGavin (Sean Penn), who likes to rough up suspects, are the only characters we get to know. The director, Dennis Hopper, and the cinematographer, Haskell

Wexler, try for vividness, with the camera hightailing after the fast-moving kids, and they catch images of the random violence of boys who are high on crack or PCP, carry beepers and thousands of dollars, and have arsenals of assault rifles and submachine guns. But it's an odd thing about this movie: we see dozens of gang members (or bangers) and their young recruits—the peewees—sprinting down alleys and climbing fences whenever the police come in view, and we pick up on their lingo, but we're not brought close enough to the kids themselves to be stirred by the brutal tragedy that we know they represent. TV documentaries and articles in the press have given us the outlines of what's going on, and we expect this movie to give us a feeling for the individuals caught in it. But we never get to tell the kids apart. (Some of them are actual gang members.) Instead, we get these damned quarrelling cops: Danny combing his brush-cut hair—it's like the return of Edd (Kookie) Byrnes—and Bob ashen and fair-minded.

And we get graffiti. Yes, we know by now that graffiti mark the gangs' turfs and serve as warnings to outsiders, and so on. But do the homeboys, or homes, always have to be posed hanging out in front of murals and graffiti-covered walls? "Colors" is like an art tour of ghettos and barrios, of Watts and Venice and downtown L.A. and the San Pedro waterfront. The movie is so art-conscious that when a young kid is caught with his spray can, and Danny cruelly sprays him in the face, the scene takes place against an elegant Christ figure. (Hopper himself played a scapegoat Christ in his 1971 "The Last Movie," and that's how he casts himself in his famous Hollywood anecdotes—he fought and died for the Method.)

At the start, there's a "drive by" killing: charged up on drugs, a vanload of Crips get even higher by blowing away a Blood. Later—it seems almost unconnected with the shooting—we see the dead boy's funeral service at a storefront Pentecostal church and hear the deep-voiced minister admonishing the mourners



"Have you any regrets, Captain Hale? Our readers would like to know."

against violence and telling them not to be afraid of those who perpetrate violence; his sermon is brought to a shocking halt when Crips drive by and spray the church with bullets. In terms of the underdramatized now-you-see-it-now-you-don't story line, this scene is perhaps too eloquently staged: the viewer has the sense of being in the midst of a major massacre and then is bewildered that there's no loss of life.

Most of the movie seems out of whack in this way: the directing is diversionary, and the events don't link up. The picture leads us to believe that Danny's callousness will cause Bob's death, and then doesn't follow through. It indicates that gang members are out to get Danny, and



then doesn't make anything of the black comedy that they're all killed off before they can do it. The best images are the ones that stand alone, without a plot tie-in—the ones that are visual fun, like the jailhouse scene with Bloods and Crips in adjoining holding pens, their colors swaying as the camera moves rhythmically to the rap song on the track, or the arrest of an angel-dusted guy who has a big stuffed rabbit sitting on his shoulders. But the main set pieces—such as the action after the police are tipped off that gang members have unloaded fire extinguishers full of cocaine from a Panamanian freighter, or the fight when Danny chases a murder suspect into a restaurant kitchen and grapples with him by the stove—seem detachable, as if they could be dropped into a TV cop show. That's true of most of the movie: it has no directorial personality, except for its nihilistic existentialism. The picture says that the cops' activities are purposeless and that life doesn't make any sense—the best you can hope for is to die shooting or fornicating. Hopper has some sort of identification with the romantic fatalism of his drug-gies, but even that isn't very strong. After about five minutes of the movie, I began wishing he were in it instead of directing it.

It would be too much, maybe, to expect Hopper, who's working with a less than inspired script, by Michael Schiffer (from a story plan devised by Schiffer and Richard DiLello), to give us a feel for the way drugs have upped the ante on youth gangs' traditional

turf wars and turned the kids sociopathic, or to show us how the gang veterans who have been to prison control the gangs, and how turf becomes sales territory, and—next step—how franchises are set up. But if he's not going to try for that sick, satirical vision of the drug networks spreading across the country, shouldn't he at least do a better job of telling the cops-and-gangs action story?

Dennis Hopper is a culture hero—for making "Easy Rider" (1969), which was the fullest expression on-screen of flower-child confusions, and for being whacked out on drugs and booze and coming back. He was something of a joke in "Apocalypse Now" and "Rumblefish," but in "Blue Velvet" he's a master. Even in a vignette role in "Black Widow," he manages to wear his myth gracefully and use it for an ironic inflection. Here, though, as a director, he isn't inside the material: he doesn't bring us to a fuller consciousness of gang life (or of police life, either). He's a visual aesthete—less a director than an artistic arranger of people in the frame. If "Colors" were turned into a book of still photographs, it might look charged with graphic energy. As it is, despite its kinetic style it feels slow and long and tame. We're turned into passive voyeurs: we get a look at gang violence without being asked to become emotionally involved. The movie appears to assume that we couldn't get interested in the black and Hispanic characters.

As a Chicana who works at a fast-food stand, Maria Conchita Alonso has a sparky visual introduction: Danny, who's in his car with Bob, looks at her, and the camera gives her the once-over, likes what it sees, and lingers on her devastating eyes, her open smile, her capacity for happiness. But this intro is virtually all the role she has; after that, she dates Danny, is seen visiting with Bob's wife and holding the baby, and so on, until she's repelled by Danny's brutality to her relatives, and her eyes cloud over. Sean Penn tries to suggest the ugliness of machismo—tries to make Danny an ordinary-guy sadist. But the writing doesn't give him the underpinnings he needs, and he seems able to reach into himself only sporadically. As for Du-



The accent is English

The Aquascutum Shop,
680 Fifth Ave, 54th St
New York, NY 10019.
Tel: (212) 975 0250.

Also at Worth Ave, Palm Beach, Florida.



The honest restful lines of the Mission style are recreated in our handsome bedframes. Available in cherry or oak with handrubbed oil finish.

Double \$720.
Queen \$760.

THE FUTON SHOP

491 Broadway (at Broome) NYC 10012
Open M-F 11-7, Sat. 11-6, Sun. 1-5 • (212) 226-5825

Red Lion Spring



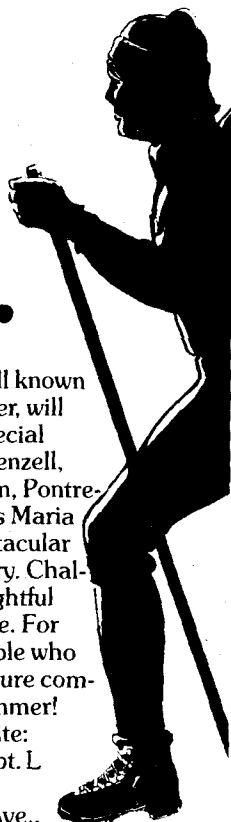
Outside the Berkshire Hills are greening. Inside, there's an unhurried world of Cobridge china, antique furniture (including a table that Lincoln dined at), hearty meals, favorite drinks. After the long winter, you owe yourself a Red Lion spring! Information and room reservations, 413-298-5545, Mass. pike, Exit 2.

THE RED LION INN

Since 1773, Box NY5 Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

Hike the Alps.

Fred Jacobson, well known author/mountaineer, will once again lead special hiking trips to Appenzell, Kandersteg, Murren, Pontresina, Saas-Fee, Sils Maria and Zermatt. Spectacular Swiss alpine scenery. Challenging trails. Delightful inns and fine cuisine. For active outdoor people who also like their creature comforts. Our 16th summer! For information write: Fred Jacobson, Dept. L, Chappaqua Travel, 24 South Greeley Ave., Chappaqua, New York 10514 800-666-5161/914-238-5151



Patent Pending

The Baby Jogger® The stroller for runners

Go anywhere with the ultimate all-terrain stroller. The Baby Jogger lets you roll over gravel, grass, curbs, even sand or snow that bring other strollers to a halt. Your child rides in style while you stay in shape. Ask about our 'Walkabout' and 'Twiner' for two children.

(\$239.95, \$12 shipping; FREE BROCHURE)

RACING STROLLERS, INC.
516A North 20th Avenue
Yakima, WA 98902
(509) 457-0925

Safe, stable, endorsed by pediatricians.

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA



Retire to the Village of Fearrington,
625 acres full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, cows,
a country inn & families of all ages.
Call 1-800-334-5475 or 919-542-4000

vall, he's turning to stone. He's supposed to be a simple, average cop who's trying to take it easy his last year on the force, but he's more intense than Penn. His concentration is scary: you don't know what it's for. He brings his role presence and technique and an absolute lack of easygoing dailiness. He's a powerful actor and he bores me blind.

ANIMALS howl very softly during the opening titles of Dominique Deruddere's "Love Is a Dog from Hell." The whole film is soft, muted, tactful, and this has a certain piquancy, since it tells the story of Harry Vos, whose love for women is unrequited for all of his short life, and who finds sexual fulfillment only at the end, when he tenderly—almost reverently—caresses a lovely corpse, and mounts her. This Belgian film, which is based on stories by Charles Bukowski, principally "The Copulating Mermaid of Venice, California," isn't like the rowdy Bukowski-derived movies—the wild, lusty 1981 "Tales of Ordinary Madness" and the 1987 "Barfly"—that European directors made in English, with L.A. settings. It's a Flemish-language art film with its own erotic tone—faintly ironic, faintly queasy. That softness gets to you.

The three episodes span Harry's life, starting with his sexual awakening. In 1955, the twelve-year-old Harry (Geert Hunaerts) sits in a movie theatre, his eyes glistening with fervor as he watches a gorgeous blond princess in a white gown come running toward the camera, her royal breasts bobbling. After the handsome knight wins her hand, and Harry leaves the theatre, he steals a still of the princess-star from the display case. Back home on his farm, he talks to his amused mother about how his father (who looks like a slug) must have vanquished her other suitors. He has a pal who teaches him a few of the harsher practicalities of sex, but when these two sneak into the house of a bawd who's asleep and his pal urges him to climb onto her he leaps on her too enthusiastically; she screams and, in terror, he screams back. (It's a high comic moment, like the screeching in "The Bride of Frankenstein" and in "E.T.") Defeated, he watches the pal's demonstration of how to masturbate, and goes home and uses the still of the princess to set him off. The movie doesn't show us any masturbation; the sounds tell us what's

going on, and, at climax, the shadow of rain on the window turns into tears that roll down little Harry's face.

In the second episode, in 1962, Harry (Josse De Pauw) is a gangling nineteen and about to graduate from high school. He writes love poetry—especially to his dream-girl classmate, the blond Liza—but for the past two years his face and neck have been covered with acne and boils and pustules. At the graduation ball, the girls recoil from dancing with him, and we empathize with them. Poor Harry—he has the harmless look of the scrawny young Alec Guinness, but it's as if his erotic need had burst out in craters and volcanoes. His skin has turned against him. And as he stands around alone or talking to a pal, we watch the sensual, weaving motions of the vocalist with the band. The American pop tunes ("Love Hurts," "Angel Baby," "I Love How You Love Me") are subdued, but they have a casual, narcissistic zing. The girl singer (Micheline Van Houtem), who wears her hair piled high, off her forehead, has the fresh-faced look of the young Joan Leslie in "High Sierra"—a vacuous, self-absorbed sexiness. And the music, her movements, the cheek-to-cheek couples all seem designed to torture the lovesick Harry, who's dying to dance with Liza. He goes to the men's room and returns with his disgusting sores concealed in a toilet-paper version of a knight's helmet (or the Invisible Man's wrappings). Confidently, he asks Liza to dance; she consents, and they move together in rhythmic surrender to the music. He's fulfilling longings he's had ever since he watched the princess. He returns Liza to her table, tears off the toilet paper, goes out and gets drunk on stolen liquor, and is arrested. This is the best sequence—it has a masochistic potency, and some humor and rage.

Its power may have surprised the young Deruddere, because he'd made the third section first, as a half-hour short, and then (with his co-writer Marc Didden) worked up the two sections of Harry's earlier life in order to make a feature—his first. He didn't shoot the early life until two years after he'd completed the short. This final episode, set in 1976, when Harry is a thirty-three-year-old alcoholic bum, his life destroyed by his failure with women, is a little too shapely—too much the sensitive short story. (It

**The J. Peterman shirt.
(99% Thos. Jefferson, 1% Peterman.)**

Jefferson disliked stuffy people, stuffy houses, stuffy societies. So he changed a few things. Law. Gardening. Government. Architecture.

Of the thousand castles, mansions, chateaux you can walk through today, only Monticello, only Jefferson's own mansion, makes you feel so comfortable you want to live in it.

I think you will feel the same about his 18th-century shirt. Classic. Simple. Livable.

Unbleached handwoven muslin, blue or natural. Wooden buttons. Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL.

Price: \$33, including shipping.



Call (606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
(800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
Visa and MasterCard accepted.

Next day air available

Absolute satisfaction, or your money back.

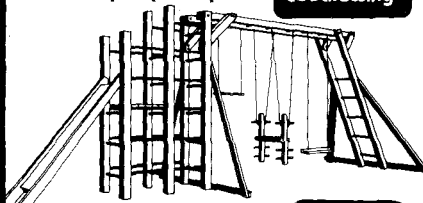
The J. Peterman Company

257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1988 The J. Peterman Company

Perfect childhoods.

Built with good solid cedar and a playful spirit. CedarSwing



Free color catalogue
207/236-3183

Route 1, Box 640N Rockport,
Maine 04856

Cedar
works

MOTHER'S DAY—MAY 8

Surprise Mother
with a basketful of elegant gifts

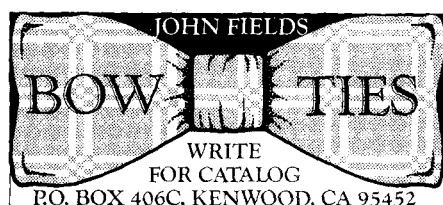
THE ULTIMATE BASKET

140 WEST 83RD STREET

CALL TO ORDER: (212) 877-3291

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CATALOGUE AVAILABLE



might work better on its own, without the prehistory that explains it so neatly.) It's almost straight Bukowski, but without the grungy harshness that rubs up against some of Bukowski's sentimentality. Josse De Pauw's Harry has horsy teeth now, and a cynical, seedy look—there's a touch of Nicol Williamson about him. After a long night of drinking, he and a pal who's just out of jail have glommed on to a bottle and are ready for anything. Just for the hell of it, they steal a corpse from a van that's taking it from the hospital to the mortuary. When they uncover it and see that it's a warm, resilient young blond woman (the corpse is played by Florence Beliard, who was the movie-star princess), Harry gets his chance to express the passion he still holds inside him. His lovemaking suggests a sacred rite, and his expression changes—he seems exalted.

It may appear a little loony to complain that this necrophiliac sequence is too poetic, but, with Harry reciting marriage vows to the corpse, it's almost as misty and romantic as that princess movie. It glides by in a lyrical trance. You're asked to identify with Harry's pure emotions, though these warm-corpse scenes are just a few tones away from being a parody of an adolescent fantasy. You're also made to think pseudo-deep thoughts about the way living women reject men's sexual needs, particularly if the men aren't conventionally handsome. (Deruddere didn't have to look farther than the cratered face in Bukowski's book-jacket photos to select the disfigurement for Harry.) "Love Is a Dog from Hell"—the European title is "Crazy Love"—makes too many points. But it's a movie for people with a perverse sense of humor or a persistent sexual acne—a low-keyed sexual reverie. At the high-school dance, it's pop music that makes the kids make out. And in having Harry's pals accept him when the girls can't, or won't, the movie touches on sexual mysteries. The high-school pal isn't put off by Harry's boils, and understands Harry's bitterness when he drinks and turns nasty. The high-school girls see that skin and imagine it touching theirs, and it's the essence of all the hairy coarseness and threat that boys represent. The girls are dreaming of a Rob Lowe, with skin as smooth as their own.

—PAULINE KAEI



SAFFRAN

SAFFRAN, truly extraordinary clothes from Sweden of natural fibers, timeless design, and rich yet gentle colors.

40-page color catalog, \$3.

SAFFRAN, Box 64555, St. Paul, MN 55164

The Russian Tea Room



150 WEST 57 ST., NEW YORK
265-0947

Our original handmade Southwestern furniture is uniquely suited to a variety of interiors and offices, contemporary or traditional. Interesting catalog, \$3.00: Taos Furniture, Dept. D, 232 Galisteo, Santa Fe, New Mexico USA 87501.

TAOS Furniture



A REPORTER AT LARGE

SACRED PLACE

"**V**IRAJ?" I asked Viraj Mendis. "Is that a common name in Sri Lanka?"

"No, not very."

"Like Nigel in England, or Dwight in America?"

"Maybe less common."

"Like Hector?"

"That-that—" His lips pursed; a slight stammer impeded his reply. "That could be."

Later, I wondered why the name Hector had popped into my mind as we sat talking, one morning, in the sacristy of the Anglican Church of the Ascension, in the Hulme district of Manchester, England. Viraj, a thirty-two-year-old atheist and supporter of Britain's minuscule Revolutionary Communist Group, has been living in sanctuary in this church for the last sixteen months to avoid being deported to his native land. Hector, I recalled, had lost his personal combat. But, then, the name of the victor in that combat, Achilles, had never caught on in England.

Viraj, for his part, may have felt the reverberations of a struggle between fear and heroism. From a bookshelf next to a chest of drawers on which the rector's bright-green vestments were laid out ready for the noon Eucharist, he took a slim book—"A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," by Karl Marx. He began to read aloud from the last lines of the preface, where Marx quotes from Dante's description of the entrance to Hell—a place where all fear must be left behind.

As he was reading, the sacristy door opened and Father John Methuen, the rector—or, to use the designation he prefers, parish priest—came in, pink cheeks emphasized by the blackness of his cassock, and smiled a greeting. He bowed before the crucifix hanging over the vestment chest, pushed gently to one side copies of *The Economist* and the Revolutionary Communist Group monthly newssheet, *Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism!*, and donned the alb, stole, and chasuble with measured reverence. The church bell began to sound for the noon service.

SEEN from without, the Church of the Ascension is not uplifting. It is a contemporary structure, roughly

coeval with the late nineteen-sixties development of Hulme, which it serves. Yet Father John generally praises its working qualities, is glad that it isn't a leaky, crumbling Gothic mini-cathedral, and has reservations only about the sacristy, which he feels could be—well, a little more spacious. Not that the architects, the firm of Maguire & Murray, ever imagined that this room was going to serve both as the repository for vestments, candles, and sacred vessels and as the long-term living quarters for a large young man. The church is a square, box-shaped structure built of pink-gray concrete blocks and daylit by an elaborate skylight and a thin band of clear-glass windows just below the eaves. Within, the pews are arranged like the two sides of an L, and a simple altar stands near one corner. Above and behind the pews, a broad balcony runs across the back of the church and partly along the left side. Most of the balcony is walled off from the church interior. The section of it along the back contains several half-size billiard tables, which are ordinarily used, the rector told me, by the Friday-night Under-Fourteen Youth Club. The sacristy is in that part of the closed balcony which overhangs the side of the church. Entering it, one feels as if one were going into a long attic cupboard. Daylight comes at second hand, from an interior window into the church. There is no plaster ceiling; rafters and roofing boards slope upward at a modest angle, and Viraj, who is six feet two, moves with a cautiously bent head. The sacristy was

originally provided with a washbasin and ecclesiastical closets and drawers, and other items have been brought in for Viraj. Bookshelves hold his small library, the volumes of which include "Castro Speaks," "Dependent Capitalism in Crisis," "Soledad Brother—The Prison Letters of George Jackson," and "The Save Your Life Diet High Fiber Cookbook." The sacristy also contains a telephone, a microwave oven, an electric kettle, a small refrigerator, a radio, a black-and-white TV set, an early video recorder, an embroidered red-and-gold wall hanging of a domed Orthodox church, and a black couch, which opens out into a bed. On the sagging cushions of this couch Viraj reclines much of the time, head back, sandalled feet on a stool, as he talks to visitors who drop in throughout the day.

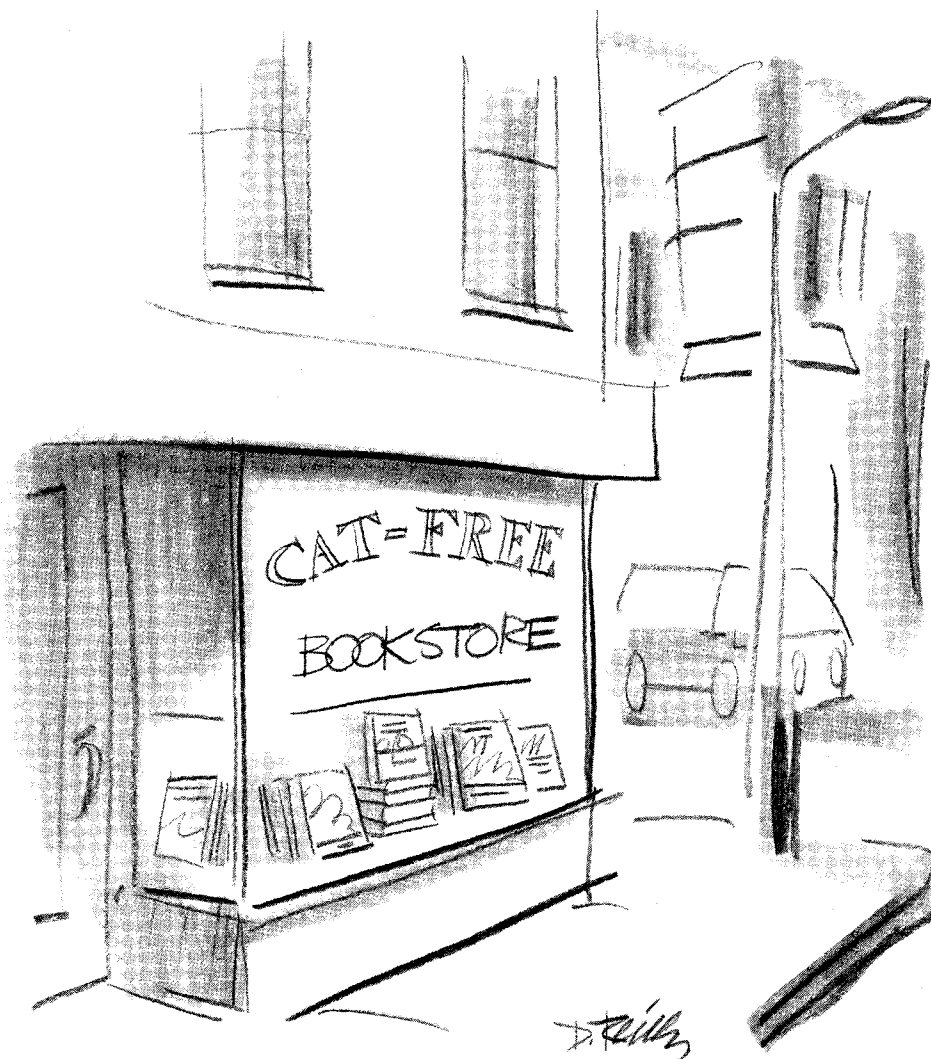
Viraj regards himself not just as in sanctuary but as a political prisoner, and it is evident that at least in one respect his situation is indeed like that of a person in prison: he is rarely alone. For a tall man, Viraj seems to have a small face, though this impression may result from a thick helmet of black hair, a black mustache joined on either side of his mouth to a black fringe of beard, and large black-framed spectacles, all diminishing the visible area of facial skin, which is the color of milky tea. The eyes framed by the glasses are nearly black, and luminous with what could be either affability or obstinacy. He wears a green sweatshirt and light-gray tracksuit trousers with elasticized ankles. For someone who has not been out in sunlight and fresh air for well over a year, he looks fit, but he complains of mild bronchitis, brought on by nine years' exposure to the Hulme damp. Until recently, he had his possessions in a small flat in Royce Court, a few hundred yards away; the rent owed to the Manchester council for these quarters was long unpaid. While he was living there, between 1984 and 1986, he went to many political and community meetings in the church hall, which shares an entrance foyer with the church, and was well acquainted with Father John. On December 20, 1986, several hundred people organized a march protesting his



deportation, which had just been decreed by the authorities, in response to his having long overstayed permission to be in Britain as a student. As the procession set off along Royce Road, Viraj ran into the Church of the Ascension. Fearing that the police would stop him, he had told only a few people—Father John among them—what he intended to do.

VIRAJ grew up near Colombo, Sri Lanka, where his father helped manage a tea plantation. He was raised a Catholic. At a small boarding school he attended, he had to get up in time for six-thirty Mass, at which he often served as altar boy, lighting the candles and holding the glass cruets of wine and water for the priest. He says now that as a child he took for proof of God's existence the fact that each of his two aunts had a baby precisely nine months after she was married in church. When he learned the facts of life from other pupils at school, his faith was shattered, and he has since felt no need to believe in a Supreme Being. The greatest influence on him as a child was one of his grandfathers, who was a math teacher. When Viraj was at home, this grandfather woke him at dawn to make him recite theorems. Viraj reached a fifteen-year-old's standard in geometry and algebra by the age of nine. His grandfather stammered, and Viraj, who in his earliest years had no noticeable speech impediment, believes that he acquired his own stammer along with the theorems, by emulation. His skill in math got him occasional plaudits at school, but because of the stammer he was more often picked on and mocked by fellow-students. Though Viraj is Sinhalese, and thus is a member of the majority race in Sri Lanka, he found himself siding with the Tamil students. He says, "They were the underdogs. They worked hard. They didn't laugh at my stammer. I got on better with them, and I found myself hating some of the teachers, who were blatantly racist. They'd tell the Sinhalese boys, 'You have to get high marks to beat the dirty Tamils.'" Viraj says that, out of what he thinks was confidence or arrogance, engendered by his precocious ability at math, and out of fellow-feeling, arising from his speech defect, for anyone in a minority, he looked at people who were racist and thought, This is stupid.

Viraj's prowess in math extended to

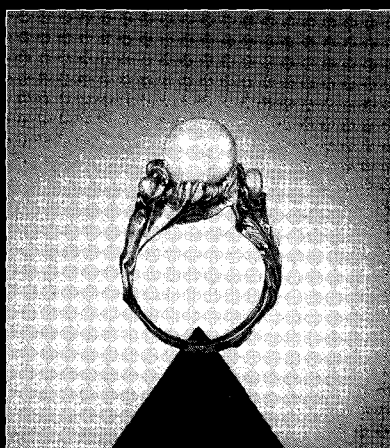


physics but not to any other subject. His parents nevertheless thought he should go to college in Britain, and although they were not well-to-do, they sent him to study engineering at the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology. He arrived in October of 1973, when he was seventeen, and has never gone home. He was taking a three-year course, but at the end of his second year he found himself short of funds: his parents were having financial difficulties, and tuition fees and the cost of living in Manchester had risen. Viraj, unable to pay for college, couldn't renew his student visa. In immigration terms, he became "an overstayer." He took part-time jobs in restaurants. In 1976, he moved down to London and worked for nearly a year in a large bakery in Walthamstow. "Eighty per cent of the workers were black," he says. "We worked twelve hours a night, six nights a week, for mediocre pay." In 1977, he moved back to Manchester and worked

all night in a similar bakery there, moving sacks of flour and loading bread into delivery vans. He says, "It's ironic that in that job you develop a hatred for the smell of bread—the staff of life. The smell should be wonderful, but all it does is remind you of work, of being worn out."

While Viraj was steadily employed, he had no problems with the system; national-insurance contributions and income tax were deducted from his wages. The immigration authorities showed no interest in the fact that he was working without a permit. "They may have considered that I intended to finish my degree, and I don't think they harass students from Third World countries who may one day go home to responsible jobs and order machinery from Britain," Viraj says, and he cites what he remembers as an editorial from the *Times* in support of this view. And, indeed, he made several attempts to complete his engineering course. At one point, he managed to

THE LILY RING



This exquisitely detailed carved gold ring features a jack-in-the-pulpit on one side, a calla lily on the other, each with a tiny seed pearl inside. In the center, your choice of baroque pearl (shown), amethyst or garnet. By Angela Conty, one of our designing goldsmiths. 14K gold \$525 18K gold \$685

Mail, phone orders. Specify ring size, karat gold and gemstone. NY residents add tax. \$7 shipping and handling. Major credit cards accepted.

AARON FABER GALLERY

666 FIFTH AVENUE (ENT. ON 53RD ST.)
NEW YORK, NY 10019 212-586-8411

FRANCE Panorama

A French Video Magazine

Now, twice a month, you can receive a unique video magazine in French focusing on news, sports, fashion, current affairs and featuring a music video and special interest topics. **FRANCE PANORAMA** will keep you informed, entertained, internationally involved... up-to-date with life in France.

For a free brochure and information on obtaining a preview cassette write or call toll free:

JEM COMMUNICATIONS, INC.
49 W. 38th Street, Suite 1500
New York, N.Y. 10018

1 (800) 338-4814
NEW YORK RESIDENTS: 212 840-7830
(Visa & Mastercard accepted)

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.



Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

Business trips to Washington?

Get the **Washington Executive Travel Report**, the business traveler's guide to hotels, restaurants, business services and more. 10 issues, \$60. Sample issue, \$4, to WETR, P.O. Box 53160, Washington, DC 20009. Phone orders, Visa or Mastercard, to 202-328-0810.

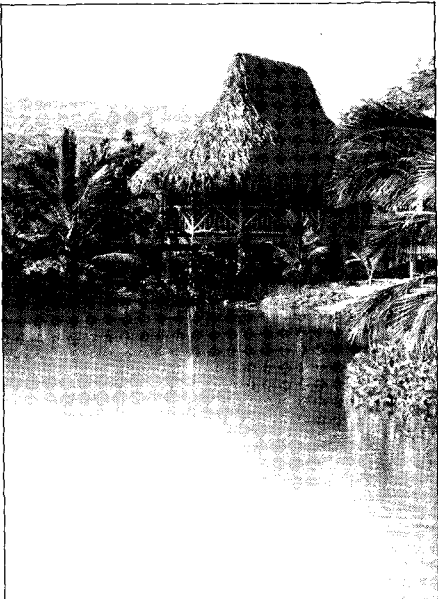
pay his tuition fees and thought he could do enough reading to make up for lectures he had failed to attend, but he flunked the exams. Part of the problem was his increasing interest in politics, which took up time that he might have spent studying engineering. He began to see that although many working people in Britain were content, those who performed unskilled labor in places like bakeries were not. Many seemed to him victims of almost colonial oppression and abuse. His feelings about all this were brought to a high pitch one night at the Manchester bakery. An Asian worker stacking baking tins next to a hot oven collapsed and died on the spot. One of the bakery foremen, who was white, said, in Viraj's hearing, "Well, that's one less Paki." Viraj turned on him, screaming outrage. Within a week, he was told he was no longer needed there. Not long after that, he joined the Revolutionary Communist Group, an organization vociferously opposed to racism. He felt he had found a home.

HULME is south of the Manchester city center, beyond a six-lane ring road called the Mancunian Way; the run-down docks along the Manchester Ship Canal are to the west, and the more prosperous university district is to the east. Cabdrivers, dropping off visitors from the center, which is only a ten-minute ride away, may give them friendly advice: "I wouldn't hang around here at night. Lots of muggings." If you make the trip on foot, you may walk past the splendid Victorian Central Railway Station, which has been handsomely converted into an exhibition hall; through an area of decayed industrial buildings; and beneath the Mancunian Way's traffic by means of shabby underpasses, where the possibility of a mugging comes to mind. Then, abruptly, you are in Hulme: wide, forlorn green spaces out of which rise blocks of flats, mostly built of concrete, its center made up of curving streets named after distinguished British architects—Robert Adam, John Nash, Charles Barry, and the like. The poverty of the extensive homage to neo-Corbusian town planning is at once apparent: barred windows conceal the few small shops; pale, ill-nourished, cheaply clothed people drift along; numerous dogs prowl unleashed. Parked cars are remarkably uncommon, though two of

the streets not named after great architects are named after the immortal Rolls and Royce. Tawdry pubs make a similar associative attempt, with names like The Iron Duke. A stranger could conclude that iron, if not irony, might have entered into the souls of Hulme's residents. The appearance of some residents, on the other hand, might suggest that there is little stoicism here, and that the prevailing mood of the people of Hulme is either apathy or fury.

The Church of the Ascension is on Royce Road. At first glance, it appears to be a fortified structure, like an Ulster police station. The outside walls of the church merge into a high wall bordering a compound, within which a two-story house, built of identical concrete blocks, is just visible. This is the rectory, home of Father John Methuen, his wife, and two daughters. Methuen, who is forty, grew up in Windsor, where his father was a Church of England parish priest in what the son calls the "rough end" of that historic royal town. As a boy, John Methuen went to the choir school of Eton College, and then to a lesser-known boarding school in Leatherhead, Surrey. He studied theology at Oxford. Since being ordained, in 1971, he has had a varied ecclesiastical career, serving as curate in the new town of Milton Keynes, as chaplain at Eton, as vicar in a downtown parish of Reading, and, from 1983, as rector of Hulme. Father John has straight black hair and—in his cassock, at least—an incipient portliness. But any Friar Tuck-like jolliness is undercut by a profound anxiety for his parish. Sitting in an armchair in the rectory study, he says, "Until the war, Hulme supported a hundred and thirty thousand people. Most of its men worked in the factories and cotton mills, and on the docks, along the ship canal. But these became run down with the decline of imperial trade. They were bombed during the war, as was Hulme. After the war, the city council thought it simplest to pull down the place entirely. There are probably no more than six prewar buildings left in Hulme. There is no private housing. Hulme's four square miles is said to have been the largest city redevelopment in Western Europe. The people from here were moved to other parts of Manchester and most never came back. Now only about twelve thousand live here."

Father John recites almost as a lit-



THE MOST DREAMED-OF
SPOT ON EARTH
ACTUALLY EXISTS

Kona Village 
A CLARION RESORT
at Ka'upulehu

P.O. Box 1299, Dept. NY
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745
Phone: 800-367-5290

THE ORIGINAL, PATENTED
KART-a-BAG
WORLD'S FINEST TRAVEL &
ALL PURPOSE COLLAPSIBLE CARTS

A complete line of portable
luggage and all purpose carriers
for travel, business and personal needs

- PATENTED "one motion" open & close
- LIGHT WEIGHT, compact, durable.
- STRONG, permanent, elastic cords.
- HANDSOME vinyl carrying case.

11 Models To Choose From

CONCORDE II
Weights 4 1/2 lbs.
Supports up
to 150 lbs.



LIMITED 5 YEAR
WARRANTY
Write for FREE full line brochure.
REMIN DEPT. 154
510 Manhattan Rd., Joliet, IL 60433
815/723-1940

THORN CROFT
P.O. Box 1022N Vineyard Haven Mass. 02568
617 693-3333

The small Inn of Distinction on
- MARTHA'S VINEYARD -

Three diamond rating 1987-88
Featured on the BBC program HOLIDAY

EUROPE BY CAR

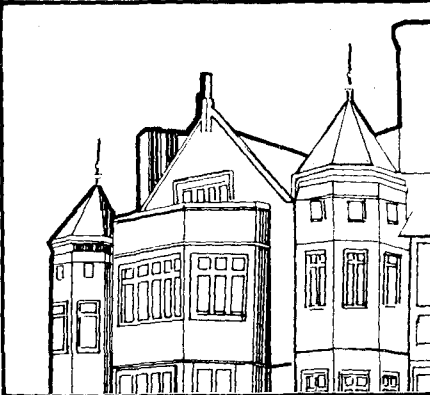
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040

9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424

SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

any what he calls the seven deadly sins of Hulme. First, the wholesale demolition of old Hulme. Second, the planning and design of the new (despite the fact that it was opened by the Queen). Third, the shoddy construction standards. Fourth, the prevalent wetness of the buildings, with leaking flat roofs, which let in the rain; and the poor ventilation, which encourages condensation. Fifth, the infestation by rats and cockroaches. Sixth, the use of large quantities of asbestos in wall and ceiling plaster. And, seventh, the city housing policy, which proceeded to fill Hulme with large families and took a long time to change course. Now that large families are no longer being encouraged to move to Hulme, the number of children is declining. Four out of eight primary schools have closed, and the population of pupils has halved in those that remain. Many of Hulme's flats have been allocated to university and polytechnic students, and they seldom have roots in the place. For Father John, another immensely relevant fact of Hulme life is unemployment: sixty-five per cent of its men and thirty-two per cent of its women are out of work. "You can add to this that, with quite a bit of crime and vandalism, ninety-nine per cent of the old people are afraid to go out at night," Father John says. "A lot of people here simply crack up—take an overdose or jump off a top floor."

Despite all this, Father John seems remarkably positive about his job and his church. The Ascension is the inheritor of eleven former Anglican parishes in Hulme; nine churches have been demolished, and the two left standing are redundant. "This church may look formidable from outside, and that may not be a bad thing, given our front-line situation," Father John says, with a smile, "but within it's warm, dry, and easy to clean. The architects who designed it were well briefed by my predecessor, and knew what a contemporary church is for." He found the church rather gray, however, and, believing that its surroundings were gray enough, has introduced as much bright paint into the interior as he could. The church is open seven days a week, not only as a place of worship but as a community center. Father John was for a long period chairman of a committee set up by the city council to handle local housing issues; he remains in close touch with tenants' associa-



Blantyre

A very gracious, very special
country house hotel. Rated "Best
of the United States" by Harper's
Hideaway Collection 1987 ...
Member of Relais & Chateaux
Hotels. 23 guest rooms on 85
acres. Exceptional cuisine.
Tennis, croquet, swimming.
Season, mid-May through
mid-November. 413-637-3556
(summer). 413-298-3806 (winter).

Lenox, Massachusetts 01240

— "The Adams Family's" —
Cartwright Hotel
— San Francisco —

We've transformed our
little hotel into a
home. Antiques and
fresh flowers in every
room. Complimentary
afternoon tea. One block
from Union Square.
\$70 to \$140.
(800) 227-3844



524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

International TravelArts, Inc

the complete travel service for the
discerning business and leisure traveler

120 East 56 Street, Suite 920
New York, New York 10022
(212) 644-8011

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 others and our licensed naturalist
will sail by yacht to explore more islands
than any other Galapagos adventure.
44 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606Y Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

tions, many of whose members are in his congregation (which is about seventy per cent black). Together with a group of other churches, of various denominations, in Hulme and the neighboring district of Moss Side, the Ascension employs three hundred and fifty local people in projects to restore furniture, make tools, run a home for the elderly, landscape derelict sites, and train computer operators. The church hall is used for a Saturday-morning thrift shop and for meetings of the Mothers' Union, the youth club, Alcoholics Anonymous, and several political groups, including that of the ward Labour Party.

Father John calls himself a "both/and" sort of priest. In other words, he likes both modern and traditional Catholic forms of worship. He goes in for "bells and smells"—the chant of anthems and the swinging thurible in which incense is burned—and also for up-to-date choruses and the linking of hands. Eucharist services are held daily, and the 10 A.M. Sunday service generally attracts a hundred people. A "folk Eucharist" takes place on Tuesdays, and "healing Eucharists" for the sick are held as need arises. Prayers are said morning and evening, those at 8 A.M. being an ecumenical occasion, with Father John joined by a Roman Catholic priest and a Baptist minister. All festivals are observed with as much color and ceremony as can be conjured up. Some days, pupils from a local primary school come for a service performed with dramatic accompaniment. There are solemn liturgical performances of oratorios and requiems by school choirs and orchestras. On Saturday evening, Father John and his two curates are on hand for confessions and absolution, and they will listen and try to help at any time. Of the other services that the church provides, Father John says wryly that there seem at the moment to be more baptisms than marriages taking place. Funerals, particularly of black members of his flock, can be daylong community events.

"So you can see what Viraj walked into," Father John says. "The fact that he took sanctuary here has certainly affected us, but it hasn't overwhelmed us. He is one more thing going on in the life of a very busy church."

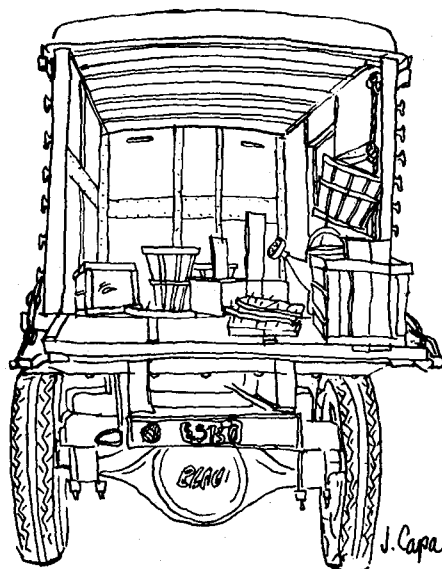
NEVERTHELESS, Viraj is hard to avoid in and around the Ascension. Graffiti slogans meet one at the

approaches, painted in large letters on the walls of nearby blocks of flats: "VIRAJ IS STRONG," "VIRAJ MEANS POWER." High on the south side of the church a huge placard declares, "SUPPORT VIRAJ MENDIS IN SANCTUARY HERE." In the foyer, a watch is maintained day and night by members of the Viraj Mendis Defence Campaign. These, generally a pair of students or recent students, cast a careful eye on visitors. There are two tables here, and display space on the wall above, for church newsletters, pamphlets describing how to get National Health vouchers for glasses, say, or treatment for drug addiction, and material relating to Viraj. A presentation of his case has a petition form on the last page, so far signed by fifty thousand people, including forty Members of Parliament. There are posters announcing meetings of campaign-support groups, whether of Labour Party members, trade unionists, lesbians and gays, or a local women's association. On the wall, a sign displaying the number of days Viraj has been in sanctuary has a slot so that the number can be changed daily. In the church itself, close to the curtained-off chapel space at the rear where the Host is kept, a table bears three candles, kept continuously burning: one for the missing Anglican envoy Terry Waite and the people of Lebanon; one for a parish in South Africa that has close contacts with the Ascension; and one for Viraj. On a screen behind this table are pinned scores of letters from individuals and organizations supporting Viraj. As I pass through the church's computer room on the way to see Viraj, a young black man sitting at a word processor is

keying in a new issue of the defense-campaign newsletter.

IN the early nineteen-eighties, Viraj involved himself in various types of political activism. He took part in a campaign in support of a Pakistani-born woman, Anwar Ditta, who had not been allowed to bring her children to Britain—permission that, after a six-year struggle, the Home Office granted. He went on marches in London supporting the Tamil cause in Sri Lanka. He participated in campaigns against apartheid in South Africa and for the withdrawal of British troops from Northern Ireland. (Viraj takes the straight Revolutionary Communist anti-imperialist line on Ulster, whose two-thirds majority in favor of remaining part of Britain he doesn't regard seriously.) He helped organize demonstrations. He wrote leaflets and handed them out on the streets of Manchester. He became well known as a left-wing agitator. "Some might call me an extremist," he says, "but is it extreme to call for democratic rights for black people, for oppressed people? Isn't this legal? However, in the back of my mind I knew there might be problems."

The police began to show an interest in Viraj. Sometimes it took a sardonic form, as at a "Troops Out" demo where one bobby said to Viraj, "What part of Ireland are you from, mate?" Viraj considered it curious that his immigration status hadn't been checked long before, and thought perhaps his name had dropped from the records. But one day in May of 1984 two policemen came to the door of his flat, in Royce Court, where he was then living on unemployment benefits. "The policemen were smiling," Viraj says. "One said, 'Well, Mr. Mendis, we believe you haven't got the right to be in this country.' " Viraj agreed to take his Sri Lankan passport to the police station in three days' time. He did so (and did not get his passport back for several years). At the police station, he was asked why he was in Britain without a valid visa. Viraj said that he couldn't go back to Sri Lanka. He was Sinhalese and was a well-known supporter of the Tamil cause, and he pointed out that during the previous year a thousand Tamils had been killed in a Sri Lankan race riot. He was a political refugee, he said, and, moreover, he felt he had a right to stay here, because he had lived here



since the age of seventeen, and had strong links with the local community. He told the same story to Home Office officials when he was interviewed in an immigration screening room at Manchester Ringway airport a few months later.

Viraj, meanwhile, had married a young woman named Linda, whom he had known for six years. It is a move he now regards as a mistake, because it looked as though he had married in order to have the right to live in Britain as the spouse of a British citizen. The fact is, he says, they married because the threat of his deportation made them want to legalize the union. There was nothing underhanded about it, Viraj claims, but the marriage didn't survive the pressures. "Linda isn't a political person," he explains. "She was worried about our safety, and that of her child. We had one letter that threatened petrol through the letter box next time. We've now got an amicable divorce."

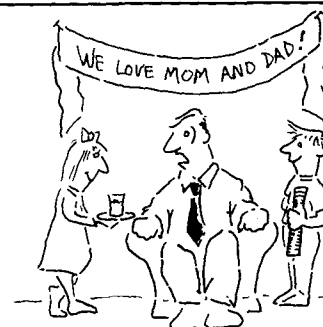
It was nine months after his airport immigration interview that a deportation notice was issued. Viraj knew that because he had lived so long in Britain he had the right to appeal against it. But he didn't think it would be smart to wait for that. Immediately after his visit to the police station, he had started the Viraj Mendis Defence Campaign. He organized parades and demonstrations. He sought publicity in the local papers and on the radio. He circulated a petition asking that he be given permission to stay, and when it had fifteen thousand signatures he presented it to the Home Office. His actions inspired others. Within a year of his police-station visit, a dozen separate campaigns against deportations were going on in the Manchester area. (The campaigns were supporting people from various countries, and, according to Viraj, represented only a small percentage of those threatened with deportation. Most such people don't want the humiliation of losing a fight, and therefore quietly accept the order to leave.) Viraj helped to organize a joint march for all the campaigns, a parade through central Manchester with banners and bands. More than two thousand people participated. "There were photos in the papers of all of us, marching together," Viraj says. "The others have all won their right to stay—all except me."

Several months after this march,

Viraj was arrested. He was walking to the central library to read that day's *Guardian*. He was put into a police van, where, he says, one officer kicked him and another took off his glasses and hit him in the face. At the police station, he was charged with conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace. One of the policemen said that Viraj had called him a "white racist pig" as he walked by. After several hours, Viraj was allowed to talk to a lawyer, and he asked the lawyer to tell his campaign supporters what had happened. Soon the station was inundated with phone calls. One was from Tony Benn, the well-known left-wing M.P., and another was from a local magistrate; both expressed concern. Apparently because it was now realized that calling someone names does not necessarily lead to a breach of the peace, the police changed their story to one claiming that Viraj had been handing out leaflets that could have led to such a breach. (Viraj says that he wouldn't have been so stupid as to hand out leaflets on his own, since he might have been beaten up by National Front—neo-Nazi—toughs.) After five hours, during which he was booked on the new charge, he was released, and was handed a notice that informed him that anyone with an immigration hearing pending caught breaking the law of the land could be deported immediately. "It clicked at once," Viraj says. "It was clear they wanted me out right away."

Within the week, Viraj had counter-attacked. He publicized the identity number of one of the policemen who he said had hit him. He organized another march, on which he was joined by the lord mayor of Manchester, Ken Strath. One of the banners carried by marchers said, "DROP THE CHARGES AGAINST VIRAJ." In magistrates' court, the charges were dropped.

VIRAJ's first appeal against deportation was made at the end of 1985; it was heard by the chief adjudicator for immigration appeals, Mr. M. Patey, appointed by the Home Office. A Sinhalese lawyer, briefed by Viraj, made a strong case that his client was in danger of death if he was sent back to Sri Lanka. (The lawyer referred to mass detentions, arrest on arrival of opponents of the regime, and power to detain persons for eighteen months incommunicado, during which time many disappeared.) Mr. Patey said,



"Something tells me the kids want another Basin Harbor vacation."

Families go to great lengths for vacations at Basin Harbor: 700 private acres on Lake Champlain, golf, tennis, and water sports. Supervised children's programs. See it all for yourself by ordering our special 15 minute videotape! To order, call 1-800-622-4000 (or 1-802-475-2311).

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Where New Guests Feel Like Old Friends.

☐ Please send video brochure (enclosed \$15.00 refundable upon return).

☐ VHS ☐ BETA

☐ Please send print brochure (free).

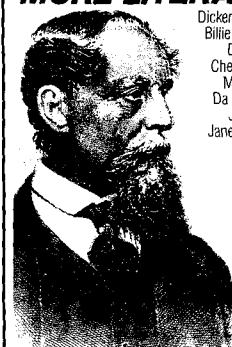
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Return to: Basin Harbor Club,
Box 803, Vergennes, VT 05491

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!



Dickens, Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, Billie Holiday, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Kafka, Dostoevsky, K. Marx, Jung, Mozart, Che Guevara, Nietzsche, Cheshire Cat, Mark Twain, Thoreau, Darwin, Bach, Da Vinci, Freud, Rimbaud, Beethoven, James Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, Jane Austen, Poe, Sartre, JFK, others.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL.

T-Shirt: (white, lt. blue or red) \$11.75, 4/\$42.

Sweatshirt: (white or grey) \$20.00, 2/\$38.00.

Shipping: \$1.75 per order.

Illustrated brochure: 75¢ (brochure free with order)

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS

P.O. Box 220 Dept. P.L.

Cambridge, MA 02238

(617) 787-1176

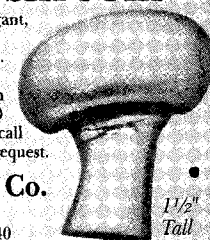
Silver Mushroom

Highly polished, simply elegant, James Breakell's garden produces the perfect mushroom.

A tasteful indulgence. The brooch in sterling, \$30.00; in 14K gold, \$458.00 Add \$3.50 handling. MC/VISA/AMEX call (401) 849-3522. Catalog on request.

J.H. Breakell & Co.

69 Mill Street, Dept. NYMU
Newport, Rhode Island 02840



WOMANSHIP

Learn to Sail Cruises

for and by women

Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest

"Womanship... the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned." *Yacht Racing and Cruising "Who's Who in Sailing"* June 1985
137 Conduit St., Annapolis, MD 21401 (301) 269-0784



*"Charlie, this is my old friend Will Griswold.
He's on a busman's holiday."*

however, that he accepted that Sri Lanka was "inherently a democracy, where the rule of law applies." He asked Viraj about his attitude toward armed struggles going on in various countries, and Viraj felt bound to answer that he supported those that served the cause of the racially oppressed. Mr. Patey concluded that Viraj's conduct in Britain hadn't helped his case: "It ill-behooved a man who was living here without authority to participate in campaigns against the deportation of others." Appeal dismissed.

British rules provided several more chances. Viraj appealed the Patey judgment to an Immigration Appeals Tribunal. This body, made up of three men serving as judges, weighed the fact of his twelve years' residence in Britain and considered his campaigns against immigration rules. Meanwhile, Viraj had helped organize the longest and best of his marches—from Manchester to London, a hundred and ninety miles. It took place in July of 1986. Several hundred people marched during the opening and closing stages,

and there were generally about thirty each day along the way. Help with food and lodging was provided by private citizens and organizations. On the march, Viraj heard that the tribunal had turned down his appeal. In early December of 1986, the Labour M.P. for the constituency that includes Hulme, Bob Litherland, went with several other public figures to call on a Home Office functionary, David Waddington, and asked him to show compassion in Viraj's case; this plea was rejected. Although Viraj still had an opportunity to pursue his case through the law courts, he decided that he was not safe from summary deportation. He had read about the sanctuary movement in the United States, where several thousand refugees from Central America have been given shelter by churches and religious organizations. Though no similar sanctuary was offered to aliens working illegally in the United States, Viraj had talked with Father John a year before about the possibility of seeking sanctuary in his church, knowing the rector to be a great supporter of local causes and of

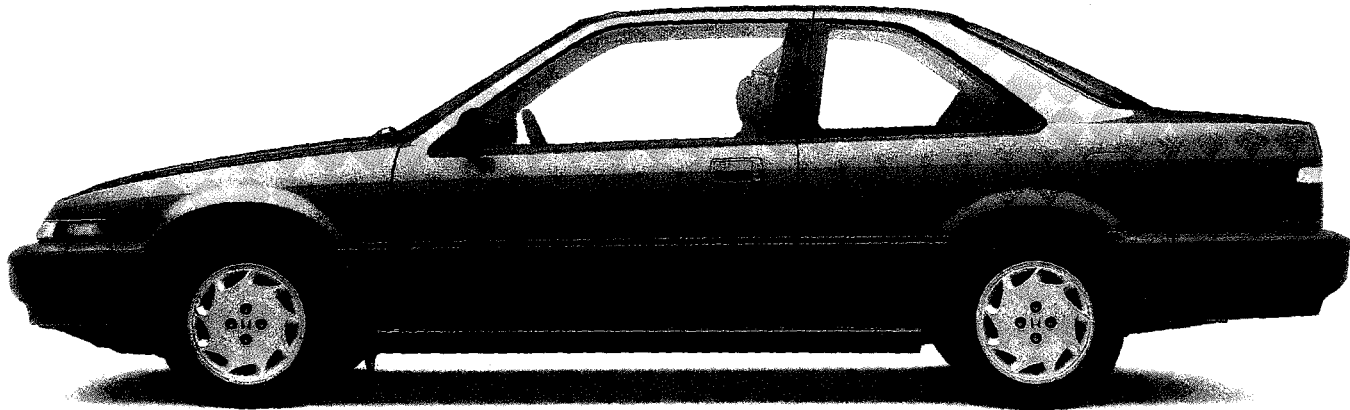
local people who were in trouble, and Father John now talked with his parochial council about offering sanctuary to Viraj if he needed it; the council voted in favor of the proposal. And so, on December 20, 1986, Viraj came into the Church of the Ascension to stay.

IN the last decade, there has been a gradual upsurge of people going into sanctuary in Britain and on the Continent. In Amsterdam, the Moses and Aaron Kerk has sheltered migrant workers threatened with deportation from the Netherlands. In Britain, Indians, Cypriots, Tamils, and a Filipino have taken shelter in various churches, with varying degrees of success. Since Viraj moved into the Ascension, there

have been at least three additional cases in Britain: one of a person taking sanctuary in a Sikh temple in Bradford, another in a Hindu temple in Leicester, and a third in a United Reformed church in a suburb of Manchester. All three cases were in response to a government threat of deportation, and in all three cases the Home Office eventually said they could stay. In mid-November, the government introduced a new immigration bill in Parliament, which is expected to restrict the rights of appeal against deportation and place tighter limits on claims based on family ties. Viraj may be in the vanguard of a growing movement.

Sanctuarium is Late Latin for a sacred place. The sanctuary in Catholic churches is where the altar stands, enclosed by a rail. But there were sanctuaries in pre-Christian times. The ancient Hebrews established six separate towns of refuge (Numbers 35:6-34), and the temple of Diana at Ephesus provided sanctuary within a radius of two stadia—about four hundred and seventy-five yards. In Roman temples, the sanctuary was the cella, in

Coupe.



We engineered a coup. The new Honda Accord Coupe. It's a brilliant move.

Everything that makes the Accord Sedan a classic now makes for a very classy coupe. One that looks long and low. And is.

The familiar smooth hood is low for aerodynamic efficiency. Underneath is a highly proficient 2.0 liter engine.

You will not only go quickly, but quietly. For one thing, you will hear less wind noise. The Coupe is built rigid, tight and solid.

You will certainly go comfortably. The front seats are plush and firm, with contoured side bolsters. They help to hold you in place while cornering. The lumbar support adjusts, too.

There is a full-width rear seat in the Coupe. With real legroom and ample headroom. Adults can sit up straight in it.

You and your passengers ride in a

spacious interior. Your luggage travels in a capacious trunk.

Driving the car is inspiring. The new Accord Coupe rides beautifully over ugly road surfaces. While the handling remains outstanding. A benefit of its double wishbone suspension system on all four wheels.

Parking is less perspiring. Variable assist rack-and-pinion power steering takes out the rough work.

You'll be cool in the Coupe. The air conditioning comes standard. So does a carful of other cool items.

You can listen to cool sounds on the AM/FM High Power stereo/cassette with four speakers and a power antenna.

After the Coupe, things won't be the same.

HONDA

Accord Coupe

©1988 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. LXi model shown.

Jewelry enlarged for detail. Prices represent retail quotations for specific diamonds shown. Prices are subject to change.

- A. \$5,900 • 215-947-6420
Armand Jacoby
B. \$5,209 • 201-622-2658
Robert S. Fisher & Co.
C. \$6,900 • 213-680-2345
Unigem International
D. \$8,000 • 212-581-0793
I.B. Goodman
E. \$5,800 • 212-719-2630
Mr. Baguette Ltd.

Mike,
Here's a
perfect way to
capture
my heart.
Love, L.

DeBeers

THE CHECKMATE COLLECTION.

Diamond jewelry with a winning strategy. Timeless style and dazzling simplicity.

A diamond is forever.



Before you buy, check
for the Checkmate tag.

which stood the statue of the particular god worshipped there. The eleventh edition of the Britannica says, "The idea that such places afforded refuge to criminals or refugees is founded upon the primitive and universal belief in the contagion of holiness." In the Middle Ages, a person who crossed the threshold of a church was under the protection of God. While this didn't necessarily preserve the lives of all such persons, as Thomas à Becket found out in Canterbury Cathedral, in 1170, the right to sanctuary was generally honored by the Church and endured by the state. Sanctuary had its symbols: in legend and medieval art, hunted stags took sanctuary in church porticoes. And it had its conventions: at Durham Cathedral, a bronze door knocker had to be struck, a tower bell rung on admittance, and a confession recorded, and then the culprit or fugitive was allowed to enjoy the peace of St. Cuthbert, the local patron saint. At Beverley Minster, in east Yorkshire, the most celebrated sanctuary in England, the privilege extended a mile and a half around the church; the closer to the center of this zone the fugitive got, the more sinful it was to remove him. On reaching the venerable frithstool, the Anglo-Saxon for "peace chair," in the nave, he enjoyed complete immunity. Beverley accumulated numbers of permanent sanctuary men, and they were absorbed into the life of the minster.

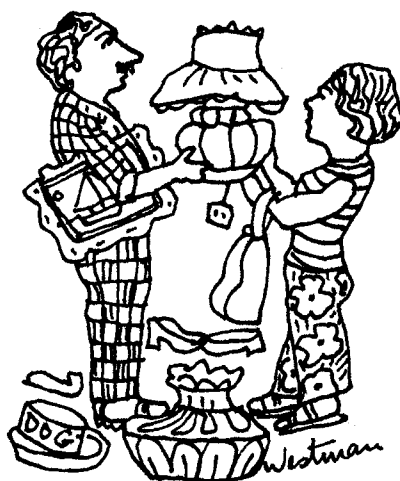
A similar process took place at Westminster Abbey. The sanctuary there, next to the cloisters, developed into something like a small town, with shops and workshops, bringing in useful revenue to the abbey but horrifying the nineteenth-century abbey historian Dean Stanley. "The precincts of the Abbey," he wrote, "were a vast cave of Adullam for all the distressed and discontented in the metropolis, who desired, according to the phrase of the time, 'to take Westminster.'" In the late Middle Ages, one of many abused women who sought sanctuary was Elizabeth Woodville, queen of the late Edward IV. In 1483, she took refuge at the abbey, fearing the hostility of Richard III. Richard seized the elder of her two young sons and talked her into letting the other leave the abbey; the two princes were lodged in the Tower of London and didn't reappear alive. John Skelton, tutor and court poet to Henry VIII, took sanctu-

ary in Westminster after making a witty attack on Henry's chancellor Thomas Wolsey. Skelton died in the abbey in 1529. During this period, possibly a thousand people were in sanctuary in Britain in any given year. Some, like the Lancastrian leaders who fled to a church after losing the Battle of Tewkesbury, found it of no avail: they were dragged forth and beheaded. For a long time, the ground rules were that a criminal could leave sanctuary unharmed if he abjured the realm; he was given an amount of time—sometimes barely enough—to hasten to a port and leave the country. Henry VIII, to crack down on the Church and specifically to prevent men then in sanctuary from abjuring the realm and teaching foreigners the skills of English archery, followed the Hebrew precedent and named certain places as the only ones possessing the right to provide sanctuary. One of these was Manchester, and it declined the honor. Chester, which was named in Manchester's place, discovered why: it was soon filled with complaints that the privilege of sanctuary was being claimed by the worst criminals and most flagrant debtors. Presumably to bring an end to such difficulties, Parliament, under James I, in 1623 abolished the general right to sanctuary—not, however, satisfying all British legal authorities, some of whom question whether an accepted part of common law should have been abolished by statute. In any case, it was felt necessary to reabolish sanctuary rights in 1697. A recent student of the subject, the Reverend Paul Weller, who has been a race-relations adviser to the churches of Greater Manchester, writes, "The gradual erosion of legally recognised sanctuary rights has occurred in conjunction with the increasing secu-

larisation of British society. At first sight, [it appears] highly paradoxical that the idea and practice of sanctuary should re-emerge in the late twentieth century."

On the present status of sanctuary, Mr. Justice Mann gave his position when reviewing the Mendis appeal on July 27, 1987: "The concept of sanctuary has had no legal authority since 1623. . . . What is now to occur is not a matter for the court but for the Secretary of State [for Home Affairs]." A month after Viraj took shelter in the Ascension, David Waddington, assistant minister to Secretary of State Douglas Hurd, had declared, "We have no intention of offending people's susceptibilities by going storming into a church." A Home Office spokesperson had added that it was hoped Mr. Mendis would comply with the order to leave the country. Following Justice Mann's statement, however, Mr. Hurd wrote to the Bishop of Manchester noting that the Judge had emphasized that it was the Home Secretary's responsibility to decide what to do; he continued, "Against this background I must now reserve the right to take positive action to enforce the deportation order if Mr. Mendis is not prepared to comply with the law—whether or not he remains in the church."

IN the Ascension sacristy, Viraj usually gets up soon after eight, when the church bell rings for morning prayers and his alarm radio comes on, tuned to a local station that favors heavy reggae. He breakfasts alone, on cereal and tea or coffee. Lunch and dinner are often eaten with some of his supporters, the meals themselves depending on what people have brought in for him. He is still apparently entitled to unemployment benefits, but he is unable to fulfill the condition that he "sign on" weekly in person at a social-security office, and thus gets no money from the state. Viraj estimates that it costs between twenty and thirty pounds a week to feed him; he doesn't smoke or drink. Campaign funds purchase some provisions—sometimes vegetarian chapatties or Cornish pasties bought from the chip shop in a grubby set of stores close by—but quite often his neighbors make this unnecessary. Members of one local tenants' group take turns bringing in meals for Viraj at least one day a week. Viraj says,





Caribbean cruises for the privileged few.

The *Explorer Starship* is one of the world's great luxury ships, designed for only 250 discerning guests. Our 7- and 14-night Deep Caribbean cruises visit the more exotic, less visited islands between San Juan, Puerto Rico and Barbados. For reservations or free brochure, see any Travel Agent, mail coupon or call toll-free 1-800-426-0600 (in Seattle, 624-8551). **Plan now for Early Booking Discount.**

Bahamian Registry.

Please send my Caribbean Cruises brochure.
1500 Metropolitan Park Bldg., Dept. BUI, Seattle, WA 98101

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____



**EXPLORATION
CRUISE LINES**

For all the pleasures
of a Vermont vacation,
The Equinox
knows no equal.



THE EQUINOX

Hotel, Resort & Spa

Manchester Village, Vt. 05254

1 800 362-4747



featured in *Country Inns and Back Roads*

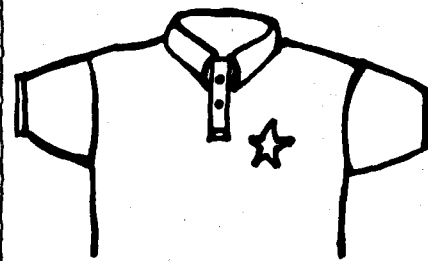
Villas on the French Riviera

BY WEEK OR MONTH. Enjoy beach, pool, tennis. Choice of 3-6 bdrm villa or 1-4 bdrm apt. Best London, Paris & St. Martin villas and apts also avail. All inspected and photo'd by our staff. Air/ground trans arranged. **RIVIERA HOLIDAYS**
31 Georgian La., Great Neck, NY 11024 • 516-487-8094

"Many people think the poor eat badly. Around here, on the contrary, they put a lot of effort into it, perhaps because it takes up almost all their money. I've been eating better in the last year than ever in my life. Nigerian food. West Indian food. Delicious curries and really sophisticated vegetarian dishes, with yams and plantains in them." He has the use of the sacristy washbasin, and a toilet nearby, but for baths he goes through to the rectory. In the course of the day, he does a lot of scurrying between the foyer, the computer room, and the sacristy, and a local sports instructor comes in most days to direct Viraj in a voluntary workout: pushups, stretching exercises, and several laps of running up and down the stairs. "Nonetheless," Viraj says, "I've put on weight here. I used to be out on the streets all the time, walking, or speeding about on my bike."

Viraj reads the *Guardian* and the *Independent* on weekdays, and once a month the *Tamil Times*, published in London. Despite the volumes on his shelves, he finds he has little time for books. Managing his personal campaign consumes the day and sometimes part of the night. There is mail to be answered, and public meetings, benefits, conferences, vigils, and demonstrations to be organized. He is in constant touch with support groups as they prepare, for instance, to demonstrate at 11 P.M. outside David Waddington's house in London or picket the *Guardian* or the Communist *Morning Star* for what Viraj and his campaign supporters regard as hostility to the Tamil Tigers. He writes short pieces for the Revolutionary Communist newssheet, about, for example, school parties who frequently visit him. "One class of eleven-year-olds came to see me recently and all but one supported the campaign, although his mother was in favor," Viraj reported in one issue. "After half an hour of discussion, with everybody taking part, he changed his mind." Viraj addresses meetings by making tape recordings. One was a tribute to be played at the memorial service of a woman who had supported his campaign and had been killed in an accident in Nicaragua. Although Viraj thinks the sacristy phone may be tapped by Scotland Yard's Special Branch, he uses it a great deal. (His campaign makes a small contribution to the ascending

100% Cotton/ Your Logo!



FREE BROCHURE — 1-800-84-SHIRT*

The biggest difference between a Queensboro Shirt and a Lacoste or Ralph Lauren polo shirt, is a Queensboro Shirt comes with your logo or design, custom embroidered in as many as six brilliant colors.

A novel idea in a world crying out for innovation, your associates, clients, family and friends will enjoy few of your acquisitions more.

Impeccable quality unconditionally guaranteed, minimum order just six shirts. For a color brochure, price list and information about our other great products call 1-800-84-SHIRT (*in NY 718-782-0200).

The Queensboro Shirt Company
Dept. R-11, 119 N 11th St. Greenpoint, NY 11211

MAINE. MUSIC. AND OTHER SECRETS OF UNWINDING THIS SUMMER.

Quisisana is a unique music resort on the shores of beautiful Lake Kezar in Maine. It's cottages in the pines, superb food, sand beaches, all water sports, 3 clay tennis courts, etc. And, best of all, a staff of talented musicians from America's leading conservatories who perform everything from Broadway shows to classics and opera in the evening.

QUISISANA

A full American Plan resort
Center Lovell, Maine 04016
(914) 833-0293



The Vershire School Motivating Educational Program
Magnificent thousand acre campus in Vermont Mountains. Co-ed secondary school combining traditional academics, outdoor projects, creativity, results!! Staff backgrounds include foreign service, Peace Corps, as well as academics. SAT prep, small classes, individual tutoring as needed. We specialize in working with students who have not been reaching their full potential. Excellent wilderness, skiing and riding programs, 75 horses and indoor ring. Ski tow on campus. Warm, supportive, effective education. The Vershire School is a motivating combination of academics, and recreation in a beautiful setting. Write: Director of Admissions, N. Ingham, Vershire School, Vershire, VT 05079. Tel. 802-685-4547 or 802-685-7711.

(actual size)

Hand-made, satisfaction guaranteed.
Catalog Available
VISA/MC (703) 548-5994

HUMMINGBIRDS
Pierced Earrings:
Sterling—\$30; 14K—\$65
Tie Tack:
Sterling—\$20; 14K—\$35

Vern Wayne Pond
Studio 3, 105 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

Ascension phone bill.) Throughout the day, people phone him. One call, during November, was from an editor of the *Independent*, which was about to run a leader on immigration matters. The editor put it to Viraj that Home Office immigration rules were a matter of law, not racism. Viraj replied hotly, "In that case, how is it that almost all of those deported are black?" A reporter for a local radio station telephoned him recently at 6:30 A.M. Viraj says, "One thing about being in sanctuary, you can't have someone tell a caller that you're out."

Including the expense of feeding Viraj, the campaign costs almost three hundred pounds a week. A recent drive for funds raised over seven thousand pounds, with contributions from various left-wing groups, from people opposed to apartheid, and from supporters of Sinn Féin. (Earlier, a gift of five hundred pounds came from the British Council of Churches.) Viraj was heartened not long ago by the action of his local bank manager, who said he wouldn't impose the customary maintenance charges on the campaign account. There is a formal campaign meeting on Sunday evenings at seven-thirty in the Ascension hall, and a bulletin, mostly written by Viraj, is issued more or less fortnightly. Spoken and written support for Viraj has come from the Liberal Party leader, David Steel, from many Labour M.P.s, and from the Labour majority on the Manchester city council, which last year appointed Viraj a city race-relations officer and immigration adviser. This decision met with inflammatory reactions in some quarters and was later shelved, the council concluding that it might not be practicable to put Viraj on the city payroll at this time.

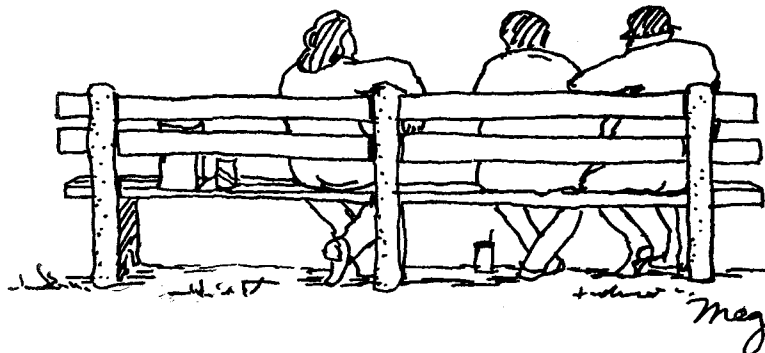
"The campaign has a life of its own by now," Viraj says. "People suddenly appear, speaking in our favor, the way slogans appear on walls. The campaign provides a channel for many to say what they want to say and vent their feelings against the Thatcher Government." If in recent years he had been thinking about anything else, a year and four months in the Ascension has banished from his mind most matters that do not

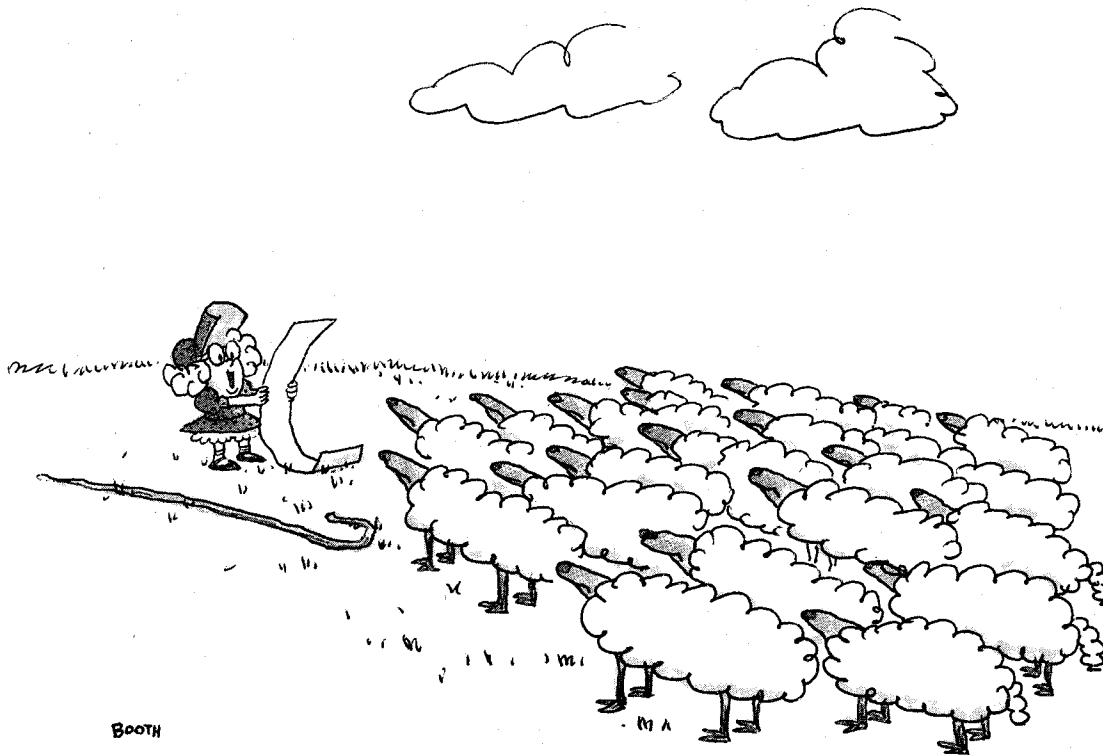
have to do with immigration, deportation, and racial injustice—all the ins and outs of support for or hostility to him. He talks of his struggle as a test case, which, in terms of his revolutionary tactics, has had the advantage of involving the Church against deportation, against Enemy No. 1, which is the Home Office. "Whoompf!" Viraj exclaims. "This throws the whole Church at them! The Church of England, the Ascension, Father John and his congregation—all in support!" He rehearses the arguments that may be needed for a final court appeal in the months to come: "The immigration authorities argue that my position on Sri Lankan politics is invented just to stay here—they say that I'm not really political. On the other hand, they say that because I am involved in political demonstrations here, because I *am* political, I should not have the right to stay." He displays the narcissism of someone forced to spend all his time in one place, contemplating his own dilemma. Like someone discussing his diseases and operations, Viraj talks of "attacks" on him by the *Socialist Worker*, whose readers had given him financial support, but which had merely suggested taking a campaign against the deportation of a young Bangladeshi woman into the Bangladeshi community, the workplace, trade unions, and the Labour Party as "the best way to strengthen it and help combat the relative isolation facing Viraj Mendis." To Viraj, this sort of comment is like a knife in the back. Indeed, he thinks that part of the British left isn't to be trusted and that much of the Labour movement and working class is at least tacitly racist. "There's a lot of hypocrisy on the left," he says. "Many use left-wing dogma to defend their own power over other people."

Before Viraj took up sanctuary at the Ascension, the church relied for security on a burglar alarm and two dogs

that the Methuens owned. Now figures moving around within the foyer are visible from outside at all hours, and Father John says the Ascension has never been so well protected. Since Viraj settled in, however, there have been several violent incidents, including bricks hurled through church windows. In March, 1987, shortly after David Waddington, appearing on television, called the appointment of Viraj as a city race adviser "an insult to the people of Manchester," a number of threatening phone calls were made to the Ascension. The *Daily Express* and the *Sun* attacked the Mendis campaign, the *Express* editorial saying of Viraj, "He is still here now simply because of the misguided protection of a muddle-headed priest. . . . Mendis must go." On March 6th, Radio Manchester received a phone call saying that there was a bomb in the Ascension. The police evacuated the church, but Viraj stayed put. He says, "I knew that if I remained in the sacristy there was a chance I'd be blown up. But I knew that if I left it the police would certainly take me to the airport and put me on a plane to Sri Lanka, where I would be killed." On the evening of March 9th, six men burst into the Ascension foyer and attacked the campaign supporters with knives, crowbars, and screwdrivers. One of Viraj's supporters was stabbed in the back of the head, but, fortunately, the knife was deflected by bone and the wound wasn't fatal. Viraj, who was in the computer room at the time, ran into the sacristy and barricaded the door. The intruders didn't get that far, but before they left they pulled a water heater off a wall and smashed various items in the church. The police were called, but failed to catch the culprits. The following night, a woman who had just been to an emergency campaign meeting was attacked in her flat by three men wearing wool balaclava helmets,

who painted swastikas on the walls, broke furniture, punched her, and cut a swastika on the back of one of her hands with a razor blade. Viraj believes that this sort of action is encouraged by the gutter press. The *Star*, owned by the *Express* group, has published several virulent pieces





"As I call each of your names, please answer by saying 'Present.'"

about Viraj. One of its columnists, a man named Mills, who lives in a suburb of Manchester, has urged the police to act: "Instead of wasting their time outside Mendis' holy hidey-hole, a couple of dozen of them should march in, grab him by the tamils, and put him on the next plane from nearby Ringway to Sri Lanka." Mills has called Father John "a prat of a priest" and denounced Douglas Hurd as chicken for not sending police in to get Viraj. Shortly after one such diatribe, a Mendis campaigner made a late-night phone call to the local unit of a neo-Fascist group called the British National Party and affected interest in joining. During the conversation, which he taped, he was told of plans to snatch Viraj from the Ascension, chain him to a lamppost, and call the police.

THE Mills column undoubtedly reflects, in a particularly nasty way, that strand of British opinion which holds that there are too many blacks in the country and they should be encouraged to go "home." In the nineteen-fifties and the boom years of the early sixties, there was a severe labor shortage in Britain. People from Commonwealth countries like Jamaica or Barbados were encouraged to come to Britain, and found work, made their

homes, and had children there. Their children are, in fact, British by birth; their home is not Jamaica but a place like Hulme. And at this point, because of a changed economic situation, many of them may be unemployed. Moreover, many Asian men have come to Britain, leaving extended families in India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh, and, in time, have attempted to bring their relatives to join them in Bradford or Southall. Sometimes the wives and children have struck immigration officers as less than genuine, and in recent years restrictions on entry for persons seeking to stay in Britain have been tightened. Deportations and threats of deportation have increased. The Home Office, which Viraj calls racist, is enforcing tougher measures passed by a Parliament whose Conservative majority represents, for better or worse, the belief of many Britons that their overcrowded little country can't afford to support a large unemployed black underclass. (The article that appeared in the liberal *Independent* after its interview with Viraj suggested that British generosity and hospitality had run their course.) Viraj likes to point out that the Germans have been smarter, calling their migrant laborers "guest workers," and giving no guarantees of a right to stay—a view that

to qualify for the 1984 Summer Olympics, from which South Africans were banned, and who received British citizenship in ten days. Miss Budd is white. It is common for blacks in Britain, but not for whites, to be asked to show a passport or proof of their right to be in the country when, for instance, they are seeking care in a National Health hospital.

In the last year, the Home Office has had a particular problem with Tamils. Whereas a few countries—most notably Canada—have been lenient in their application of entry requirements for Tamils claiming to be refugees from the Sri Lankan civil war, Britain has kept up its guard. Of the six thousand political-asylum cases pending in the United Kingdom, about five hundred involve Tamils. A number of Tamils were detained for several months in Harwich harbor on a disused North Sea ferry, but after a hurricane-strength storm set the ferry adrift the authorities relented and allowed the frightened detainees ashore. About twenty-five Tamils of a larger group being dispatched back to Sri Lanka avoided deportation by a last-minute airport protest at which they took off all their clothes. A court upheld the appeal of six of them against deportation, but five law lords of the House of

ignores the fact that Germany's "guests" didn't come from former colonies, as Britain's did. Viraj is also stretching the truth when he suggests that only blacks are deported from Britain; whites are, too. But it does seem to be the case that the administration of immigration law proceeds largely outside normal legal channels, often requires the defendant to prove his right to be in Britain, and operates most visibly against disadvantaged people with dark skin. Viraj isn't alone in drawing attention to the case of Zola Budd, the young South African runner who was brought to Britain by a newspaper in time

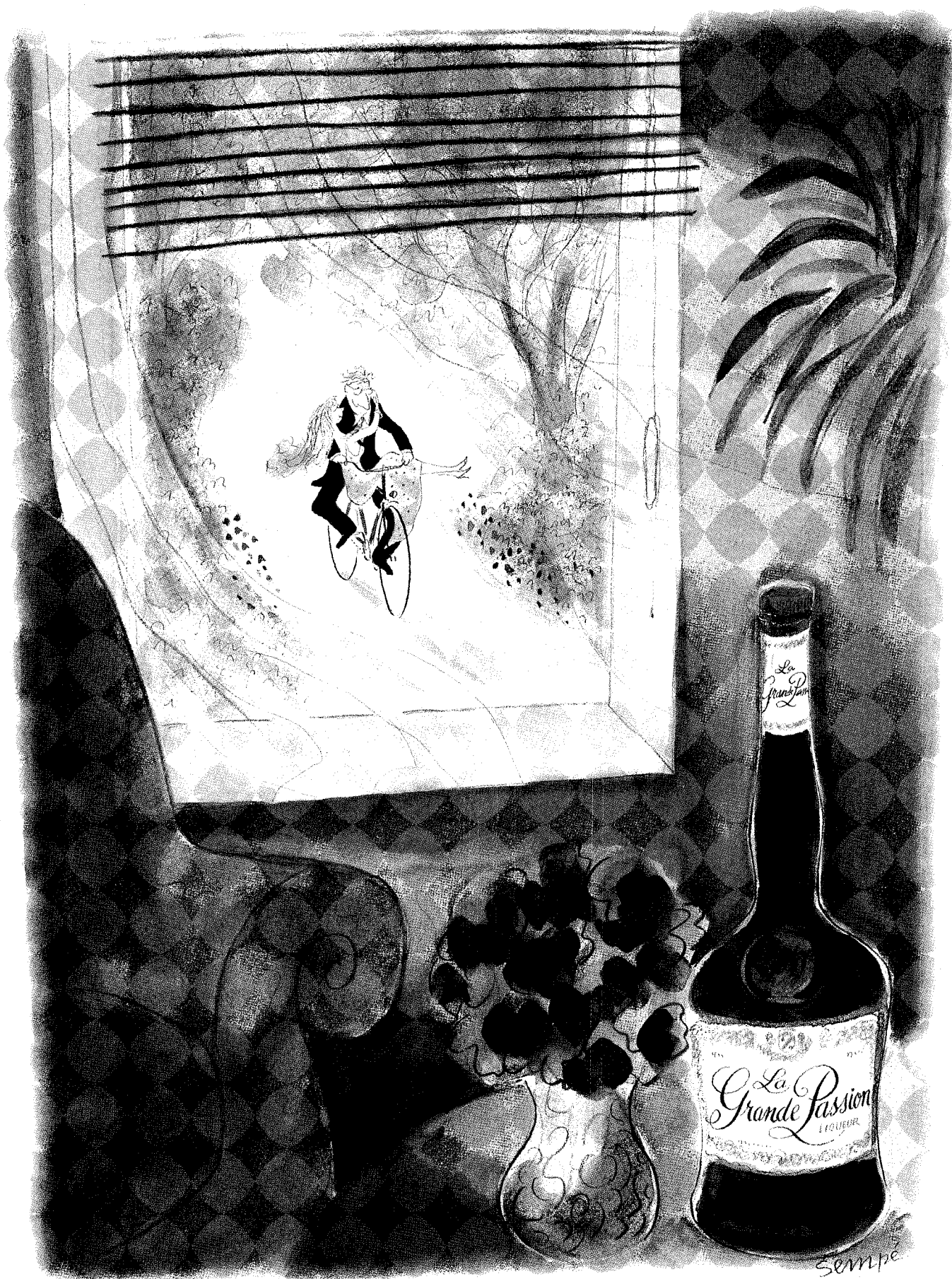
from Paris
LA NUIT DE RABANNE



Sumptuous — Sensuous — Seductive

bloomingdales

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A passion for spring
la grande passion. A sensual coupling of passion fruit and french armagnac,
For gift delivery of La Grande Passion anywhere, call 1-800-CHEER-UP (except where prohibited by law). Product of France. 48 proof. ©1988 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

Lords, the final arbiters, then unanimously backed an appeal by the Home Office against that verdict. For Viraj, this decision did not provide much hope for his own court case, which is pending. So far, the immigration authorities have dismissed his claim that, as a Tamil supporter, he is in danger if sent back to Sri Lanka. The Sri Lanka High Commission in London has answered a Home Office inquiry by saying that Viraj is "free to return" and is "not wanted for any offence." On the other hand, Amnesty International has said it believes that Viraj could face ill-treatment in Sri Lanka, and has urged the British Government not to send Viraj back. In February, the six Tamils were expelled.

IN legal terminology, Father John Methuen is "harboring" a person liable to deportation, and that is a criminal offense punishable by a fine of up to a thousand pounds and six months' imprisonment. In Father John's view, however, he is not, for a cleric, doing anything especially novel. The church in times past has often felt obliged to oppose the state. He quotes Isaiah: "'Woe to the legislators of unjust laws. . . . Woe to those who refuse justice to the oppressed.'" He says that some of man's laws have to be broken to follow God's law. For that matter, laws are occasionally changed for the better by people—the suffragettes, for instance—who did not heed existing laws. As far as Father John and his congregation are concerned, Viraj met specific criteria for being given sanctuary: he had a local connection; he was nonviolent and was not a criminal; he had used up his recourse via normal immigration procedures; and he was in danger of his life. To several critics within the Church of England who have asked why the Church should shelter an atheist, Father John has replied, "Do you ask a starving man what his religion is before giving him a bowl of rice?"

Although Father John frequently makes a point of saying that the Viraj sanctuary is just one feature of the busy life of his church, he doesn't hide the effects it has had. Steps have had to be taken to insure that church life goes on almost as usual. A wooden board has been inserted behind the rectory letter box to prevent incendiary devices from being pushed through the front door. Because threats have been made by

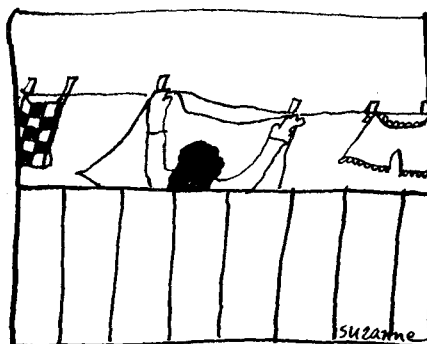
letter and phone to "do" Methuen's family, his wife, who is head infant teacher at a primary school, and one of his daughters, who goes to a Manchester high school, take special precautions in order to get to their schools safely. (The Methuens' other daughter is at a boarding school, and recently made a twenty-minute speech telling her schoolmates about Viraj and his sanctuary.) Some letters have, for instance, accused Viraj of being responsible for AIDS in Britain. Father John now uses a telephone-answering machine more than he did before Viraj arrived, and after a certain hour at night, generally pub-closing time, he is the only person who will answer the rectory phone. "There are some peculiar people about," he says, adding, "One worries for them, because of the latent violence they have in them."

In the Ascension congregation, support for Viraj's sanctuary remains strong. But one or two members have doubts. A woman who helps arrange the church flowers feels that it may cause problems and discord. When Viraj says excitedly that he has the whole Church of England behind him, he is indulging in wishful thinking; in more comfortable parishes than Hulme, there are undoubtedly many Anglicans who in this instance would support Douglas Hurd's law before Isaiah's. Yet a recent annual general meeting of the Ascension overwhelmingly passed a motion that the church would never compel Viraj to leave. (There were two abstentions, but no votes against.) Father John has had powerful backing from the local suffragan bishop, Colin Scott. If Viraj had not been given sanctuary, Bishop Scott has said publicly, he wouldn't have had time to appeal to the law courts. The Bishop of Manchester, Stanley Booth-Clibborn, who is Scott's immediate superior, has been more discreet, perhaps in the hope of keeping lines of communication with the Home Office open.

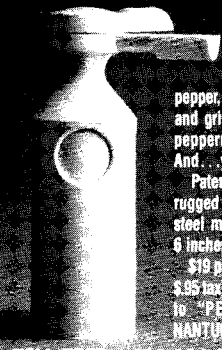
He has said that he doesn't support sanctuary in general or simply as an effort to frustrate the immigration process—indeed, he could envisage "cases where it might be understandable, though not justifiable, for police to enter a church"—yet in regard to the Ascension he has not disappointed Father John. Bishop Booth-Clibborn said, "If deportation is a matter of life and death, as it clearly was in the case of Viraj Mendis, it is entirely within the Christian tradition to grant refuge."

Father John sees Viraj a dozen times a day. "We often have a word or two, but we're both too busy for long conversations," he says. The busyness may be helpful. Father John is aware that time might allow for arguments—for example, about Viraj's belief that Soviet troops have had a right to be in Afghanistan, because they were invited there by its people. "There are obviously areas where we disagree, and Viraj is a believer, with his own secular faith," he says. "But I take the position of Voltaire—that though I may not agree with someone's ideas, I'll defend his right to express them. If someone's views strike you as intolerant, you don't achieve anything by presenting a mirror image of them that is equally intolerant. I'm happy to work alongside people who have different ideas from my own. In any case, I've come to see Viraj as a very gentle and moral person. Having him here has heightened my awareness of immigration and racial issues. It has also increased my concern about the tendency toward uniformity in our society and the tendency for the state to accrue power to itself. The church of the Middle Ages tried to do the same. But the state is a particular danger, because it has the power of coercion, controlling public order through the police and, ultimately, military forces. Local councils, trade unions, and the churches are all now being treated by the state as rivals to be squashed."

As for Viraj's sanctuary, Father John sets no limits on it. "Our commitment is open-ended," he says. "We're prepared for a long haul, though naturally we hope that justice, common sense, and compassion quickly win the day. As for Viraj himself, any influence we exercise on him is by what we do and what we are. In any case, we've got used to having him and his supporters around. Some members of



THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT PEPPERMILL



The "PEPPERGUN"® by Unicorn® holds more pepper, loads quicker, adjusts easier, and grinds pepper faster than any peppermill on the market today. And... you can use it with one hand.

Patented, award-winning design, rugged ABS plastic, finest European steel mill. In red, white, or black. 6 inches high. Salt model in white.

\$19 plus \$1.50 p.s.h. (MA res. add \$9.5 tax). Specify color, model. Send to "PEPPERGUN" BOX 341-N, NANTUCKET, MA 02554. OR CALL

TOLL FREE 1-800-634-9881 VISA/MC
In MA 1-517-228-8233 IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT

PLAZA SUITES®

KANSAS CITY'S PREFERRED HOTEL
AT KANSAS CITY'S PREFERRED ADDRESS.



ON THE FAMED COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA
For Reservations Call: 800/821-5502

PREFERRED HOTELS

Health & Comfort
can be yours!
with this contemporary leather recliner



Adjusts from the vertical to the horizontal with unlimited stops in between. Reduces tension & fatigue, alleviates minor backpain and circulatory problems.

Sug. List \$600
Now Only \$495.00
plus \$25 shipping (UPS)

Free Catalog
1-800-251-BACK
OR WRITE:
Dept. N11,
53 Jeffrey Ave
Holliston, MA 01746
in MA call 617/429-5940

BackSaver
PRODUCTS CO.

Spruce Point Inn and Lodges

Overlooking the Harbor, on 100-acre wooded peninsula. Fresh water and salt water pools, all-weather tennis courts, putting greens, yacht moorings, lobster bake. All rooms have ocean view. Town of Boothbay Harbor one mile away.

Brochure, Box 237 NY, Boothbay Harbor, ME 04538, 207-633-4152.

LUSCIOUS LITTLE LEAVES

Elegant Gourmet Chocolate Leaves

- An exquisite gift or addition to any grand finale
- \$24.95 the dozen (plus 15% refrigerant shipping)
- Please inquire for photograph and information

Box 310, 3955 Bigelow Boulevard
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213
(412) 683-1130

his campaign have actually become members of our congregation."

TOWARD the end of one of Viraj's days in sanctuary, I sit with him in the sacristy. Daylight barely penetrates; electric lights are always on. He has made me a cup of coffee, and I am listening to him expatiate on capitalism and its by-products in the way of immigration laws. I feel he wants me to argue with him. Viraj apparently enjoys being disputatious, and his beleaguered condition may have exacerbated this tendency. It occurs to me—the image now arising of a martyred saint, replete with arrows—that a more likely Western equivalent of his first name might be Sebastian. Now Viraj is saying that he can visualize a system in which there are no immigration laws: "It is because of the present economic system that people are moved about, told where they can go and where they can't. Capitalism dominates the world."

What about the Soviet Union, I ask, where many people can't choose where to live?

"The Soviet Union has problems, of course," says Viraj, "but these are a reflection of—a reaction to—Western greed. Capitalism arises out of the slave trade. Racism is inherent in it. When capitalism has problems, blacks suffer first—for example, by being sent home. Historically, immigration laws have got more and more severe. To get rid of such laws, you need a big social change in this country."

He doesn't use the word "revolution," but I think I can hear the tumbrils rolling. I ask if he feels any fraternity with those religious believers who have been sheltering him.

"There is no conflict between our basic ethics," he says. "The principles of Communism have a lot in common with those of many religions. And Father John is a person I admire, who has made a stand against oppression. There are a lot of similarities between us. After all, Christ stood with the poor. It is harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter Heaven. That's a pretty left-wing statement."

Faced with a pretty determined right-wing government, how long can he go on?

"We didn't think this would last this long. I thought they'd give in after a few months. But it seems they are

afraid that if I win, hundreds of other cases, particularly of Tamils, will be unleashed."

I say I've been wondering what it is like not to have been outside the church for more than a year.

"I've dreamed about taking a holiday in the mountains," he says. "I've dreamed I was walking in Manchester, in Victoria Park—it was wonderful! Then, suddenly, it became a nightmare. I thought, What if I'm found here? I saw a police car. I dived behind some bushes, and woke up. The fact is, I've got to stay here. I won't go out till I win."

And what will he do after he wins?

"I would like conscientiously to help humanity. If the best thing I can do is build plants to generate electricity in countries that need it, I'll do that." I gather that Viraj has in mind not only his former engineering studies but Lenin's remark that Communism is socialism plus electrification. Lenin is his chief hero—someone, he says, who understood the relationship between principles and tactics.

I notice a new book, lying on the vestment chest—"The Confessions of St. Augustine," in a shiny black Penguin Classics edition. Father John has told me that Viraj has come to services at Christmas and Easter, and has said that he likes the smell of incense that drifts up to the sacristy. The idea of sanctuary, I recall, is supported by a belief in the contagion of holiness.

"I've just started reading him, at odd moments," Viraj says, picking up the book. "I think my understanding of religion has deepened in the last year. For one thing, I see here people who are really Christians and mean what they say."

—ANTHONY BAILEY

At 5:36 p.m. police responded to a call from an employee at the Main Street Fotomat store.

The employee said two males in a small, red car bought a roll of film from the booth. They gave the worker a \$10 bill and in the transaction, they confused him by saying they wanted the change in \$10 bills for work the next morning, according to police reports.

The man in the car then handed the employee a \$20 bill and asked for change all in tens. The employee became confused, but realized he had given the customer \$500 too much. The worker told police that when he asked for the money back, the men in the car drove away.—*Winchester (Mass.) Star*.

Just where on Main Street is this Fotomat store?

MUSICAL EVENTS

An Ecstasy to Music Turned

NEW YORK's latest "performance space" is the four-hundred-seat Florence Gould Hall, in the basement of Delmonico Plaza, on East Fifty-ninth Street—a Zeckendorf office building, designed by Davis, Brody & Associates. The hall belongs to the French Institute—Alliance Française, or FIAF, which is dedicated to Franco-American cultural exchanges, and it was achieved by making over air rights of the Institute's building on East Sixtieth Street to Mr. Zeckendorf. Two of this country's grandest grand-opera houses—Chicago's Auditorium (1889), by Adler and Sullivan, and its Civic Opera (1929), by Graham, Anderson, Probst & White—were encased in commercial palaces of admirable design, but the example has not been widely followed. Houston, that city of soaring towers, built its new opera house without the office floors above that might help to pay the bills. In Frankfurt, where last November an arsonist burned up the opera house, there is talk of not rebuilding it but putting a two-thousand-seat theatre into a new commercial edifice. In London, Covent Garden is to achieve its needed extensions by including commercial space; here Carnegie Hall and the Juilliard are doing much the same. Marriage contracts between art and commerce need careful drafting: handsome progeny can result, but commerce, the stronger partner, tends to destroy children that no longer pay their way. Palaces by Rapp & Rapp, John Eberson, Thomas Lamb have been razed. We may yet see Lincoln Center become a shopping mall; perhaps Philip Johnson should be invited at once to throw a glass roof over the piazza and bring it to bustling life as a place where people eat, shop, hear music, attend opera, watch ballet. Odd corners could be filled with the smaller auditoriums that the companies need, and a hotel or two.

Mayor Koch will be remembered as one who sold away the city's sky and sunlight to real-estate developers. The giant shadows that fall across Central Park threaten to grow longer; less and less we see in Nature that is ours. But some resultant boons have not been sordid. One is the public space in the

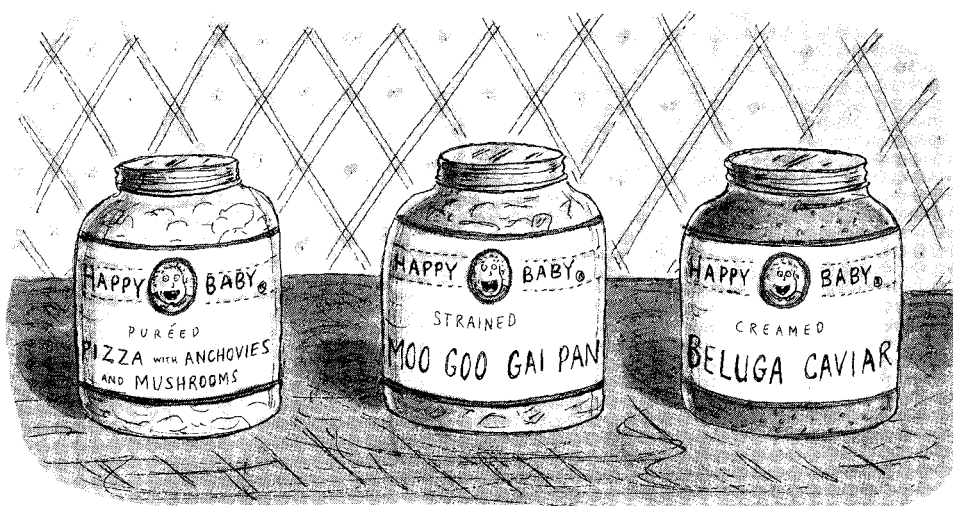
Bel Canto Condominium, just north of Lincoln Center, which entitled the building to rise higher into the sky but gives concertgoers on their way to Merkin Hall or Lincoln Center an agreeable place to picnic in or be waited upon. Another is Florence Gould Hall.

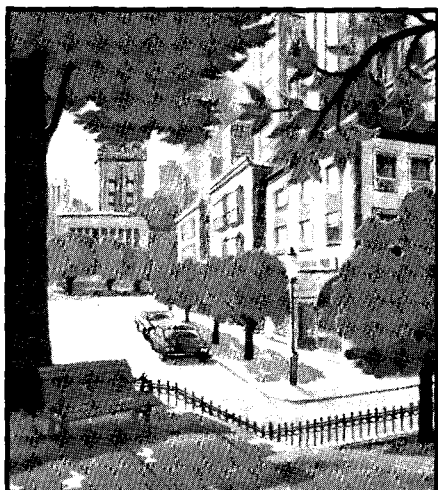
Florence Lacaze, before her marriage to Frank Jay Gould, in 1923, sang leading soprano roles at the Opéra-Comique—so a note in the hall's program book says, though I seek her in vain in Stéphane Wolff's (admittedly patchy) Opéra-Comique annals. At the age of eighty, she "traveled by elephant to the temples of Angkor, bedecked in her usual priceless sapphires and diamonds." She died five years ago, leaving her estate, after private bequests, to the Florence J. Gould Foundation, whose first aim is "to promote French-American amity and understanding." The foundation gave FIAF a million dollars to help with the construction of its hall. The first concert there, last month, honored Olivier Messiaen in his eightieth-birthday year, with a performance of his "Des Canyons aux Étoiles." It was an apt Franco-American choice of work: a commission by Alice Tully (also an American-born, French-trained soprano), from France's leading senior composer, for an American orchestra, Musica Aeterna; a work whose particular inspiration was then provided by the composer's visit to Utah—to

Cedar Breaks, Bryce Canyon, and Zion Park. Messiaen says he was at first reluctant to accept the commission but agreed when he learned that Miss Tully had once travelled to India to shake a lion's paw. He was reminded of Chrétien de Troyes's "Chevalier au Lion." In Florence Gould Hall, "From the Canyons to the Stars" was played by the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Kent Nagano. The piano soloist was Yvonne Loriod, Mme. Messiaen. The composer, Miss Tully, and the Musica Aeterna conductor, Frederic Waldman, were present.

A peak in Utah is now named Mt. Messiaen. *Tempo* No. 128 (1979) contains the composer's vivid, enthusiastic account of his visit to the Utah parks. "From the Canyons to the Stars" when it appeared in Alice Tully Hall, in 1974, seemed at first much like the mixture as before: musically stylized and harmonized birdsong, "colors" (A major, blue; E major, here orange-red), modes, landscape evocations, carefully constructed metres, and sacred exclamations uttered in "an alphabet of sounds and durations," all brought together in a brilliant, arresting score—charged with feelings of rapture, gratitude, and devotion, with what Boulez has called a "love of nature . . . so demanding that it can transpose in detail not so much what birds, rocks, colors, landscapes, and mountains inspire in him as what they actually dictate to him." It has become one of Messiaen's most admired works: conducted by Boulez, prized and played by the young. We hear now that it was, after all, something new: less freely

NOW ON YOUR GROCER'S SHELF





With Conservation Trees, cities are cooler in summer, warmer in winter.

Conservation Trees Make The Difference

Imagine a world without trees. A hot, sunbaked world without protection from summer heat and cold winter wind.

The National Arbor Day Foundation asks you to imagine a world with trees. Conservation Trees. Where healthy, leafy trees give shade on hot summer days. And where Conservation Trees shield homes from strong winter winds.

A world without trees is no world for me...or for you! Conservation Trees make the difference.

Write for your Free Conservation Trees Brochure

Find out how you can make a difference with Conservation Trees. Write for your free Conservation Trees brochure. Colorful photos and illustrations, and easy-to-understand descriptions will show you...

- How to use shade trees and windbreaks to save energy in your home
- How to attract songbirds to your yard
- How to save trees during construction
- The right way to plant trees
- The right way to prune trees

For your free brochure, send your name and address to: Conservation Trees, The National Arbor Day Foundation, Nebraska City, NE 68410.



The National Arbor Day Foundation
Nebraska City, Nebraska 68410

convolute, harmonically, rhythmically, or formally, than the works of the fifties and sixties; readier to become diatonic; in some ways closer to "Turangalila" but without the heavy insistence and repetitiveness of that work, leaner and brighter in its sounds. "From the Canyons to the Stars" lasts a hundred minutes. There are twelve movements, divided into three parts, of five, two, and five movements. Each part ends with a park scene; Cedar Breaks is associated with "the Gift of Awe," and Zion Park with "the Celestial City." The opening is "The Desert," whose emptiness, evoked by the whine of the coliphone, or wind machine, enables the soul (Messiaen says) "to perceive the inner conversation of the Spirit" and makes the song of a bird "all the more treasurable for being surrounded by silence." (The machine itself, a large barrel rotated within a canvas snood, is an unspiritual thing to watch; Vaughan Williams, using it in his "Sinfonia Antartica," specifies that it should be kept out of sight.) Five movements are named for birds. The remaining three turn to the stars.

The orchestra consists of piano; thirteen strings (each with an individual part); quadruple flutes and clarinets; triple oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, and trombones; and seven or eight percussionists, commanding batteries that include gongs and bells. Important parts for piccolo flute, E-flat clarinet, piccolo trumpet, and glockenspiel emphasize high, shrill outlines. The four-hundred-seat, low-ceilinged hall was tested to sonic capacity, and passed the test: the sound never became painful. At climaxes, the players banged, blew, and bowed without holding back, it seemed; and clear, strong music, not racket, was heard. The Gould Hall acoustics are by Peter George Associates (who worked on Merkin Hall, the Brooklyn Academy Opera House, and the Joyce Theatre). They are adjustable, by means of the tall, movable panels that wall the stage, movable ceiling panels, and absorbent curtains behind the wooden panels on the side walls of the house which insure an even diffusion of reflected sound. For "From the Canyons," these devices were set, one presumes, to provide some absorption: it seemed near-miraculous that the small place

could comfortably hold so much sound. Acoustics are not just a matter of matching musical and cubic volumes: Birgit Nilsson did not overwhelm the five-hundred-seat Glyndebourne, nor Kirsten Flagstad the two-hundred-seat Mermaid Theatre; Elisabeth Schumann's pure soprano was exquisitely audible alike in the Mermaid and in the seven-thousand-seat Albert Hall. Later events will show whether for song cycles, string quartets, and early music of all kinds the Gould acoustics can be set to provide the glow, the

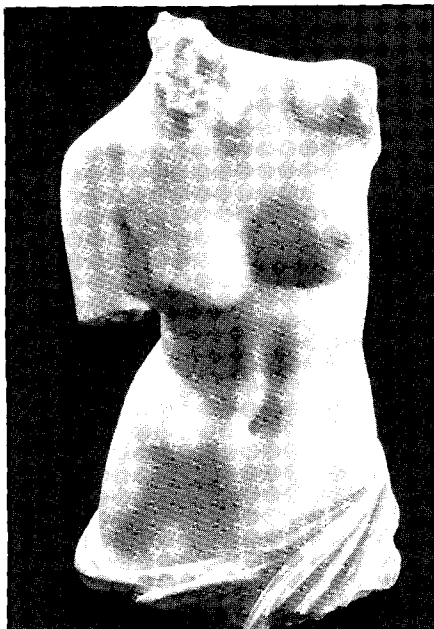
warmth, the resonance that are missing in most of New York's regular concert halls.

Florence Gould Hall is just a few minutes' further walk for West Siders who walk to Merkin Hall, Lincoln Center, and Carnegie.

It lies just beyond Madison Avenue. One enters from Fifty-ninth Street: along a corridor, down a flight of steps, down another flight (supplemented by a moving staircase), and, if one's seat is toward the front, down yet another. The place feels as subterranean as it is—a canyon closed from the stars—and the low ceiling emphasizes the cellarlike ambience. This is not in its favor. The most pleasing music halls are those open to God's light while sonically insulated from man's urban din. (Boston has plans to open the windows in Symphony Hall that in 1958 were darkened.) Nor was there any sign of the restaurant, the buffet, the bar that European concertgoers expect; water—as at Weill Hall, the Metropolitan Museum's Grace Rainey Rogers auditorium, Tully Hall most nights—was the only refreshment at hand. But the approaches are not poky and have been decorated with cool, gray elegance by Andrée Putman, of ECART International. Once a visitor has set aside any speluncar qualms, the auditorium pleases both eye and ear with its gray plaster, natural wood, and rich red seats; the shapes chosen for their acoustical properties are also lively and interesting. A steep rake insures good sight lines. Careful lighting—at European rather than American levels—made program notes easy to read. No mechanical hum smutched soft passages.

"From the Canyons" really needs more space and generous, resonant acoustics. One movement is a horn solo in which the player calls out to the



**VENUS DE MILO Torso****2nd cent. B.C. original in The Louvre**

Add beauty to your life with this bonded marble figure reproducing the subtle undulations of the most beautiful torso ever created. 11" high (6 lbs.). \$148 ppd. Full figure available in same material with alabaster bases 26". \$455 ppd; 16 1/2" \$151 ppd; 10" \$56. Check, Visa, MC. Unqualified guarantee. **Art book color catalog of 286 masterpieces \$6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. Importers of Fine Statuary
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith St. #1705
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206-283-0609



Crapp Family Lodge

The flavor of Austria on
a mountainside in Vermont

For information about one of America's
most distinguished resorts, please call

1-800-826-7000

in Vermont 802-253-8511

or write Stowe, Vermont 05672

**"All our clients are unique and it
is my feeling that the last thing
they want is a home designed for
someone else!"** JOHN LIBBY.

Call or write for
our video tape
showing timber frame
possibilities. Barn Masters,
Inc., P.O. Box 258F, Freeport,
Maine 04032 (207) 865-4169.

Houses &
Barns by **JOHN
Libby** cst.
1971



Certain gifts simply
must be extraordinary.

THE FAMOUS

Stavé Jigsaw Puzzles

The only fine, handcut, mahogany-
backed puzzles still being made today.

1-802-649-1450

Free 36-page catalogue. Stavé Puzzles
Box 329A Norwich, Vermont 05055

stars, sending forth cry after cry with mounting passion; but no answers come. The finale is an A-major blaze in full-ensemble majesty, with pealing bells. The hall, as I said, contained the music without strain, but it also kept it from soaring. This was a special account of "From the Canyons"—a rendering in closeup, as it were—and as such it held its own kind of excitement. The St. Luke's playing was technically brilliant and emotionally exuberant. Miss Liorod scattered glittering, joyful song from the keyboard. Mr. Nagano, well known as a Messiaen champion in Berkeley, San Francisco, and Paris (where he has conducted "Saint François d'Assise"), led a charged performance. But sometimes he seems to me too insistently electric an interpreter—always intense, seldom tender.

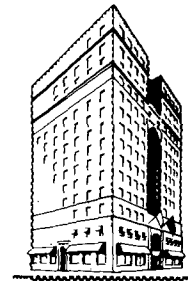
A FIAF claim that "there are a limited number of such halls in New York City and none on Manhattan's Upper East Side" may raise a few eyebrows. But a check shows that the Ninety-second Street Y, Grace Rainey Rogers, and the Hunter College Playhouse hold many more people, and that the Guggenheim auditorium, the Marymount Manhattan Theatre, and the Frick music room hold fewer. Florence Gould Hall is roughly the size of Merkin but is shoebox-traditional in shape and without a balcony, and it is more versatile, having been planned not only for music but also for small-scale drama and dance, and for films. The first show there was Cocteau's play-ballet "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel," with the music (which is by five of Les Six) played by a small instrumental ensemble. This week, a dance troupe, the Groupe de Recherche Chorégraphique de l'Opéra de Paris, is in residence. Next week, there opens a series of opera films, including Marcel L'Herbier's 1923 "L'Inhumaine" with a new score, performed live, by Jean-Christophe Desnoux. Recitals are scheduled for the fall. I look forward to reporting further.—ANDREW PORTER

A CORRECTION

In the Spring Retail Supplement, the milk needed for the Pan-Fried Chicken should not have mentioned a frying pan. The chicken should be refrigerated for one-half hour in milk, turned once, then left standing drained until it returns to room temperature.—*Chelsea Clinton News.*

One more word out of that milk and it gets the same treatment.

HOME SUITE HOTEL



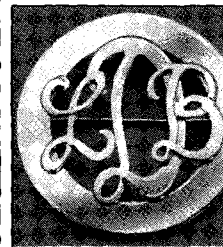
\$65 & up.

Centrally located in downtown Dallas, this mostly-suite hotel comes with all the amenities that make a night out of town a very comfortable night—and at very comfortable prices.



ARISTOCRAT HOTEL OF DALLAS

1933 Main St. Dallas, Texas 75201
800/231-4235 or 214/741-7700



Three script initials bring grace and charm to this 1 1/2" brooch. In sterling silver or 14Kt yellow gold it adds the right touch to dress or suit. Add this to your Leonore Doskow collection. Underline initial of last name.

Sterling silver: **\$60.** • 14Kt yellow gold **\$495.**

Send your check or money order to:

N.Y. residents add sales tax **Croton Crafts** Prices include shipping & handling
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521
Telephone 914-271-5981

Walk Vermont



Experience the Northeast Kingdom, while on our unique walking tours. Abundant wild flowers, birds galore and frequent wildlife sightings; quiet forests, scenic farmland, and beautiful views. Day hikes to suit every level of fitness. Extensive sports facilities. Varied accommodations from luxurious to rustic. Call or write for information.

Vermont Walking Tours

Box Y, Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827 802-586-7767

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

DANCING

The Music Man

MUCH of Paul Taylor's choreography suggests that "Music makes me" is his motto—and that's part of his appeal. There's something of the happy amateur in all his works—even the macabre "Nightshade" and the urbane "House of Cards"—and many of them convey a response to music that's truly ingenious. This is why he can choreograph to the last two movements of Bach's double violin concerto as if no one had done so before; this is why he can choreograph to the "Siegfried Idyll" at all. And an audience can also enjoy his taste in scores. Corelli, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner, Scriabin, Elgar, Stravinsky: a Taylor season is sure to include many of them. He swims in the musical mainstream more happily than any modern-dance figure since Isadora, he takes on symphonic or absolute music, and no composition seems difficult or overpowering as long as his choreography is accompanying it.

And yet even in his choice of scores there are surprises. He may use a lesser-known version of a well-known score (such as the two-piano version of "Le Sacre du Printemps") or less familiar works of famous composers (such as the Mozart Serenade No. 4, K.203). Quite often, he adds one score, or parts of it, to another; the three movements of "Mercuric Tidings,"

for example, are taken from two different Schubert symphonies. What you feel, as you watch, to be an instinctive response to great music is seldom so simple. The man has taken pains in assembling the score in the first place. In this respect, as in so many others, Taylor has a nerve. I'm surprised there aren't more howls from musical purists. Yet frequently he succeeds against the musical odds, and much of his choreography seems at once inevitable and innocent.

The lexicon of Taylor dance steps isn't large. When his detractors complain about this (and how they do), they boil him down to the size of Micky in Evelyn Waugh's "Put Out More Flags": "a child of few words and those, for the most part, foul." Can't they see how crucial Taylor's simplicity of utterance is to the kind of works he makes? Taylor is often at his most individual and profound when his language is simplest—in such works as "Esplanade" and "Last Look," in which he employs no real steps at all. It seems obvious to me that these are among the masterpieces of our time; no dance works speak more directly to the heart. And within his most complex works there's still a weight and an economy that seem to me utterly American, and untranslatable. He recalls not just his progenitors in the family tree of American modern dance but (even

more) certain American originals working in other arts, like Robert Frost: plain of speech, sophisticated of thought, wise, ambiguous, troubling, and memorable. Of course, he can combine the steps he does use with a speed and an intricacy that are exhilarating. (I write shortly after a "Mercuric Tidings" that had both audience and dancers laughing in surprise at the rich impetuous rush of it all.) Taylor could add more steps to his vocabulary; he has no need to.

I should explain that I write with the hot enthusiasm of the recent convert. Taylor's works are performed the world over; yet it is quite possible that you haven't truly seen them if you haven't seen the Taylor company dance them, and for a long while I hadn't. I came to Taylor by way of "Cloven Kingdom," "Airs," "Three Epitaphs," "Esplanade," and "Aureole" as danced by British companies. Sometimes they worked for me; more often not. "This man musical?" The notion seemed ludicrous, never more than with "Cloven Kingdom." (Bizarre as it may seem now, the same question had occurred to me when I first saw Balanchine's "Concerto Barocco," given by Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet.) Last year, I finally saw the Taylor company for the first time, all too briefly; "Cloven Kingdom" was the first item on the program. Within ten minutes, I was in love, and it was, of course, the musicality that seduced me. These dancers have a sure rhythmic momentum that gives their performance a galvanizing spontaneity. This

is dancing so full-bodied that I feel, as when hearing great singers, that there's not a part of them that isn't used in creating tone. When that dance pulse and that power find their match in their musical accompaniment, the result is the dangerous, witty current of "Esplanade," "Cloven Kingdom," or "Mercuric Tidings."

It is a disappointment, then, to find that the qualities that have just won me to his work aren't best displayed in most of the choreography he's made in the last three years. In his four-



• Fun • Nature • Wonders • 2000 Lakes • Canyons • State Parks • Zoos • Canoeing • Deep Sea Fishing • Horse Racing • County Fairs • Nature • Museums • State Parks • Covered Bridges • Historic Mansions • Baseball Hall of Fame • Dude Ranches • Sail • Country Inns • Tennis • Fish • Hang Gliding • Art • Gourmet Dining • Ocean Beaches • State Fair • History • Hotels • Mountains • Water Ski • Culture • Resorts • Antiques • Erie Canal • Water • Tennis • Golf • Camp • Music • Relax • Sa • g • Ethnic Festivals • Dream • Excitement • Hike • Rock Climbing • Wind Surf • Disc • g • Adventure • Spas • Nightlife • Crafts • Tr

If you can think of it you can do it in New York State this Summer. Treat yourself to a vacation that has something for everyone. Call or write now for our free I Love NY Vacations Kit. New York has whatever you're looking for. And more...

© 1988 New York State Dept. of Economic Development.

Call 1-800-I-LOVE NY, Ext. 108
 (456-8369)

I ♥ NY. VACATIONS

Mail to: New York State Vacations, P.O. Box 580, Latham, New York 12110

(Please Print)

Name

Address Apt. #

City

State Zip Code

Phone () 010

I am interested in additional information on these specific regions (select up to 3):

A ☐ Adirondacks

C ☐ Catskills

D ☐ Central-Leatherstocking

E ☐ Capital-Saratoga

F ☐ Finger Lakes

016 ☐ I am also interested in camping

H ☐ Hudson Valley

L ☐ Long Island

M ☐ Niagara Frontier

N ☐ New York City

S ☐ Chautauqua-Allegheny

T ☐ 1000 Islands-Seaway

108

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It may not be pulling a rabbit out of a hat,



A copy of the last financial reports filed with the Department of State may be obtained by writing to: New York State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, New York 12231; or The Fresh Air Fund, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

Photographer: Scott Areman

but it's magic.

When a city child first gets a taste of life in the country, something magical happens. Concrete and steel are suddenly transformed into green grass and trees. That's what The Fresh Air Fund is all about. But it's a kind of

magic that can only happen with your help.

It costs only \$198 for each city child to experience a magical two weeks. So give to The Fresh Air Fund at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

The Fresh Air Fund

You're making more than a donation.

You're making a memory.

week season at City Center this April, he presented two novelties, both of which looked somewhat contrived. They made me aware of over-all ingenuity, of incidental inventiveness, of skillful musicality. There I sat, ticking off these points approvingly in the margin; scarcely once was I picked up or carried away.

Still, one learns about Taylor craftsmanship by examining such works. Each is to a score he has concocted by adding one concerto to two-thirds of another. You can contemplate either as a fascinatingly intricate conception that no one but Taylor could have produced and yet feel that if only the Muse had looked in he could have produced it better. It would have been more subtle and felt more simple.

In "Counterswarm" Taylor goes to the insect world, where he has made several previous investigations. He seems to have heard bees and other insects in the music—Ligeti's Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra followed by all but the first movement of his Chamber Concerto for Thirteen Players—and he conjures up two opposing tribes, each with multiple legs (with multiple joints), antennae, stings, and thrashing, heavy abdomens, everything so jumbled that no one species can be discerned. On top of *that*, the choreography makes references to early Diaghilev exotica—in particular, the plastique of Fokine's "Schéhérazade," and Nijinsky's role as the Golden Slave—and Santo Loquasto has dressed everyone androgynously in harem pants and turbans. It all looks too glitzy (and the dancers are almost unrecognizable). The harem as hive; the invading slave swarm; the erotic antagonism of the strong queen-bee concubine Ida Rubinstein and the alien, bestial, voluptuous Nijinsky evoked as paradigm for sexual relations in the eighties . . . Some bug-derived, pincer-like hand gestures also recall photographs of Ruth St. Denis in "Cobras." Oh, it's intricate to the *n*th degree; it could be a great piece to *read* about, I thought as I watched. More valuable than these references is that Taylor has created rhythms and tempi independent of the Ligeti music (which has not much rhythmic propulsion) without ever seeming unmusical. And he keeps varying his tone. First mysterious zoology, then acrobatic excitement; here a comic cartoon, there mortal combat.

I was never persuaded, however,

that Taylor had a sure grasp of his material. The piece meanders. There were moments, especially in certain male-female duets, when the layered conceits of insect and Ballets Russes imagery all met; but such occasions didn't illumine the piece in terms of wit or drama. And the work is strangely inconclusive. Having shown us first the Purples, led by Linda Kent and Christopher Gillis, and then the Reds, headed by Susan McGuire, Kenneth Tosti, and Cathy McCann, and then occasional skirmishes between them, Taylor begins to develop some more sustained antagonism: we're in the middle of a duel between Gillis and McCann—and the curtain falls.

Even with weaker choreography (such as this), Taylor knows how to fashion a style that's unique to a given work. The over-all tone of "Counterswarm" is dark and strange; if one looks in vain for its larger purpose, the detail of its incidental insectile gestures is nonetheless arresting. In these respects it could hardly be further from Taylor's other new work, "Brandenburgs," which is open, noble, and elegant. Its grand plan is clear; few of its particulars count for much. Here Taylor has returned to Bach (J. S., mercifully; after "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala," I pray he never again uses P. D. Q.), and he puts the first two movements of the Sixth Brandenburg Concerto before the entire Third. The juxtaposition works smoothly: these are the only two Brandenburgs scored solely for strings and continuo. Five movements of Bach: this recalls, in particular, "Esplanade," where Bach's E-Major Violin Concerto is followed by the last two-thirds of the double violin concerto. And Taylor invites the comparison, putting both pieces on one program.

What draws him back to Bach so



often? Perhaps it's that this composer's virtuosity lies less in detail than in organization. There is not a flourish that doesn't seem vital to the lavish infrastructure. In "Esplanade," Taylor's response is basic in language, complex in rhythm. A sign of its heart-catching spell is that I don't *feel* that Taylor made it with a deliberately restricted palette of movement—it's just a lyrical, natural series of events. Nothing momentous occurs, all is casual, and yet I'm utterly absorbed, as it tugs me this way and that. In "Brandenburgs" he uses a wider vocabulary and a more patently formal structure. Paradoxically, it is a narrower experience, an altogether more deliberate work. Frightfully admirable, and, until the final movement, not a lot of fun.

This is Taylor's latest meditation on classicism. And for him it's unusually hierarchical. As the curtain lifts, we see the three tiers of the cast: one man (Christopher Gillis) surrounded by three women (Susan McGuire, Cathy McCann, Kate Johnson), with five men around them. They hardly ever break rank from then on. With women dancing fast and men slow, and the male soloist dancing with one, two, or three women at a time, "Brandenburgs" seems to have Balanchine on its mind. It features no specific quotation from "Apollo," but at the premiere performance there were several pointers in its central foursome to that ballet: the athletic and casual grace, and the occasional sense of play and of guidance in one man's relations with three women. (Cunningham's "Septet," a more plainly "Apollo"-conscious ballet, was also evoked.) William Ivey Long's costumes for that quartet—white tights and bare chest for Gillis, white dresses for the women—recalled "Apollo," too. The five men are in "Serenade" blue. No doubt it was fortuitous that the gold bands sewn on to (among other places) the base of the bodice—like a belt—reminded me of Chanel's 1929 costumes for "Apollo;" still, they did. When I saw it again, eleven days later, most of the gold trimmings had gone; so had, without any changes I could identify, most of the Balanchine-Cunningham evocation. But it remains a blue-and-white ballet.

This is not to say it is wholly un-Taylorish; it reminds me of a couple of his Handel works. The sense of cere-

Unabridged books-on- cassette

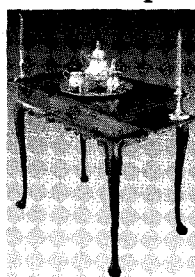
Listen to bestsellers in
your car. Free catalog. Call
toll free: 1-(800)-638-1304.
30-day rentals by mail.



6306 Aaron Ln.,
Clinton, MD 20735



Exquisite 18th Century Reproductions



Save on Henkel-
Harris and
Kirk-Stieff items
shown.

Tea table \$795.
Tea service \$295.
Candlestick \$65.

\$5 for shop-at-home
catalog.

Check, VISA/MC.

800/524-0939
201/756-7623(N.J.)

Valley Furniture Shop
20 Stirling Road., Dept. B.
Watchung, N.J. 07060

937 Bestsellers

The U.S. Government Printing
Office has put together a new
catalog of the Government's
bestselling books. Find out what
Government books are all about.
Send for your free catalog.

New Catalog

Post Office Box 37000
Washington, D.C. 20013

GREAT YACHTING VACATIONS

Carefree escapes on deluxe crewed SAIL and
POWER yachts. Over 400 choices in NEW ENGLAND, the CARIBBEAN, PACIFIC NORTHWEST
and MEDITERRANEAN

TOLLFREE 1(800)345-5395 • In MA (617) 540-5395

CAPE YACHT CHARTERS

419 Sippewissett Rd., Falmouth, Cape Cod, MA 02540

Bettina's Bed & Breakfast, inc.

A NATIONAL NETWORK OF PRIVATE HOMES

Your stay includes breakfast.

P.O. Box 585, Cambridge, MA 02238

1-800-624-6654 (or) 617-497-9166

mony with which he here deploys and distinguishes men and women is found in "Airs;" and he probably remembered the solo he gave himself in "Aureole" when, in the fourth movement of "Brandenburgs," he gave Gillis a slow dance alone, turning, leaning, and stretching on one spot. Since Bach provided only two chords for the Third Brandenburg's central movement, Donald York, the Taylor company's musical director, has used an orchestrated version of a slow movement from Bach's Sixth Sonata for Violin and Harpsichord. Gillis's short dance to this music is all variations on the classical attitude of Bologna's Mercury. Who but Taylor could take that familiar pose and handle it as if he'd just discovered it? Gillis brings it such rich plasticity that the solo is entirely satisfying to behold; and Jennifer Tipton's lighting here suddenly colors the backdrop in a sunset glow.

Until then, there hasn't been quite enough dance invention to fill Taylor's choreographic structures up. (It's as if a dramatic cantata were being sung without words.) The five men, who are among the company's most recent arrivals, are slighter than their seniors. Taylor gives them swifter steps when they're the only people onstage; their best material, however, is in the slower, orchestral support they give to the women's dances. You can see the choreography encouraging them to emulate the fullness of texture I've mentioned in Gillis's dancing. But the work begins to take flight only in the final movement. Here Taylor introduces some modifications of fast ballet steps. Gillis spins in piqués chaînés (well, kind of) with arms open wide and upcurved; soon everyone else is doing it, filling the stage with speed and power and attack. It matches one of the score's most exhilarating moments, the turns perfectly corresponding to a figure that runs up and down the strings; and for the first time here Taylor has recaptured his old blithe vigor of musical response. From then on, the work hurtles surely to its close. It may become more enjoyable throughout when the dancers are more used to it. In the performances I saw, only Gillis and Johnson looked spontaneous; I couldn't help feeling that for the dancers and for Taylor "Brandenburgs" was a rehearsal for something

else—perhaps for New York City Ballet's American Music Festival, to which they will contribute in May.

In most of Taylor's recent choreography, I'm too aware of the skilled professional to enjoy the happy-amateur side. Both last year's novelties, "Syzygy" and "Kith and Kin," were back this spring. In commissioning the score for the former, Taylor seems to have told Donald York, "Make a new version of 'The Planets,' only in Afro-Caribbean rhythms and with a Hollywood orchestration." Anyway, that's what he got, and he choreographed accordingly. It's as if the Milky Way were showing off release technique at a disco; one companion also read it



as "Atoms and Molecules Are Our Friends." The dancers are wonderful in it, both loose and electric, but it's a work I could do without. In "Kith and Kin," none of the dancers look quite sincere. Moment by moment, the choreography works well alongside its Mozart music, but they prove too unequal; the one is too galumphingly folksy beside the tender sophistication of the other. My real objection to this piece, however, has to do with the structure of the dramatis personae Taylor sets up: its eight romping boys and girls, its pair of teacherly parent figures, and its white-clad muse. The kids learn from the grownups, and then they get inspired by this all-American Terpsichore. At the end, she pops into their group tableau like the local Lilac Fairy. All these implications plod along, cohering so awkwardly that your main reaction may well be, like mine, "But what does he mean?" In another recent work, the solid, Mexican religious ritual "A Musical Offering," he may have meant all sorts of things, but it hardly matters. The work, now two years old, is so firmly made that it holds me fast without disclosing its mysteries. Although it's too unyieldingly analytical and solemn for me to love, this is much the most impressive piece he has made in the last three years, and it is unlike anything else in his repertory. It leads you under the music's Puritan Father severity and into its churning virtuoso mechanics. Some occasions on which Taylor's primitive-naïve manner becomes faux naïve are just passing blemishes. The piece is a tour de force, and it has the strangest accumulating

impact. Blocks of Aztec stone rise, tread, turn, meet, kneel, and repent.

Taylor prepares each work with tier upon tier of improbable ideas; and what matters is never whether we can keep up with him intellectually but how persuasively the sheer style of his conjuring keeps us spellbound. His worst failure, for me if not for all the audience, is the P. D. Q. Bach piece, "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala," a lame series of heavy jokes about the classicism of Greece, Rome, and ballet that don't build on one another. (It's better fun to look, if you can, at the musicians, who are blowing into half-full wine bottles and shaking rattles as part of the score. The orchestra and York's conducting are major assets to any Taylor evening.) Elsewhere, I'm never bored; but I'm not invariably convinced.

It was good to see so many works in a single season. I saw seventeen of the eighteen by Taylor on view; since most of them were new to me, I was soon reeling—but happily so. Among them were several revivals. "House of Cards" (1981), with its evocation of twenties culture and its strange presiding female (I took her to be the Mother of Them All), is another that keeps me contentedly baffled. "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)," of 1980, is back, too; perhaps the most impossible of all Taylor's juggling acts, it's as much fun as if Raymond Chandler were rewriting "A Bullet in the Ballet." There was a new ending this season, in which the baby is brought back on; but, as the lights went out three seconds too early at the performance I saw, I can't report on the new punch line. In "Nightshade" (1979), Victorian pornography is so mixed with the melodramatic and the macabre it's as if Taylor had compressed the dream lives of a whole bunch of Kenneth MacMillan characters into one deliciously horrifying fantasy.

It is as well that the stories of Paul Taylor's dances cannot be effectively retold. But if what goes on in "Esplanade" and "Cloven Kingdom" and "Nightshade" and "Le Sacre" and all the other Taylor works that succeed could somehow be written down, the book would bear witness to the most originally perverse, humane, unsettling dramatic imagination in American dance today. And it would be called "Tales of the Unexpected."

—ALASTAIR MACAULAY

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The Arabs of Israel

Are they a "persecuted minority"?

The papers and television bring us daily reports about the happenings in the areas administered by Israel—Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip, and the allegedly poor treatment the Arabs receive at the hands of the Israeli authorities. Leaving the administered territories to future analysis, it is of interest to consider the status of Arab citizens in Israel proper.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a democratic country—an open, pluralistic, and egalitarian society. Different religions, cultures, and social traditions co-exist. Protection of such diversity is embedded in Israel's traditions and confirmed by the government. Seventeen per cent of the total population (700,000 people) are non-Jews, most of them Arabs, and some Druze. Like all other Israeli citizens, they have full rights to vote and to hold elective office. Both Arabs and Druze hold seats in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. Every Knesset, since the founding of the state in 1948, has had Arab and Druze members. All transactions in the Knesset are simultaneously translated into Arabic, and Arab members may address the Knesset in Arabic.

■ It is official policy of the Israeli government to foster the language, culture, and traditions of the Arab minority, in the educational system and in daily life. Arabic is an official language in Israel, together with Hebrew. Israel's Arabic press is the most vibrant and independent of any country in the region: there are more than 20 Arabic periodicals. They publish what they please, subject only to the same military censorship as Jewish publications. There are daily TV and radio programs in Arabic. Arabic is taught in Jewish secondary schools. Israeli universities are renowned centers of learning in the history and literature of the Arab Middle East.

■ Education and literacy of the Arab population in Israel is as high and probably higher than in any Arab country. The literacy rate among Israeli Arabs is 95%, virtually the same as for Israeli Jews. There are some 700 Arab educational institutions in Israel, with about 200,000 students—17 times as many as in 1948, when the State of Israel was created. 90% of Arab children attend school, probably the highest ratio of any Arab population anywhere. Israeli

universities and technical institutions are freely available to the Arabs. About 3,000 Arab students attend such schools.

■ All religious communities in Israel enjoy the full protection of the State. Israeli Arabs—Moslems, as well as many Christian denominations—are free to exercise their faiths, to observe their own weekly day of rest and holidays, and to administer their own internal affairs. Each community has its own religious councils and courts, and has full jurisdiction over religious affairs, including matters of personal status, such as marriage and divorce. The holy sites of all religions are administered by their own authorities and protected by the government.

■ In contrast to the non-Israeli Arab world, Arab women in Israel enjoy the same status as men. Israeli law grants women equal rights, including the right to vote and to be elected to public office, prohibits polygamy and child marriage, and has thus vastly changed the status of women, to far above that of any country in the region. Israeli health standards are by far the highest in the Middle East. Israeli health institutions are freely open to all Arabs, on the same basis as they are to Jews.

■ There is, however one difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews in Israel. Israeli and Druze men are required to do three years of military service and then serve one month every year until they are 50. Arabs are exempted from military duty and are not required to perform any compensating civilian service. Since the surrounding Arab states, with the recent exception of Egypt, are the avowed enemies of Israel and are dedicated to its destruction, this exemption is granted by the Israeli Government to its Arab citizens, so as to spare them conflicts of loyalty and conscience.

Contrary to propaganda and to what many believe, the Arabs in Israel are full-fledged citizens, enjoy every civil right, and have the same status in law as Jewish Israelis. In summary, they enjoy the highest standards of living and liberty of any Arabs in the Middle East. It is instructive and sobering to compare the condition of the approximately 700,000 Arabs in Israel with that of the pitiful remnants of Jewry in Arab countries. Jews have been living in Arab countries for almost 2000 years. Under Arab dominance, they were always third-class citizens and subject to harassment and to persecution. There were about 900,000 Jews in Arab countries in 1948—now there are fewer than 25,000. But there are now 700,000 Arabs in Israel, as against 150,000 in 1948—a more than four-fold increase. These figures alone would seem to prove that things can't be all that bad for Arabs in Israel.

This ad has been published and paid for by



Committee for Accuracy in Middle East
Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590381 San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for these messages.

YES, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

\$ _____

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590381,
San Francisco, CA 94159-0381

NY 8a

BOOKS

Life-Size

NON *disputandum*, says the Latin tag. Matters of taste are not to be quarrelled over. One man's caviar is another man's nausea. No psychology in depth, no aesthetic theorizing, no appeal to authority can settle the argument either way. Our encounters with literature, music, and the arts produce recognitions or abstinences, motions of empathy or of indifference, and even repulsion. The mechanics of affinity or distance can be modified: schools, critical judgments by those whom we take to be in authority, the voice of our community and culture do shape our responses. But only so far. At bottom lies the mystery of intuition.

There are those to whom John Cowper Powys is a bizarre, almost monstrous phenomenon at the vaporous edges of modern English literature. They find his novels unbearable because of their sheer prolixity and their mythological invocations, because of their volcanic rhetoric and their opaqueness at the center. Powys's manic obsessions with masturbatory fantastications, with vivisection (he proclaimed that no cure would be found for cancer so long as science used animals for its experiments), and his

prophetic mannerisms (he looked and acted the part of Merlin) can strike honest and caring readers and critics as intolerable. Here is a sort of late-Victorian shaman and wolf king baying, singing, dervishing out of a more or less contrived Celtic twilight.

There are those (Henry Miller, Angus Wilson, G. Wilson Knight among them) to whom John Cowper Powys is, quite simply, a titan. There are "Powysians"—they have their journal, their associations, their reading circles, even their bookstores—for whom "Wolf Solent," "A Glastonbury Romance," and "Weymouth Sands" are just about the only novels produced by an English writer that can fairly be compared with the fictions of Tolstoy and Dostoyevski. Similarly, there are numerous readers who have found in Powys's voluminous essays and philosophic tracts ("In Defence of Sensuality" notable among them) and in his "Autobiography" an incomparable, strictly indispensable manifesto for life wholly lived, for a humaneness wholly human. And those, now rare, who still can remember Powys's American lecture tours tell of a presence—of a gust of being—whose memory

became a touchstone to their own lives.

I had best, as the English parliamentary obligation goes, "declare my interest." Having stumbled across "Wolf Solent," in the old, two-volume Simon & Schuster edition, in late adolescence, I felt my inward existence to be changed, felt myself to be in the intoxicating grip of a master. I took much longer over "Glastonbury," but sensed from the first attempt an immensity to which only Blake could provide any parallel in English literature. "Owen Glendower" seemed—seems—to me seriously comparable with the history plays of Shakespeare in its unforced but uncannily penetrative re-creation of the past and of that part of ourselves already present in the past. "Porius," perhaps the most difficult of Powys's major novels, combines this Shakespearean-epic sweep of historicity with a Jamesian finesse of psychological detail and acuity. Faulkner's "Absalom, Absalom!" which I believe to be the American masterpiece after Melville, is a smaller thing by comparison. I am unable to locate a just parallel in any text since Homer (about whom Powys has written entrancingly) to the river-crossing by Merlin

in "Porius"—a passage in which the preternatural dynamics of metamorphosis inside the witch-sage are exactly counterpointed by the transmutations taking place in the air, in the light, in the weave of water, in the pulse of leaf and branch, in the animals who observe the action. In this narrative, as in the depths of music and of blessing, life is language, and language is totally absorbed in the affirmation of life.

Yet, at the same time, I am not an unconditional addict. A great deal in later Powys—in the romances after "Maiden Castle"—and in the vitalist and utopian tracts seems to me jejune



"Dinner comes complete with coffee and your choice of dessert or an oil painting."

and histrionic. Wondrous as it is, the "Autobiography" flinches from ultimate honesty and clarity of perception. There are, even in the master fictions, inferior patches, volubilities of inconsequence, or ungoverned needs of confessional strangeness. The resolve by current enthusiasts to publish more and more of Powys's private correspondence and journals (rumor has it that these fill some seventy thick notebooks) strikes me as misplaced. They will only put off the uninitiated, the fresh reader. What is urgently needed is a straightforward, if necessarily unexhaustive, biography and the kind of "portable" anthology by means of which Malcolm Cowley gave Faulkner's work its general access.

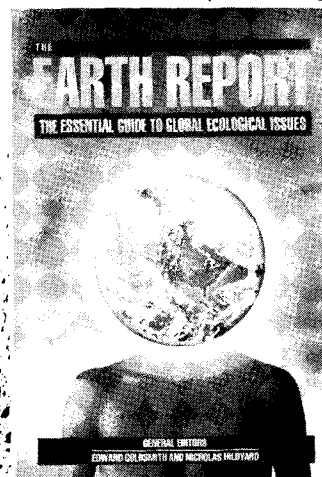
There is no use concealing the obstacles. Powys's vita, 1872-1963, is itself unsettling. Much in the turbulent gusto and mantled eloquence of the man belongs, quite naturally, to the age of Carlyle and Emerson. His translations of rock and bough, of moorland and shore into thrilling verbal grandeur share elements with both Shelley and Hardy. Powys's eerily carnal intimations of the extrasensory—of psychic presences and interventions both angelic and satanic—relate to the tranquil hauntedness of Hawthorne, on the one hand, and to the positings of science fiction, on the other. If so much in the early narratives and the very weak poems is late Victorian and Georgian, there is no less in the outpourings of the nineteen-fifties that tells of modern mass consumption and the nuclear menace.

There is, moreover, the problem, at once central and covert, of Powys's sexuality. There is no more erotic writer in the language. The "River" chapter in "A Glastonbury Romance" has no equal anywhere. Even the bark on the trees and the light on the pebbles are saturated with a wild, lyric sexuality. But the true nature of that primal libido—its probable roots in a fantasized androgyny and bisexuality (see the elusive "boy-girl" of the "Autobiography")—remains undeclared. "I am a furious masturbator," says Powys over and over. Only thus, "Glastonbury" confirms in overwhelming passages, can sadism and bestial rage be kept at bay. Yet, unlike Joyce (and here a certain analogy with Faulkner is illuminating), Powys is unable or unwilling to unfold freely, in the noonlight of his

ALPHA RADIATION, BIOACCUMULATION, CONTAMINATION . . . DEGRADATION.

These are the cheerless environmental ABC's and they're discussed completely in **The Earth Report**, a guide to global ecological issues. Thought-provoking essays by today's most respected scientists address such critical topics as man and nature, starvation, nuclear energy, acid rain and more. Plus, a 150-page A to Z listing of ecological facts, concepts, key words and names presents the bare facts of Amazon forest destruction, holes in the ozone layer and just about everything else under the sun. It's all here in **The Earth Report**, an essential, eye-opening environmental primer.

PRICE STERN SLOAN
Los Angeles



\$12.95 • softcover • black & white photos/charts • 240pp • 0-89586-678-1
Call toll-free 1-800-231-1357 / 1-800-523-3379 (in CA). Visa or MasterCard accepted.

BEAT GOPHERS WITH HIGH TECHNOLOGY.

You've worked hard to make your lawn and garden beautiful, but the only things coming up are those dirt mounds that announce—you've got gophers!

You can't surrender to these rodents. But gas, poisons and traps might hurt the kids or pets. And anyway, they'd only make you feel like a murderer.

Technology's solution is the GoPherIt.™ Unobtrusive to humans and house pets, this foot long invention emits a sound every 15 seconds, day and night. It drives gophers and other burrowing rodents within 1000 square yards so crazy, they're out of their holes - and your yard-

Each 12" stake has a 6" green battery housing and weighs 1 pound.



forever! And the only servicing this waterproof device needs is a twice-a-year change of 4 "D" batteries.

Order it now with our 30 day, money-back return privilege. Better yet, order several. And clear your yard of gophers while you keep your conscience clean.

Credit card holders may order using the toll-free number below. Or send your check (add sales tax in CA). Remember to mention the product number, and include delivery.

- 1 GoPherIt! WS#001 \$49. (\$3)
- Set of 2 - WS#002 \$94. (\$4)
- Set of 4 - WS#003 \$185. (\$5)

Order toll-free 24 hrs. a day
800-443-0100 Ext. 690

RYANS®
B Y ♦ M A I L

23010 Lake Forest Dr., Suite D321
Laguna Hills, CA 92653

impetuous discourse, the facts at the center.

Equally challenging and exasperating is the matter of Powys's transcendentalism (in the full sense of the word). Every fibre of our natural world, of our individual consciousness, of our coexistence with and amidst others is for Powys instinct with psychic vibrations, realities, and rights entirely beyond pragmatic proof or scientific analysis. Those who met him on his leviathan walks in upper New York state (where he composed his greatest works) or across the Dorset and Devonshire tracks speak of the almost intolerable density of presence which he imparted to the stones under his shoes, to the blackthorn stick in his vibrant hands, to the play of rain on his shoulders.

The mythology of the Homeric gods, of the Druid and Norse pantheon, of the Arthurian Grail, of medieval witchcraft and Lollard heresy spring to life at Powys's touch. "Glastonbury" turns obsessively on these great storehouses of symbolism and ritual gesture. For Powys, "other" worlds are near-provinces and shires intimately interwoven with ours: we mock, we torture the gods when we step, unthinking, on a plant in leaf, when we inflict pain on an animal. But in what sense, if any, was he a believer, a man for whom God (or, as in Robert Graves' case, which is sometimes comparable, an archetypal goddess) had substance? There is no way of telling. Powys is, with Milton and with Blake, one of the foremost imaginers and narrators of the transcendent, of the "other," in the language. But, as with Jung, on whom he appears to have drawn, a swirling mist, a sort of limitless congeries baffles inquiry.

What I ought to do now is say, simply, to the readers of this review: Go out and acquire "A Glastonbury Romance" in its new edition (The Overlook Press; \$24.95). Do not let the old-fashioned, offset type or its eleven hundred and twenty pages put you off. Let your immersion in this formidable creation be one of patient passion. If you find the beginning slow, it will be in that slowness that you will come to experience, like a tingling at your nerve ends, the gathering of speed and of pulsing power.

And if the potential reader is beginning to listen, is turning the ungainly tome over in his undecided hands, I might add just one or two markers.



There are in this fable scenes—motifs—of hallucinatory violence and pain. The chapter in which Cordelia—and the audacious recalling of "Lear" is one to which Powys has every right—arrests the murderous, sadistic surge in Owen Evans comes near to being unendurable. The hammer beat of industrial violence and crowd bloodlust echoes that in Zola's "Germinal." But there is also—and this is often missed by Powys's critics and admirers—a great tide of humor, a laughter part Rabelais, part Dickens. The study of the manifold ways in which "Glastonbury" hopes to turn to material advantage

the ancient legend of the Grail is shot through with satiric warmth. Minor figures—such as Tossie and Nancy Stickles, acolytes to Geard the guru, or Paul Trent, at once solicitor and anarchist—possess that intrusive, cussed vitality which, just as in Dickens, takes hold of our interest. Nelly Morgan's "Robber Band" pays its due to the pack of urchins in Dostoyevski's "Brothers Karamazov," but Powys's vision of children is both quintessentially English and his own. The possessed urchins come charging off the page.

I have already tried to say something of the wealth and strangeness of eros in Powys's fiction. D. H. Lawrence's alleged boldness in respect of sexuality pales besides Powys's. There is in Lawrence a last prurience, a tactical awareness of the pornographic, that is totally alien to Powys's polymorphic excitement. The lovemaking of John and Mary in the "River" chapter dizzies one's senses and, what is incomparably rarer (though we find it throughout Dante), makes thought, reflection, the energies of intellect come home to their sexual roots:

In one respect this love-making by Dye's Hole was the most childlike that the spot had ever witnessed; in another it was the most cerebral. The nervous excitement manifested by these two was so free from traditional sentimentality and normal passion, so dominated by a certain cold-blooded and elemental lechery, that something in the fibrous interstices of the old tree against which they leaned was aroused by it and responded to it.

And so when they forsook that ledge of muddy ground between the confederate tree and the dark water, it was not only with relaxed nerves and an absolute sense of mutual understanding, it was with a dim awareness of some strange virtue having passed into them. Lingered behind the girl for a moment the man pressed his forehead against the indented willow

trunk and murmured a certain favourite formula of his, relating to his dead mother.

Tolstoy can interweave inner and outer landscapes, but that epithet "confederate" and the indentation in the tree trunk, which the beloved has rounded with her arms, are like Powys's signature. And unforgettable.

In the industrialist Philip Crow's lust, moreover, the discriminations proposed by Powys are beautifully rendered. The lechery is there, but deprived of the "elemental." The love-making is of the self-excited but fatally self-sufficient brain. Cousin Persephone's "slender waist and narrow boyish hips" torture Philip's half-sleep:

The natural softness, sweetness, submissiveness of normal girls had always been repulsive to him. To quicken his pulse at all there had to be something wilful, evasive, difficult, withdrawn; and since all these qualities were of the very essence of his cousin's nature she had attracted him fatally, the first second she reappeared. She was still in Glastonbury.

But by the time sleep comes it is not Persephone who inhabits Philip's reveries; it is a new industrial dye.

I have cited these two passages in order to play fair. They are characteristic of Powys's genius but also of the old-fashioned, didactic, overblown tenor of much of the narrative. There is no use pretending that Powys's phrases "First Causes," "Primordial Powers," "Creator-Destroyer," and "the Thing that drinks up all Life" are part of a language natural, let alone inviting, to most modern readers. Making oneself at home in "Glastonbury" demands something of the willing suspension of economy, of reasoned balance, that we must engage in when reading Spenser's "Faerie Queene." If Powys intervenes, sometimes maddeningly, in the narrative, showering us with portentous comment, so do other masters of spacious unfolding: George Eliot, Melville, Tolstoy. The point is that such comparisons are in order.

The "Glastonbury" epic—Arthurian and Nietzschean, cruel and comic, impenetrably private and yet political and public—ends with a flood. The coming inundation sends out ripples of rumor across the quivering land:

If some of the rumours that ran along those sandy flats and leapt, like living messengers of disaster, from bog-tussock to bog-tussock, were not without cause, there was likely to be this year, ere March ended, an inundation even more serious than that land had known since very ancient days. For these dark-green waves, smooth and slippery, without spray, with-

out spindrift, and smelling so strangely of the mid-Atlantic, brought memories of far-off mysterious disasters. Intimations, they brought, of lost islands and submerged sea-reefs, where, if Plutarch is to be trusted, Demetrius the Traveller, a hundred years before Christ, heard tales of superhuman personalities living remote and sea-encircled.

But there is at the heart of menace a comfort, a feeling of strange elation:

That hidden wanderer, incarnated in our temporary flesh and blood, that so many times before—centuries and aeons before—has smelt deep-sea seaweed and sun-bleached driftwood and the ice-cold chills of Arctic seas, sinks down upon such far-off memories, as upon the stern of a voyaging ship, and sees, as if in a dream, the harbours and the islands of its old experience.

The struggle with the dark tides of the sea and in our blood is a bitter one. But the sinews and the laughter in the soul are "perduring and indestructible" (those Faulknerian adjectives), and where there is death there is a leap into "a sequence of dream-worlds" no less substantial, no less animate with troubled, exultant being than ours. The awaited one, Arthur of magic Avalon, may not come. It seems to be of the essence of the messianic for it to be infinitely retarded. But there is a wonder in the waiting.

That, I suppose, is John Cowper Powys's talismanic trick. He conveys to us a sort of impatient serenity. The very length of these novels tells time in a way that rebukes the packaged haste of our current climate. Trust in this (exasperating) guide. Fall in step with his wizard voyage. And almost everything else on your bookshelf will start looking thin. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

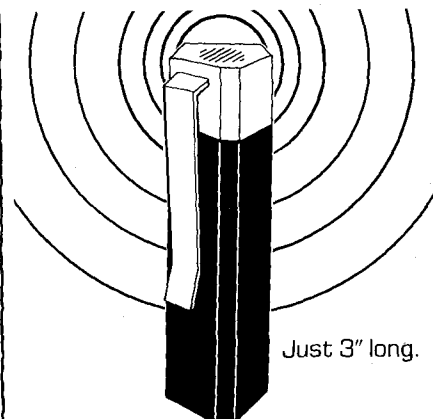
THE STRANGER, by Albert Camus, translated from the French by Matthew Ward (Knopf; \$16.95). This new translation of Camus's short classic supersedes that of Stuart Gilbert, which was released in 1946. Gilbert was an Englishman, and he rendered the narrative voice of Meursault, the novel's somewhat Hemingwayesque hero, in an almost chatty prose, containing plenty of commas, periphrasis, and expressions like "chap" and "old boy." Mr. Ward is a young American who, in the words of his introduction, has "attempted to venture

farther into the letter of Camus's novel." Where Gilbert ended the first section with "And each successive shot was another loud, fateful rap on the door of my undoing," Mr. Ward has "And it was like knocking four quick times on the door of unhappiness." Where the older translation ends with "howls of execration," the newer has "cries of hate." The effect of the closer, simpler rendering is to make Meursault seem even stranger—more alien and diffident—than the explanatory confider of the British version. He becomes not so much an exponent of illusionless hedonism as a psychological study who is brought, through a gratuitous, sun-dazzled act and its merciless social consequences, to a rapport with his dead mother and a recognition of his fraternity with "the gentle indifference of the world"—a palpable improvement upon Gilbert's grander phrase "the benign indifference of the universe."

GENERAL

PURE LIVES: THE EARLY BIOGRAPHERS, by Reed Whittemore (Johns Hopkins; \$16.95). The author, a poet and scholar who wears his learning lightly, here carries out a search into the origins of biography. The early masters of the art didn't consider themselves biographers. These writers, starting with Plutarch, were preceptists: they wrote "pure" biographies, mostly of kings and generals, heroes and lawgivers, whose lives could serve as models of human behavior, and they concentrated on the public images and the public acts of their subjects, to the exclusion of what Dr. Johnson called "domestick privacies... the minute details of daily life." After Plutarch, Mr. Whittemore considers Aelfric's "Lives of the Saints," Vasari's "Lives of the Artists," Holinshed's "Chronicles," and Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." He ends with Boswell, who opened up the biographical genre with a vengeance, and Laurence Sterne, who, of course, was not a biographer at all, but whose "Tristram Shandy" pointed the way for probing, gossipy, and curious (or nosy) biographers to come.

POWER AND CULTURE: ESSAYS ON THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS, by



Just 3" long.

ULTRASOUND MOSQUITO REPELLER

Makes picnics, fishing, hunting, camping and Safaris more fun. High frequency sound drives away annoying flying, stinging insects. Effective within 7' radius of wearer.

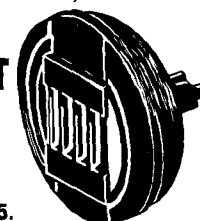
\$19.95 each. 2 for \$35. Battery inc.

ELECTRO ANTI-INSECT

Stop annoying insects—simply by using your wall outlet. Clean, economical and safe.

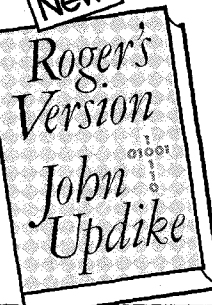
\$14.95 each. 2 for \$25.

Send check or money order to:
Retail Marketing International
P.O. Box 2272 Darien, CT 06820
Money-back guarantee if not satisfied.



BOOKS ON TAPE™

New!



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

HOMWOOD INN

ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE

Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland, 10 min. from L.L. Bean. Hearty country breakfasts, lobster bakes. Housekeeping avail. Pool. Tennis.

P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, ME 04096.
Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.



Featured in **Country Inns and Back Roads**

DO YOU TEACH?

IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...



The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER

EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

If it's

POETRY *and it's available* ON TAPE

*we either have it, or
we'll get it for you!*

write for our catalog:

Poets' Audio Center
P.O. Box 50145—Dept. N
Washington, DC 20004-0145

or phone toll-free:

800-824-7888

Ask for Operator 698.

HOST TO GREAT AMERICANS SINCE 1716

Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.

The Colonial Inn

on the Green Dept N Concord, MA 01742
(617) 369-9200

MAY 2, 1988

Herbert G. Gutman, edited by Ira Berlin (Pantheon; \$29.95). The historian Herbert Gutman (1928-1985) was originally interested in labor history—a neglected field in the nineteen-fifties, because the standard assumption was that the American labor movement had been historically insignificant. Gutman discovered, as several essays in this volume document, that workingmen's movements had elicited more sympathy than historians had noted, and that they were by no means invariably unsuccessful. Gutman was particularly interested in American working-class culture outside the factory, and his research persuaded him that immigrant workers' native cultures were a source of strength as they struggled with the factory system in a new land. Like all Gutman's writing, these essays are factually detailed and scholarly, but they also have a zest that reflects his concern with human action, strength, and potentiality.

A POET'S BAZAAR: A JOURNEY TO GREECE, TURKEY & UP THE DANUBE, by Hans Christian Andersen, translated from the Danish by Grace Thornton (Michael Kesend/Kampmann; \$21.95). In 1840, when this journey was made, Andersen was thirty-four and was already an acclaimed poet, novelist, and playwright. At the time, however, he was suffering a temporary eclipse, and, with help from his patron, the King, he took this trip to buck himself up. He leaves from Magdeburg by railway—this new marvel, this "magic horse." Thence down through Europe to Italy, where he embarks by steamer for Greece, newly freed from the Ottoman Empire, and then on to the wonders of Constantinople and the Golden Horn. The return is made up the Danube to Vienna. Andersen is a wonderfully acute observer, who misses nothing. He gives us fascinating descriptions of the neglected ruins of Greece, of the whirling dervishes of the Orient, of the people living in the Balkan towns on either bank of the Danube, in a world that had not yet opened up to modern times. Illustrated with old prints and a few of Andersen's own childlike and charming drawings.

THE FORGOTTEN WAR: AMERICA IN KOREA, 1950-1953, by Clay Blair

(Times; \$29.95). This book's scale—a thousand pages—appears to be designed for the specialist, but the author, a well-known military historian, convinces the general reader that the Korean War merits close attention, because it reoriented America's military and foreign policies. By 1950, President Truman, intent on reducing the federal deficit and balancing the budget, had drastically shrunk our armed forces, and the military force we had in South Korea to meet the North Korean invasion on June 25, 1950, was poorly armed, trained, and officered. Mr. Blair's details give the reader a sense of the hectic terror of defeat, and his battle scenes flow into several stories: America's about-face from demobilization to rearmament, and from short- to long-term military commitments overseas; MacArthur's military misjudgments (strategy, intelligence, personnel), which cost us dear; the triumphant generalship of Matthew Ridgway; the struggle against racism in our armed forces. Mr. Blair is notably frank on every topic, but his discussion of the treatment of American black soldiers seems courageous as well as candid.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SKYDANCER, by Geoffrey Archer (Dodd, Mead; \$15.95). Mr. Archer is a British broadcast journalist whose special interest is his country's nuclear submarine and missile program, and this novel gives him a chance to strut his stuff instructively. The title refers to an offensive missile, the brainchild of a concerned scientist, and, as might be supposed, the Russians have got wind of it, and their agents in place in Britain have their hands almost on the vital plans. This is a diverting story, but it is also one that raises some interesting moral questions about a butterless world becoming ever richer in guns.

The study tracked Medicare patients 30 days after admission. If, for example, a patient stayed at one hospital for six weeks and moved to another hospital within 30 days of death, the second hospital was credited with the death, even though the facility did not provide most of the care.

—Rochester (N.Y.) *Democrat & Chronicle*.

Another notch in the old scalpel, however.

DODGE DYNASTY

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE ONLY ALL-NEW FAMILY SEDAN IN THE WORLD THAT GIVES YOU THE UNIQUE COMBINATION OF COMFORTABLE SEATING FOR SIX, RESPONSIVE HANDLING, AVAILABLE V-6 PERFORMANCE AND ANTI-LOCK BRAKES, FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE, PLUS OUR UNBEATABLE 7/70 PROTECTION PLAN* ALL AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE, THEN LOOK NO FURTHER ...IT'S GOTTA BE THE 1988 DODGE DYNASTY LE.

7/70

**IT'S
GOTTA BE A
DODGE.**

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS



*Based on warranty comparison with competitively priced models at time of printing. See 7/70 powertrain & 7/100 outer body rust-through limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply.

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

HENRY THREADGILL

HOME: Brooklyn, NY

AGE: 43.

PROFESSION: Composer; multi-instrumentalist; inventor of the hubkaphone; leader, Henry Threadgill Sextett.

HOBBY: Swimming. "It's the best way I know of keeping my head above water."

LAST BOOK READ: *Silence*, John Cage.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Two new records: *Easily Slip Into Another World*, with the Sextett; *Air Show No. 1*, with Air, his other group.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "It was either make money or make music which for me wasn't even a choice."

QUOTE: "Tradition is a background of ingredients; in itself it's nothing. If you can't make something out of it, the world can do without it."

PROFILE: Intuitive, strong and as sharp an observer of his fellow man as his music would lead you to think.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label" "on the rocks, after the music stops."

Property of
AMBASSADOR CULTURE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

